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BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA

OR BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF MY LITERARY LIFE AND OPINIONS

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BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA

VOLUME THE FIRST.

PART II.

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CHAPTER VI.

That Hartley's system, as far as it differs from that of Aristotle, is neither tenable in theory, nor founded in facts.

OF Hartley's hypothetical vibrations in his hypothetical oscillating ether of the nerves,[1] which is the first and most obvious distinction between his system and that of Aristotle, I shall say little. This, with all other similar attempts to render *that* an object of the sight which has no relation to sight, has been already sufficiently exposed by the younger Reimarus,[2] Maasz, and others, as outraging the very axioms of mechanics in a scheme, the merit of which consists in its being mechanical.[3] Whether any other philosophy be possible, but the mechanical; and again, whether the mechanical system can have any claim to be called philosophy; are questions for another place. It is, however, certain, that as long as we deny the former, and affirm the latter, we must bewilder ourselves, whenever we would pierce into the *adyta* of causation; and all that laborious conjecture can do, is to fill up the gaps of fancy. Under that despotism of the eye (the emanci-

[1] [Hartley, *Observ. on Man*, c. l. s. 1. props. 4 and 5. Ed.]

[2] [John Albert H. Reimarus. Ed. See Note in the Appendix. S. C.]

[3] [See Maasz, pp. 41-2. Ed.]

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pation from which Pythagoras by his numeral, and Plato by his musical, symbols, and both by geometric discipline, aimed at, as the first προπαίδευμα of the mind)—under this strong sensuous influence, we are restless because invisible things are not the objects of vision; and metaphysical systems, for the most part, become popular, not for their truth, but in proportion as they attribute to causes a susceptibility of being seen, if only our visual organs were sufficiently powerful.

From a hundred possible confutations let one suffice. According to this system the idea or vibration *a* from the external object A becomes associable with the idea or vibration *m* from the external object M, because the oscillation *a* propagated itself so as to re-produce the oscillation *m*. But the original impression from M was essentially different from the impression A: unless therefore different causes may produce the same effect, the vibration *a* could never produce the vibration *m*: and this therefore could never be the means, by which *a* and *m* are associated.[4] To understand this, the attentive reader need only be reminded, that the ideas are themselves, in Hartley's system, nothing more than their appropriate configurative vibrations. It is a mere delusion of the fancy to conceive the pre-existence of the ideas, in any chain of association, as so many differently coloured billiard-balls in contact, so that when an object, the billiard-stick, strikes the first or white ball, the same motion propagates itself through the red, green, blue and black, and sets the whole in motion. No! we must suppose the very same force, which *constitutes* the white ball, to *constitute* the red or black; or the idea of a circle to *constitute* the idea of a triangle; which is impossible.

[4] [Maasz, pp. 32-3. Ed.]

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But it may be said, that by the sensations from the objects A and M, the nerves have acquired a disposition to the vibrations *a* and *m*, and therefore *a* need only be repeated in order to re-produce *m*.[5] Now we will grant, for a moment, the possibility of such a disposition in a material nerve, which yet seems scarcely less absurd than to say, that a weather-cock had acquired a habit of turning to the east, from the wind having been so long in that quarter: for if it be replied, that we must take in the circumstance of life, what then becomes of the mechanical philosophy? And what is the nerve, but the flint which the wag placed in the pot as the first ingredient of his stone-broth, requiring only salt, turnips, and mutton, for the remainder![6] But if we waive this, and pre-suppose the actual existence of such a disposition; two cases are possible. Either, every idea has its own nerve and correspondent oscillation, or this is not the case. If the latter be the truth, we should gain nothing by these dispositions; for then, every nerve having several dispositions, when the motion of any other nerve is propagated into it, there will be no ground or cause present, why exactly the oscillation *m* should arise, rather than any other to which it was equally pre-disposed. But if we take the former, and let every idea have a nerve of its own, then every nerve must be capable of propagating its motion into many other nerves; and again, there is no reason assignable, why the vibration *m* should arise, rather than any other *ad libitum*.

It is fashionable to smile at Hartley's vibrations and vibratiuncles; and his work has been re-edited by Priestley, with the omission of the material hypo-

[5] [Maasz, pp. 33. Ed.]

[6] [For the rest of this paragraph see Maasz, pp. 33-4. Ed.]

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thesis.[7] But Hartley was too great a man, too coherent a thinker, for this to have been done, either consistently or to any wise purpose. For all other parts of his system, as far as they are peculiar to that system, once removed from their mechanical basis, not only lose their main support, but the very motive which led to their adoption. Thus the principle of contemporaneity, which Aristotle had made the common condition of all the laws of association, Hartley was constrained to represent as being itself the sole law.[8] For to what law can the action of material atoms be subject, but that of proximity in place? And to what law can their motions be subjected, but that of time? Again, from this results inevitably, that the will, the reason, the judgment, and the understanding, instead of being the determining causes of association, must needs be represented as its creatures, and among its mechanical effects. Conceive, for instance, a broad stream, winding through a mountainous country with an indefinite number of currents, varying and running

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[7] [Hartley's Theory of the Human Mind on the Principle of the Association of Ideas; with Essays relating to the subject of it. By Joseph Priestley, LL. D. F. R. S. London, 1775.

Priestley explains and defends the doctrine of vibrations in his first Introductory Essay; the object of his publication, as he states in the Preface, is to exhibit Hartley's theory of the Human Mind, as far as it relates to the doctrine of *association of ideas* only, apart from the system of moral and religious knowledge, originally connected with it, which rendered the work too extensive,—and the material foundation of the theory, which rendered it too difficult and intricate,—for general reading.

"Haller has shown that the doctrine of vibrations attributes properties to the medullary substance of the brain and nerves, which are totally incompatible with their nature." Quoted from Rees's Encyc. Art. Hartley. S. C.]

[8] [Hartley, Observ. on Man, chap. i. s. ii. prop. 10. Ed.]

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into each other according as the gusts chance to blow from the opening of the mountains. The temporary union of several currents in one, so as to form the main current of the moment, would present an accurate image of Hartley's theory of the will.

Had this been really the case, the consequence would have been, that our whole life would be divided between the despotism of outward impressions, and that of senseless and passive memory. Take his law in its highest abstraction and most philosophical form, namely, that every partial representation recalls the total representation of which it was a part;[9] and the law becomes nugatory, were it only for its universality. In practice it would indeed be mere lawlessness. Consider, how immense must be the sphere of a total impression from the top of St. Paul's church; and how rapid and continuous the series of such total impressions. If, therefore, we suppose the absence of all interference of the will, reason, and judgment, one or other of two consequences must result. Either the ideas, or reliques of such impression, will exactly imitate the order of the impression itself, which would be absolute *delirium:* or any one part of that impression might recall any other part, and—(as from the law of continuity, there must exist in every total impression, some one or more parts, which are components of some other following total impression, and so on *ad infinitum*)

[9] [At p. 29, Maasz thus expresses the common law of Association: "With a given representation all" (representations) "can be associated, which belong with it to a total representation, but those *only immediately*; or, as is also said, Every representation calls back into the mind its total representation." "Rather," says Mr. Coleridge in the margin, "*is capable, under given conditions, of recalling*; or else our whole life would be divided between the despotism of outward impressions and that of senseless memory." S. C.]

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—*any* part of any impression might recal any part of any other, without a cause present to determine what it should be. For to bring in the will, or reason, as causes of their own cause, that is, as at once causes and effects, can satisfy those only who, in their pretended evidences of a God, having first demanded organization, as the sole cause and ground of intellect, will then coolly demand the pre-existence of intellect, as the cause and ground-work of organization. There is in truth but one state to which this theory applies at all, namely, that of complete light-headedness; and even to this it applies but partially, because the will and reason are perhaps never wholly suspended.

A case of this kind occurred in a Roman Catholic town in Germany a year or two before my arrival at Göttingen,[10] and had not then ceased to be a frequent subject of conversation. A young woman of four or five and twenty, who could neither read, nor write, was seized with a nervous fever; during which, according to the asseverations of all the priests and monks of the neighbourhood, she became possessed, and, as it appeared, by a very learned devil. She continued incessantly talking Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, in very pompous tones and with most distinct enunciation. This possession was rendered more probable by the known fact that she was or had been a heretic. Voltaire humorously advises the devil to decline all acquaintance with medical men; and it would have been more to his reputation, if he had taken this advice in the present instance. The case had attracted the particular attention of a young physician, and by his statement many eminent physiologists and psychologists visited the town, and cross-examined the case on

[10] [In February, 1799. Ed.]

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the spot. Sheets full of her ravings were taken down from her own mouth, and were found to consist of sentences, coherent and intelligible each for itself, but with little or no connection with each other. Of the Hebrew, a small portion only could be traced to the Bible; the remainder seemed to be in the Rabbinical dialect. All trick or conspiracy was out of the question. Not only had the young woman ever been a harmless, simple creature; but she was evidently labouring under a nervous fever. In the town, in which she had been resident for many years as a servant in different families, no solution presented itself. The young physician, however, determined to trace her past life step by step; for the patient herself was incapable of returning a rational answer. He at length succeeded in discovering the place, where her parents had lived: travelled thither, found them dead, but an uncle surviving; and from him learned, that the patient had been charitably taken by an old Protestant pastor at nine years old, and had remained with him some years, even till the old man's death. Of this pastor the uncle knew nothing, but that he was a very good man. With great difficulty, and after much search, our young medical philosopher discovered a niece of the pastor's, who had lived with him as his house-keeper, and had inherited his effects. She remembered the girl; related, that her venerable uncle had been too indulgent, and could not bear to hear the girl scolded; that she was willing to have kept her, but that, after her patron's death, the girl herself refused to stay. Anxious inquiries were then, of course, made concerning the pastor's habits; and the solution of the phenomenon was soon obtained. For it appeared, that it had been the old man's custom, for years, to walk up and down a passage of his house into which the kitchen

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door opened, and to read to himself with a loud voice, out of his favourite books. A considerable number of these were still in the niece's possession. She added, that he was a very learned man and a great Hebraist. Among the books were found a collection of Rabbinical writings, together with several of the Greek and Latin Fathers; and the physician succeeded in identifying so many passages with those taken down at the young woman's bedside, that no doubt could remain in any rational mind concerning the true origin of the impressions made on her nervous system.

This authenticated case furnishes both proof and instance, that reliques of sensation may exist for an indefinite time in a latent state, in the very same order in which they were originally impressed; and as we cannot rationally suppose the feverish state of the brain to act in any other way than as a *stimulus*, this fact (and it would not be difficult to adduce several of the same kind) contributes to make it even probable, that all thoughts are in themselves imperishable; and, that if the intelligent faculty should be rendered more comprehensive, it would require only a different and apportioned organization,—*the body celestial* instead of *the body terrestrial*,—to bring before every human soul the collective experience of its whole past existence. And this, this, perchance, is the dread book of judgment, in the mysterious hieroglyphics of which every idle word is recorded! Yea, in the very nature of a living spirit, it may be more possible that heaven and earth should pass away, than that a single act, a single thought, should be loosened or lost from that living chain of causes, with all the links of which, conscious or unconscious, the free-will, our only absolute Self, is co-extensive and co-present. But not now dare I longer discourse of this, waiting for a loftier mood,

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and a nobler subject, warned from within and from without, that it is profanation to speak of these mysteries *τοῖς μηδὲ φαντασθεῖσιν, ὡς καλὸν τὸ τῆς δικαιοσύνης καὶ σωφροσύνης πρόσωπον, καὶ ὅτε ἕσπερος ὅτε ἕωος ὅτω καλά. Τὸ γὰρ ὁρῶν πρὸς τὸ ὁρώμενον συγγενὲς καὶ ὁμοῖον ποιησάμενον δεῖ ἐπιβάλλειν τῇ θέᾳ. οὐ γὰρ ἂν πώποτε εἶδεν ὀφθαλμὸς ἥλιον, ἡλιοειδὴς μὴ γεγενημένος· οὐδὲ τὸ καλὸν ἂν ἴδῃ ψυχή, μὴ καλὴ γενομένη*[66]—"to those to whose imagination it has never been presented, how beautiful is the countenance of justice and wisdom; and that neither the morning nor the evening star are so fair. For in order to direct the view aright, it behoves that the beholder should have made himself congenerous and similar to the object beheld. Never could the eye have beheld the sun, had not its own essence been soliform," (*i. e. pre-configured to light by a similarity of essence with that of light*) "neither can a soul not beautiful attain to an intuition of beauty."

CHAPTER VII.

Of the necessary consequences of the Hartleian Theory—Of the original mistake or equivocation which procured its admission—Memoria technica.

WE will pass by the utter incompatibility of such a law—if law it may be called, which would itself be the slave of chances—with even that appearance of rationality forced upon us by the outward *phænomena* of human conduct, abstracted from our own con-

[66] [*Plotinus.* Enn. I. Lib. vi. ss. 4 and 9. Ed.]

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sciousness. We will agree to forget this for the moment, in order to fix our attention on that subordination of final to efficient causes in the human being, which flows of necessity from the assumption, that the will and, with the will, all acts of thought and attention are parts and products of this blind mechanism, instead of being distinct powers, the function of which it is to control, determine, and modify the phantasmal chaos of association. The soul becomes a mere *ens logicum;* for, as a real separable being, it would be more worthless and ludicrous than the Grimalkins in the cat-harpsichord, described in the Spectator. For these did form a part of the process; but, in Hartley's scheme, the soul is present only to be pinched or stroked, while the very squeals or purring are produced by an agency wholly independent and alien. It involves all the difficulties, all the incomprehensibility (if it be not indeed, ὡς ἔμοιγε δοκεῖ, the absurdity), of intercommunion between substances that have no one property in common, without any of the convenient consequences that bribed the judgment to the admission of the Dualistic hypothesis. Accordingly, this *caput mortuum* of the Hartleian process has been rejected by his followers, and the consciousness considered as a *result*, as a *tune*, the common product of the breeze and the harp: though this again is the mere remotion of one absurdity to make way for another, equally preposterous. For what is harmony but a mode of relation, the very *esse* of which is *percipi?*—an *ens rationale*, which pre-supposes the power, that by perceiving creates it? The razor's edge becomes a saw to the armed vision; and the delicious melodies of Purcell or Cimarosa might be disjointed stammerings to a hearer, whose partition of time should be a thousand times subtler than ours. But this obstacle too let us ima-

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gine ourselves to have surmounted, and "at one bound high overleap all bound." Yet according to this hypothesis the disquisition, to which I am at present soliciting the reader's attention, may be as truly said to be written by Saint Paul's church, as by me: for it is the mere motion of my muscles and nerves; and these again are set in motion from external causes equally passive, which external causes stand themselves in interdependent connection with every thing that exists or has existed. Thus the whole universe co-operates to produce the minutest stroke of every letter, save only that I myself, and I alone, have nothing to do with it, but merely the causeless and effectless beholding of it when it is done. Yet scarcely can it be called a beholding; for it is neither an act nor an effect; but an impossible creation of a *something-nothing* out of its very contrary! It is the mere quick-silver plating behind a looking-glass; and in this alone consists the poor worthless I! The sum total of my moral and intellectual intercourse, dissolved into its elements, is reduced to extension, motion, degrees of velocity, and those diminished *copies* of configurative motion, which form what we call notions, and notions of notions. Of such philosophy well might Butler say—

> The metaphysic's but a puppet motion
> That goes with screws, the notion of a notion;
> The copy of a copy and lame draught
> Unnaturally taken from a thought:
> That counterfeits all pantomimic tricks,
> And turns the eyes, like an old crucifix;
> That counterchanges whatsoe'er it calls
> By another name, and makes it true or false;
> Turns truth to falsehood, falsehood into truth,
> By virtue of the Babylonian's tooth.[1]

[1] [Miscellaneous Thoughts. Ed.]

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The inventor of the watch, if this doctrine be true, did not in reality invent it; he only looked on, while the blind causes, the only true artists, were unfolding themselves. So must it have been too with my friend Allston, when he sketched his picture of the dead man revived by the bones of the prophet Elijah.[2] So must it have been with Mr. Southey and Lord Byron, when the one fancied himself composing his Roderick, and the other his Childe Harold. The same must hold good of all systems of philosophy; of all arts, governments, wars by sea and by land; in short, of all things that ever have been or that ever will be produced. For, according to this system, it is not the affections and passions that are at work, in as far as

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[2] [This expression of regard for the great painter of America may well justify the publication of the following beautiful sonnet, which Mr. Allston, a master of either pencil, did the Editor the honour to send to him.

SONNET

On the late *Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

And thou art gone—most lov'd, most honour'd Friend!
No—never more thy gentle voice shall blend
With air of earth its pure, ideal tones,—
Binding in one, as with harmonious zones,
The heart and intellect. And I no more
Shall with Thee gaze on that unfathom'd deep,
The human soul;—as when, push'd off the shore,
Thy mystic bark would thro' the darkness sweep,
Itself the while so bright! For oft we seem'd
As on some starless sea—all dark above,
All dark below—yet, onward as we drove,
To plough up light that ever round us stream'd.
But he who mourns is not as one bereft
Of all he lov'd:—Thy living Truths are left.

Cambridge Port, Massachusetts, America. Ed.]

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they are sensations or thoughts. We only fancy, that we act from rational resolves, or prudent motives, or from impulses of anger, love, or generosity. In all these cases the real agent is a *something-nothing-everything*, which does all of which we know, and knows nothing of all that itself does.

The existence of an infinite spirit, of an intelligent and holy will, must, on this system, be mere articulated motions of the air. For as the function of the human understanding is no other than merely to appear to itself to combine and to apply the *phænomena* of the association; and as these derive all their reality from the primary sensations; and the sensations again all their reality from the impressions *ab extra;* a God not visible, audible, or tangible, can exist only in the sounds and letters that form his name and attributes. If in ourselves there be no such faculties as those of the will, and the scientific reason, we must either have an innate idea of them, which would overthrow the whole system; or we can have no idea at all. The process, by which Hume degraded the notion of cause and effect into a blind product of delusion and habit, into the mere sensation of proceeding life (*nisus vitalis*) associated with the images of the memory;[3] this same process must be repeated to the equal degradation of every fundamental idea in ethics or theology.

Far, very far am I from burthening with the odium of these consequences the moral characters of those who first formed, or have since adopted the system! It is most noticeable of the excellent and pious Hartley, that, in the proofs of the existence and attributes of God, with which his second volume commences, he makes no reference to the principle or results of the

[3] [See *Inquiry concerning the Human Understanding*. Sect. vii. Ed.]

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first. Nay, he assumes, as his foundations, ideas which, if we embrace the doctrines of his first volume, can exist no where but in the vibrations of the ethereal *medium* common to the nerves and to the atmosphere. Indeed the whole of the second volume is, with the fewest possible exceptions, independent of his peculiar system. So true is it, that the faith, which saves and sanctifies, is a collective energy, a total act of the whole moral being; that its living *sensorium* is in the heart; and that no errors of the understanding can be morally arraigned unless they have proceeded from the heart. But whether they be such, no man can be certain in the case of another, scarcely perhaps even in his own. Hence it follows by inevitable consequence, that man may perchance determine what is a heresy; but God only can know who is a heretic. It does not, however, by any means follow that opinions fundamentally false are harmless. A hundred causes may co-exist to form one complex antidote. Yet the sting of the adder remains venomous, though there are many who have taken up the evil thing, and it hurted them not. Some indeed there seem to have been, in an unfortunate neighbour nation at least, who have embraced this system with a full view of all its moral and religious consequences; some—

> ——— who deem themselves most free,
> When they within this gross and visible sphere
> Chain down the winged thought, scoffing ascent,
> Proud in their meanness; and themselves they cheat
> With noisy emptiness of learned phrase,
> Their subtle fluids, impacts, essences,
> Self-working tools, uncaus'd effects, and all
> Those blind omniscients, those almighty slaves,
> Untenanting creation of its God![4]

[4] [*Destiny of Nations.* Poet. Works, I. p. 99. Ed.]

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Such men need discipline, not argument; they must be made better men, before they can become wiser.

The attention will be more profitably employed in attempting to discover and expose the paralogisms, by the magic of which such a faith could find admission into minds framed for a nobler creed. These, it appears to me, may be all reduced to one sophism as their common *genus;* the mistaking the conditions of a thing for its causes and essence; and the process, by which we arrive at the knowledge of a faculty, for the faculty itself. The air I breathe is the condition of my life, not its cause. We could never have learned that we had eyes but by the process of seeing; yet having seen we know that the eyes must have pre-existed in order to render the process of sight possible. Let us cross-examine Hartley's scheme under the guidance of this distinction; and we shall discover, that contemporaneity, (Leibnitz's *Lex Continui,*[5]) is the limit and condition of the laws of mind, itself being rather a law of matter, at least of *phænomena* considered as material. At the utmost, it is to thought the same, as the law of gravitation is to loco-motion.

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[5] [This principle of a *continuum, cette belle loi de la continuité,* as Leibnitz calls it in his lively style, which is even gay for that of a deep philosopher, intent on discovering the composition of the Universe, was introduced by him and first announced, as he mentions himself, in the *Nouvelles de la République des Lettres de Mr. Bayle,* which forms Art. xxiv. of Erdmann's edition of his works, under the title of *Extrait d' une Lettre à Mr. Bayle,* &c. He dwells upon this law in many of his philosophical writings. "C'est une de mes grandes maximes," says he, "et des plus vérifiées, que *la nature ne fait jamais des sauts.*" (*Natura non agit saltatim.*) "J'appellois cela la loi de la continuité, &c. et l'usage de cette loi est très considérable dans la Physique." *Nouveaux Essais. Avant propos,* p. 198, of Erdmann's edit. S. C.]

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In every voluntary movement we first counteract gravitation, in order to avail ourselves of it. It must exist, that there may be a something to be counteracted, and which, by its re-action, may aid the force that is exerted to resist it. Let us consider what we do when we leap. We first resist the gravitating power by an act purely voluntary, and then by another act, voluntary in part, we yield to it in order to light on the spot, which we had previously proposed to ourselves. Now let a man watch his mind while he is composing; or, to take a still more common case, while he is trying to recollect a name; and he will find the process completely analogous. Most of my readers will have observed a small water-insect on the surface of rivulets, which throws a cinque-spotted shadow fringed with prismatic colours on the sunny bottom of the brook; and will have noticed, how the little animal wins its way up against the stream, by alternate pulses of active and passive motion, now resisting the current, and now yielding to it in order to gather strength and a momentary *fulcrum* for a further propulsion. This is no unapt emblem of the mind's self-experience in the act of thinking. There are evidently two powers at work, which relatively to each other are active and passive; and this is not possible without an intermediate faculty, which is at once both active and passive.[6] In philosophical language, we must denominate this intermediate faculty in all its degrees and determinations, the IMAGINA-

[6] [Schelling describes an activity and passivity which reciprocally presuppose, or are *conditioned* through, one another. But he is endeavouring to solve the problem how the I beholds itself as perceptive. *Transsc. Id.* p. 136, *et passim.* S. C.]

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TION.[7] But, in common language, and especially on the subject of poetry, we appropriate the name to a superiour degree of the faculty, joined to a superiour voluntary control over it.

Contemporaneity, then, being the common condition of all the laws of association, and a component element in the *materia subjecta*, the parts of which are to be associated, must needs be co-present with all. Nothing, therefore, can be more easy than to pass off on an incautious mind this constant companion of each, for the essential substance of all. But if we appeal to our own consciousness, we shall find that even time itself, as the cause of a particular act of association, is distinct from contemporaneity, as the condition of all association. Seeing a mackerel, it may happen, that I immediately think of gooseberries, because I at the same time ate mackerel with gooseberries as the sauce. The first syllable of the latter word, being that which had co-existed with the image of the bird so called, I may then think of a goose. In the next moment the image of a swan may arise before me, though I had never seen the two birds together. In the first two instances, I am conscious that their co-existence in time was the circumstance, that enabled me to recollect them; and equally conscious am I that the latter was recalled to me by the joint operation of likeness and contrast. So it is with cause and effect; so too with order. So I am able to distinguish whether it

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[7] [Maasz thus defines the Imagination at p. 2. "But all representations and modifications of the sense" (receptivity of impressions), "which are not really in it, so far as it is affected by an object, must be produced through an active faculty of the same, which is distinguished from the Senses, and may be called the Imagination in the widest sense. Transl. S. C.]

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was proximity in time, or continuity in space, that occasioned me to recall B. on the mention of A. They cannot be indeed separated from contemporaneity; for that would be to separate them from the mind itself. The act of consciousness is indeed identical with time considered in its essence. I mean time *per se*, as contra-distinguished from our notion of time; for this is always blended with the idea of space, which, as the opposite of time, is therefore its measure.[8] Nevertheless the accident of seeing two objects at the same *moment*, and the accident of seeing them in the same place are two distinct or distinguishable causes: and the true practical general law of association is this; that whatever makes certain parts of a total impression more vivid or distinct than the rest, will determine the mind to recall these in preference to others equally linked together by the common condition of contemporaneity, or (what I deem a more appropriate and philosophical term) of *continuity*. But the will itself by confining and intensifying[9] the attention may arbitrarily give vividness or distinctness to any object

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[8] [Schelling teaches that the most original measure of Time is Space, of Space Time; and that both are opposed to each other for this reason that they mutually limit one another. Transfc. Id. Tübingen 1800, pp. 216-17. See also *Idem*, 325-6. S. C.]

[9] I am aware, that this word occurs neither in Johnson's Dictionary nor in any classical writer. But the word, *to intend*, which Newton and others before him employ in this sense, is now so completely appropriated to another meaning, that I could not use it without ambiguity: while to paraphrase the sense, as by *render intense*, would often break up the sentence and destroy that harmony of the position of the words with the logical position of the thoughts, which is a beauty in all composition, and more especially desirable in a close philosophical investigation. I have therefore hazarded the word, *intensify*; though, I confess, it sounds uncouth to my own ear.

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whatsoever; and from hence we may deduce the uselessness, if not the absurdity, of certain recent schemes which promise an artificial memory, but which in reality can only produce a confusion and debasement of the fancy. Sound logic, as the habitual subordination of the individual to the species, and of the species to the genus; philosophical knowledge of facts under the relation of cause and effect; a cheerful and communicative temper disposing us to notice the similarities and contrasts of things, that we may be able to illustrate the one by the other; a quiet conscience; a condition free from anxieties; sound health, and above all (as far as relates to passive remembrance) a healthy digestion; these are the best, these are the only Arts of Memory.

CHAPTER VIII.

The system of Dualism introduced by Des Cartes—Refined first by Spinoza and afterwards by Leibnitz into the doctrine of Harmonia præstabilita—*Hylozoism—Materialism—None of these systems, or any possible theory of association, supplies or supersedes a theory of Perception, or explains the formation of the Associable.*

TO the best of my knowledge Des Cartes was the first philosopher, who introduced the absolute and essential heterogeneity of the soul as intelligence, and the body as matter.[1] The assumption, and the

[1] [*Principia Philosophiæ*, P. I. §§ 52-3, 63-4. S. C.]

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form of speaking have remained, though the denial of all other properties to matter but that of extension, on which denial the whole system of Dualism is grounded, has been long exploded. For since impenetrability is intelligible only as a mode of resistance; its admission places the essence of *matter* in an act or power, which it possesses in common with *spirit;*[2] and body and spirit are therefore no longer absolutely heterogeneous, but may without any absurdity be supposed to be different modes, or degrees in perfection, of a common *substratum*. To this possibility, however, it was not the fashion to advert. The soul was a *thinking* substance, and body a *space-filling* substance. Yet the apparent action of each on the other pressed heavy on the philosopher on the one hand; and no less heavily on the other hand pressed the evident truth, that the law of causality holds only between homogeneous things, that is, things having some common property; and cannot extend from one world into another, its contrary.[3] A close analysis evinced it to be no less absurd than the question whether a man's affection for his wife lay North-east, or South-west of the love he bore towards his child. Leibnitz's doctrine of a

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[2] [Compare with Schelling's *Abhandlungen zur Erläuterung des Idealismus der Wissenschaftslehre*—Philosophische Schriften. Landshut, 1809. (See note *infra*.) Compare also with what Leibnitz lays down on this point in the last paragraph of his paper *De Primæ Philosophiæ Emendatione*—which forms Art. xxxiv. of Erdmann's edition of his works, Berol. 1840, and with the *Nouveaux Essais*, (Liv. II. c. xxi. § 2. Erdmann, p. 250,) where he says that matter has not only mobility, which is the receptivity or capacity of movement, but also resistance which comprehends impenetrability and *inertia*. S. C.]

[3] [*System des transscendentalen Idealismus*, pp. 112-13. See the next note but two. S. C.]

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pre-established harmony;[4] which he certainly borrowed from Spinoza, who had himself taken the hint from Des Cartes's animal machines,[5] was in its common in-

[4] [This theory Leibnitz unfolds in his *Système nouveau de la nature et de la communication des substances*, 1695. Opp. ed. Erdmann, p. 124, in his *Eclaircissemens du nouveau système*. I. II. and III. Ibid. pp. 131-3, 4. *Réplique aux Réfiexions de Bayle*, &c. 1702. Ibid. 183. He speaks of it also in his *Monadologie*, 1714, Ibid. 702, and many of his other writings. Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz was born at Leipzig, June 21, 1746, died Nov. 14, 1716. This great man, whose intellectual powers and attainments were so various and considerable that he has been ranked among the universal geniuses of the world, appears to have been the principal founder of that modern school of philosophy which succeeded to the scholastic. He seems to have united the profundity of a German in the matter of his disquisitions, with something of the Frenchman's polish and lightness of touch in the manner of them; which may be accounted for, in some measure, by his Teutonic birth on the one hand, and his use of the French language on the other. S. C.]

[5] [*Specimina Philosophiæ*—Diss. de Meth. § v. pp. 30-3, edit. 1664. Des Cartes thought it a pious opinion to hold that brute creatures are mere *automata*, set in motion by animal spirits acting on the nerves and muscles—because such a view widens the interval betwixt man and the *beasts that perish*. Wesley thought it a pious opinion to suppose that they have souls capable of salvation. Leibnitz comments upon the Cartesian notion on this subject, in his essay *De Anima Brutorum*, wherein he distinguishes admirably between the intelligence of brutes and the reasonable souls of men. (§ 14. Opp. ed. Erdmann, pp. 464-5.) Mr. Coleridge remarks upon Wesley's opinion in a note printed in the new edition of Southey's Life of Wesley, chap. xx. Des Cartes compares the souls or quasi-souls of brutes to a well made watch, arguing from the uniformity, certainty, and limitedness of their actions, that nature acts in them according to the disposition of their organs. Leibnitz—(in his *Troisième Eclaircissement*, and elsewhere)—compares the body and soul of man to two well made watches, which perfectly agree with one another. It is easy to see how the latter, while he was refuting his predecessor's opinion as a whole, may have

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terpretation too strange to survive the inventor—too repugnant to our common sense; which is not indeed entitled to a judicial voice in the courts of scientific philosophy; but whose whispers still exert a strong secret influence. Even Wolf, the admirer and illustrious systematizer of the Leibnitzian doctrine, contents himself with defending the possibility of the idea, but does not adopt it as a part of the edifice.

The hypothesis of Hylozoism, on the other side, is the death of all rational physiology, and indeed of all physical science; for that requires a limitation of terms, and cannot consist with the arbitrary power of multiplying attributes by occult qualities. Besides, it answers no purpose; unless, indeed, a difficulty can be solved by multiplying it, or we can acquire a clearer notion of our soul by being told that we have a million of souls, and that every atom of our bodies has a soul of its own. Far more prudent is it to admit the difficulty once for all, and then let it lie at rest. There is a sediment indeed at the bottom of the vessel, but all the water above it is clear and transparent. The Hylozoist only shakes it up, and renders the whole turbid.

But it is not either the nature of man, or the duty of the philosopher to despair concerning any important problem until, as in the squaring of the circle, the impossibility of a solution has been demonstrated. How the *esse* assumed as originally distinct from the *scire*, can ever unite itself with it;[6] how *being* can transform itself into a *knowing*, becomes conceivable on one

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borrowed something from it. The likeness to Spinoza's doctrine is more recondite, but may be traced in Part II. of the Ethics, on the nature and origin of the mind. S. C.]

[6] [A passage in the Transfc. Id. pp. 112-13-14, contains many thoughts brought forward by Mr. Coleridge in this and the three following pages. A translation of it is subjoined, with the

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only condition; namely, if it can be shown that the *vis representativa*, or the Sentient, is itself a species of being; that is, either as a property or attribute, or as an *hypostasis* or self subsistence. The former—that thinking is a property of matter under particular conditions,—is, indeed, the assumption of materialism; a system which could not but be patronized by the philosopher, if only it actually performed what it promises. But how any affection from without can meta-

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borrowed passages marked in italics. The last sentence is borrowed in chapter ix. of B. L.

"The act, through which the I limits itself, is no other than that of the self-consciousness, at which, as the explanation-ground of all Limitedness *(Begränztzseyns)* we come to a stand, and for this reason, that how any affection from without can transform itself into a representing or knowing is absolutely inconceivable. Supposing even that an object could work upon the I, as on an object, still such an affection could only bring forth something homogeneous, that is only an objective determinateness *(Bestimmtseyn)* over again. Thus how an original *Being* can convert itself into a *Knowing* would only be conceivable in case it could be shown that even Representation itself *(die Vorstellung selbst)* is a kind of Being; which is indeed the explanation of Materialism, *a system that would be a boon to the philosopher, if it really performed what it promises. But Materialism, such as it has hitherto been, is wholly unintelligible; make it intelligible, and it is no longer distinguished in reality from transcendental Idealism. To explain thinking as a material phænomenon is only possible in this way, that we reduce matter itself to a spectre,—to the mere modification of an Intelligence whose common functions are thinking and matter.* Consequently Materialism itself is carried back to the Intelligent *(das Intelligente)* as the original. And assuredly just as little can we succeed in an attempt to explain Being out of Knowing, so as to represent the former as the product of the latter; seeing that betwixt the two no causal relationship is possible, and they could never meet together, were they not originally one in the I. Being (Matter), considered as productive, is a Knowing; Knowing considered

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morphose itself into perception or will, the materialist has hitherto left, not only as incomprehensible as he found it, but has aggravated it into a comprehensible absurdity. For, grant that an object from without could act upon the conscious *self*, as on a consubstantial object; yet such an affection could only engender something homogeneous with itself. Motion could only propagate motion. Matter has no *Inward*. We remove one surface, but to meet with another.[7] We can but divide a particle into particles; and each atom

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as product, a Being. If Knowing is productive in general, it must be wholly and throughout productive, not in part only. Nothing can come from without into the Knowing, for all that is is identical with the Knowing, and without it is nothing at all. If the one Factor of Representation lies in the I, so must the other also; for in the object the two are inseparable. *Let it be supposed, for example, that the stuff (or material) belongs to the things, it follows that this stuff, before it arrives at the I, at least in the transition from the thing to the representation, must be formless, which without doubt is inconceivable.*" S. C.]

[7] [*Abhandlungen. Phil. Schrift.* p. 240-241. Translation. "*What matter, that is the object of the external intuition, is, we may analyse for ever—may divide it mechanically or chemically: we never get further than to the surfaces of bodies.* That alone in matter which is indestructible is its indwelling power, *which discovers itself to feeling through impenetrability.* But this is a power which goes merely *ad extra*—only works contrary to the outward impact; thus it is no power that returns into itself. Only a power that returns into itself makes to itself an Inward. *Thence to matter belongs no Inward.* But the representing being beholds an inner world. This is not possible except through an activity which gives to itself its own sphere, or, in other words, returns into itself. But no activity goes back into itself, which does not, on this very account and at the same time, also go outward. There is no sphere without limitation, but just as little is there limitation without space, which is limited."

See also Schelling's *Ideen zu einer Philosophie der Natur.* Introd. 2nd edit. Landshut, 1803, p. 22. S. C.]

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comprehends in itself the properties of the material universe.[8] Let any reflecting mind make the experiment of explaining to itself the evidence of our sensuous intuitions, from the hypothesis that in any given perception there is a something which has been communicated to it by an impact, or an impression *ab extra*. In the first place, by the impact on the percipient,

[8] [For great part of the remainder of this paragraph see Schelling's *Transfc. Id.* pp. 149-50. Compare also with *Ideen*, Introd. p. 22.

Schelling concludes the former passage in the Transfc. Id. as follows: Transl. "The most consistent proceeding of Dogmatism,"—(that is, the old method of determining upon supersensible objects without a previous inquiry into the nature and scope of the faculties by which the inquiry is to be carried on,—without "a pre-inquisition into the mind,")—"is to have recourse to the mysterious for the origin of representations of external things, and to speak thereof as of a revelation, which renders all further explanation impossible; or to make the inconceivable origination of a thing so dissimilar in kind, as the representation from the impulse of an outward object, conceivable through a power, to which, as to the Deity, (the only immediate object of our knowledge, according to that system,) even the impossible is possible."

Schelling seems to have had in his mind such doctrine as that which is thus stated by Professor Stewart: "It is now, I think, pretty generally acknowledged by physiologists, that the influence of the will over the body is a mystery, which has never yet been unfolded; but, singular as it may appear, Dr. Reid was the first person who had courage to lay completely aside all the common hypothetical language concerning perception, and to exhibit the difficulty in all its magnitude, by a plain statement of the fact. To what then, it may be asked, does this statement amount? Merely to this; that the mind is so formed, that certain impressions produced on our organs of sense by external objects, are followed by correspondent sensations; and that these sensations, (which have no more resemblance to the qualities of matter, than the words of a language have to the things they denote,) are followed by a perception of the existence and quali-

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or *ens representans*, not the object itself, but only its action or effect, will pass into the same. Not the iron tongue, but its vibrations, pass into the metal of the bell. Now in our immediate perception, it is not the mere power or act of the object, but the object itself, which is immediately present. We might indeed attempt to explain this result by a chain of deductions

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ties of the bodies by which the impressions are made; that all the steps of this process are equally incomprehensible; and that, for any thing we can prove to the contrary, the connexion between the impression and the sensation may be both arbitrary: that it is therefore by no means impossible, that our sensations may be merely the occasions on which the correspondent perceptions are excited; and that, at any rate, the consideration of these sensations, which are attributes of mind, can throw no light on the manner in which we acquire our knowledge of the existence and qualities of body. From this view of the subject it follows, that it is external objects themselves, and not any species or images of these objects, that the mind perceives; and that, although, by the constitution of our nature, certain sensations are rendered the constant antecedents of our perceptions, yet it is just as difficult to explain how our perceptions are obtained by their means, as it would be, upon the supposition, that the mind were all at once inspired with them, without any concomitant sensations whatever." Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind, pp. 69-70.

Such statements, in the view of the Transcendentalist, involve a contradiction,—namely, that the soul can penetrate, by perception, *into* that which is *without* itself: or that the human soul, by divine power, has present to it, or takes in essential properties not of mind, but of something alien from mind and directly contrary to it; which is impossible. The exploded hypothesis of species and images was an attempt to do away the contradiction; the doctrine found wanting by Schelling shows the futility of that attempt; but in assuming the real outness or separateness of the objects of perception,—that they are, as things in themselves, apart from and extrinsic to our mind, appears to set up the contradiction again, or at least to keep it up. S. C.]

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and conclusions; but that, first, the very faculty of deducing and concluding would equally demand an explanation; and secondly, that there exists in fact no such intermediation by logical notions, such as those of cause and effect. It is the object itself, not the product of a syllogism, which is present to our consciousness. Or would we explain this supervention of the object to the sensation, by a productive faculty set in motion by an impulse; still the transition, into the percipient, of the object itself, from which the impulse proceeded, assumes a power that can permeate and wholly possess the soul,

> And like a God by spiritual art,
> Be all in all, and all in every part.[9]

And how came the percipient here? And what is become of the wonder-promising Matter, that was to perform all these marvels by force of mere figure, weight and motion? The most consistent proceeding of the dogmatic materialist is to fall back into the common rank of *soul-and-bodyists;* to affect the mysterious, and declare the whole process a revelation given, and not to be understood, which it would be profane to examine too closely. *Datur non intelligitur.* But a revelation unconfirmed by miracles, and a faith not commanded by the conscience, a philosopher may venture to pass by, without suspecting himself of any irreligious tendency.

Thus, as materialism has been generally taught, it is utterly unintelligible, and owes all its proselytes to the propensity so common among men, to mistake distinct images for clear conceptions; and *vice versa*, to reject as inconceivable whatever from its own nature

[9] [Altered from Cowley's All over Love. II. Ed.]

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is unimaginable. But as soon as it becomes intelligible, it ceases to be materialism. In order to explain *thinking*, as a material phænomenon, it is necessary to refine matter into a mere modification of intelligence, with the two-fold function of *appearing* and *perceiving*. Even so did Priestley in his controversy with Price. He stripped matter of all its material properties; substituted spiritual powers; and when we expected to find a body, behold! we had nothing but its ghost—the apparition of a defunct substance!

I shall not dilate further on this subject; because it will, (if God grant health and permission), be treated of at large and systematically in a work, which I have many years been preparing, on the Productive Logos human and divine; with, and as the introduction to, a full commentary on the Gospel of St. John. To make myself intelligible as far as my present subject requires, it will be sufficient briefly to observe—1. That all association demands and presupposes the existence of the thoughts and images to be associated.—2. That the hypothesis of an external world exactly correspondent to those images or modifications of our own being, which alone, according to this system, we actually behold, is as thorough idealism as Berkeley's, inasmuch as it equally, perhaps in a more perfect degree, removes all reality and immediateness of perception, and places us in a dream-world of phantoms and spectres,[10] the inexplicable swarm and equivocal generation of motions in our own brains.—3. That this hypothesis

[10] [See *Abhandlungen, Phil. Schrift.* p. 217. "The Idealist in this sense is left lonely and forsaken in the midst of the world, surrounded on all sides by spectres. For him there is nothing immediate, and Intuition itself, in which spirit and object meet, is to him but a dead thought." Transl. S. C.]

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neither involves the explanation, nor precludes the necessity, of a mechanism and co-adequate forces in the percipient, which at the more than magic touch of the impulse from without is to create anew for itself the correspondent object. The formation of a copy is not solved by the mere pre-existence of an original; the copyist of Raffael's Transfiguration must repeat more or less perfectly the process of Raffael. It would be easy to explain a thought from the image on the *retina*, and that from the geometry of light, if this very light did not present the very same difficulty.[11] We might as rationally chant the Brahmin creed of the tortoise that supported the bear, that supported the elephant, that supported the world, to the tune of "This is the house that Jack built." The *sic Deo placitum est* we all admit as the sufficient cause, and the divine goodness as the sufficient reason; but an answer to the Whence and Why is no answer to the How, which alone is the physiologist's concern. It is a *so-*

[11] [The reasoning here appears to be the same as in the *Ideen*. Introd. pp. 22-3. Schelling says—"You curiously inquire how the light, radiated back from bodies, works on your optic nerves; also how the image inverted on the *retina*, appears in your soul not inverted but straight. But again, what is that in you which itself sees this image on the *retina*, and inquires how it can have come into the soul. Evidently something which so far is wholly independent of the outward impression and to which, however, this impression is not unknown. How then came the impression to this region of your soul, in which you feel yourself entirely free and independent of impressions? If you interpose between the affection of your nerves, your brain and so forth, and the representation of an outward thing ever so many intervening links, you do but cheat yourself: for the passage over from body to soul cannot, according to your peculiar representations," (mode of perceiving) "take place continuously, but only through a leap,—which yet you propose to avoid." Transl. Compare this chapter with the remarks on the Philosophy of the Dualists in *Ideen*. 57. Ed.]

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phisma pigrum, and (as Bacon hath said) the arrogance of pusillanimity, which lifts up the idol of a mortal's fancy and commands us to fall down and worship it, as a work of divine wisdom, an *ancile* or *palladium* fallen from heaven. By the very same argument the supporters of the Ptolemaic system might have rebuffed the Newtonian, and pointing to the sky with self-complacent grin[12] have appealed to common sense, whether the sun did not move and the earth stand still.

CHAPTER IX.

Is Philosophy possible as a science, and what are its conditions?—Giordano Bruno—Literary Aristocracy, or the existence of a tacit compact among the learned as a privileged order—The Author's obligations to the Mystics—to Immanuel Kant—The difference between the letter and the spirit of Kant's writings, and a vindication of prudence in the teaching of Philosophy—Fichte's attempt to complete the Critical system—Its partial success and ultimate failure—Obligations to Schelling; and among English writers to Saumarez.

FTER I had successively studied in the schools of Locke, Berkeley, Leibnitz, and Hartley, and could find in none of them an abiding place for my reason, I began to ask myself; is a system of philosophy,

[12] And Coxcombs vanquish Berkeley by a grin.*

* Dr. John Brown's Essay on Satire, (which was published in vol. ii. of Warburton's edit. of Pope, and in vol. iii. of Dodsley's Collection,) Part. ii. l. 224. S. C.]

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as different from mere history and historic classification, possible? If possible, what are its necessary conditions? I was for a while disposed to answer the first question in the negative, and to admit that the sole practicable employment for the human mind was to observe, to collect, and to classify. But I soon felt, that human nature itself fought up against this wilful resignation of intellect; and as soon did I find, that the scheme, taken with all its consequences and cleared of all inconsistencies, was not less impracticable than contranatural. Assume in its full extent the position, *nihil in intellectu quod non prius in sensu*, assume it without Leibnitz's qualifying *præter ipsum intellectum*,[1] and in the same sense, in which the position was understood by Hartley and Condillac: and then what Hume had demonstratively deduced from this concession concerning cause and effect, will apply with equal and crushing force to all the other eleven categorical forms,[2] and the logical functions corresponding to

[1] ["On m'opposera cet axiome, reçû parmi les Philosophes: que rien n'est dans l'âme qui ne vienne des sens. Mais il faut excepter l'âme même et ses affections. *Nihil est in intellectu, quod non fuerit in sensu, excipe: nisi ipse intellectus.* Or l'âme renferme l'être, la substance, l'un, le même, la cause, la perception, le raisonnement, et quantité d'autres notions que les sens ne sauroient donner. Cela s'accorde assez avec votre Auteur de l'essai, qui cherche une bonne partie des Idées dans la réflexion de l'esprit sur sa propre nature."—*Nouveaux Essais sur l'Entendement Hymain.* liv. ii. c. 1. Erdmann, p. 223. Leibnitz refutes Locke, as commonly understood, on his own showing, and he maintained that if ideas come to us only by sensation or reflection, this is to be understood of their actual perception, but that they are in us before they are perceived. See also his *Réflexions sur l'Essai de Locke*—Art. xli. and *Meditationes de cognitione, veritate, et ideis*, Art. ix. of Erdmann's edition of his works. S. C.]

[2] Videlicet; Quantity, Quality, Relation, and Mode, each

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them. How can we make bricks without straw;—or build without cement? We learn all things indeed by *occasion* of experience; but the very facts so learned force us inward on the antecedents, that must be presupposed in order to render experience itself possible. The first book of Locke's Essay, (if the supposed error, which it labours to subvert, be not a mere thing of straw, an absurdity which, no man ever did, or in-

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consisting of three subdivisions. See *Kritik der reineu Versunft.** See too the judicious remarks on Locke and Hume.†

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* [Pp. 104 and 110-11 vol. ii. Works. Leipzig, 1838. Ed.]

† [Ib. pp. 125-6. "The celebrated Locke, from want of this consideration, and because he met with pure conceptions of the understanding in experience, has also derived them from experience; and moreover he proceeded so inconsequently, that he ventured therewith upon attempts at cognitions, which far transcend all limits of experience. Hume acknowledged that, in order to the last, these conceptions must necessarily have their origin *a priori*. But, as he could not explain how it is that the understanding should think conceptions, not in themselves united in the understanding, yet as necessarily united in the object,—and not hitting upon this, that probably the understanding by means of these *(a priori)* conceptions was itself the author of the experience, wherein its objects are found—he was forced to derive these conceptions from experience, that is to say, from subjective necessity arising from frequent association in experience, erroneously considered to be objective:—I mean from *habit:* although afterwards he acted very consistently in declaring it to be impossible with these conceptions and the principles to which they give birth to transcend the limits of experience. However the empirical derivation, on which both Locke and Hume fell, is not reconcilable with the reality of those scientific cognitions *a priori* which we possess, namely, pure Mathematics and General Physics, and is therefore refuted by the fact." Ed. See also the whole Section entitled, *Uebergang zur transfcendentalen Deduction der Kategorien*, pp. 123-6. S. C.]

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deed ever could, believe,) is formed on a σόφισμα ἐτεροζητήσεως,[3] and involves the old mistake of *Cum hoc: ergo, propter hoc.*

The term, Philosophy, defines itself as an affectionate seeking after the truth; but Truth is the correlative of Being. This again is no way conceivable, but by assuming as a postulate, that both are *ab initio*, identical and co-inherent; that intelligence and being are reciprocally each other's substrate. I presumed that this was a possible conception, (*i. e.* that it involved no logical inconsonance,) from the length of time during which the scholastic definition of the *Supreme Being*, as *actus purissimus sine ulla potentialitate*, was received in the schools of Theology, both by the Pontifician and the Reformed divines. The early study of Plato and Plotinus, with the commentaries and the THEOLOGIA PLATONICA of the illustrious Florentine;[4] of Proclus,[5] and Gemistius Pletho;[6] and at a later period of the *De Immenso et Innumerabili*,[7] and the "*De la causa, principio et uno*," of the philosopher of Nola,

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[3] [See Maasz, *ubi supra*, p. 366. Ed.]

[4] [Marsilii Ficini *Theologia Platonica, seu de immortalitate animorum ac æterna felicitate.* Ficinus was born at Florence 1433, and died in 1499. Ed.]

[5] [Proclus was born at Constantinople in 412 and died in 485. Ed.]

[6] [G. Gemistius Pletho, a Constantinopolitan. He came to Florence in 1438. *De Platonicæ atque Aristotelicæ philosophiæ differentia.* Ed.]

[7] [*De Innumerabilibus, Immenso et Infigurabili, seu de Universo et Mundis*, libb. viii. S. C.

T. Giordano Bruno was burnt at Rome on the 17th of February, 1599-1600. See note in The Friend, I. p. 154, 3rd edit. for some account of the titles of his works. He particularly mentions Sidney in that curious work *La Cena de le Ceneri.* Ed.]

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who could boast of a Sir Philip Sidney and Fulke Greville among his patrons, and whom the idolaters of Rome burnt as an atheist in the year 1600; had all contributed to prepare my mind for the reception and welcoming of the *Cogito quia Sum, et Sum quia Cogito;* a philosophy of seeming hardihood, but certainly the most ancient, and therefore presumptively the most natural.

Why need I be afraid? Say rather how dare I be ashamed of the Teutonic theosophist, Jacob Behmen?[6] Many, indeed, and gross were his delusions; and such as furnish frequent and ample occasion for the triumph of the learned over the poor ignorant shoemaker, who had dared think for himself. But while we remember that these delusions were such, as might be anticipated

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[6] [Boehm was born near Goerlitz in Upper Lusatia in 1575. The elements of his theology may be collected from his Aurora, and his treatise "On the Three Principles of the Divine Essence." A little book about mystic writers, *Theologiæ Mysticæ Idea Generalior*, mentions that the son of Gr. Richter, the minister of Goerlitz, who wrote and preached against Boehm and silenced him for seven years by procuring an order against him from the senate of the city, after the decease of both the persecutor and the persecuted, undertook to answer, for the honour of his father's memory, an effective reply of the theosophist to a violent publication against his doctrine from the pen of his pastor. But that, contrary to all expectation, on reading and considering the books of our author, he not only abandoned his intention, but was constrained by conscience to take up the pen on his side, against his own father. Boehm was a Lutheran, and died in the communion of that church, in 1624. His most famous English follower was John Pordage, a physician, born in 1625, who tried to reduce his theosophy to a system, declaring himself to have recognized the truth of it by revelations made to himself. He published several works in favour of Behmen's opinions, which were read in Germany, and are said to have become the standard books of all enthusiasts. S. C.]

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from his utter want of all intellectual discipline, and from his ignorance of rational psychology, let it not be forgotten that the latter defect he had in common with the most learned theologians of his age. Neither with books, nor with book-learned men was he conversant. A meek and shy quietist, his intellectual powers were never stimulated into feverous energy by crowds of proselytes, or by the ambition of proselyting. Jacob Behmen was an enthusiast, in the strictest sense, as not merely distinguished, but as contra-distinguished, from a fanatic. While I in part translate the following observations from a contemporary writer of the Continent, let me be permitted to premise, that I might have transcribed the substance from *memoranda* of my own, which were written many years before his pamphlet was given to the world; and that I prefer another's words to my own, partly as a tribute due to priority of publication; but still more from the pleasure of sympathy in a case where coincidence only was possible.[9]

[9] [By "the following observations" Mr. Coleridge meant those contained in the two next paragraphs, as far as the words "William Law," *part* of which are freely translated from pages 154-56 of Schelling's *Darlegung des wahren Verhältnisses der Natur-philosophie zu der verbesserten Fichte'schen Lehre, Tübingen*, 1806.

The whole of the first paragraph is thus taken from Schelling, except the last sentence but one, and the third clause of the fourth.

For parts at the beginning and at the end of the second he was indebted to the following sentences of the *Darlegung*, pp. 155-6.

"So now too may Herr Fichte speak of these enthusiasts with the most heartfelt scholar's pride, although it is not easy to see why he exalts himself so altogether above them, unless it is because *he* can write orthographically, can form periods, and has the fashions of authorship at command; while they, accord-

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Whoever is acquainted with the history of philosophy, during the last two or three centuries, cannot but admit that there appears to have existed a sort of secret and tacit compact among the learned, not to pass beyond a certain limit in speculative science. The privilege of free thought, so highly extolled, has at no time been held valid in actual practice, except within this limit; and not a single stride beyond it has ever been ventured without bringing obloquy on the transgressor. The few men of genius among the learned class, who actually did overstep this boundary, anxiously avoided the appearance of having so done. Therefore the true depth of science, and the penetration to the inmost centre, from which all the lines of knowledge diverge to their ever distant circumference, was abandoned to the illiterate and the simple, whom unstilled yearning, and an original ebulliency of spirit, had urged to the investigation of the indwelling and living ground of all things. These, then, because their names had never been enrolled in the guilds of the learned, were persecuted by the registered livery-men as interlopers on their rights and privileges. All without distinction were branded as fanatics and phantasts; not only those, whose wild and exorbitant imaginations had actually engendered only extravagant and grotesque phantasms, and whose productions were, for the most part, poor copies and gross caricatures of

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ing to their simplicity, just as they found it, so gave it utterance. No one, thinks Herr Fichte, that is not already wiser than these men, could learn any thing from the perusal of their writings; and so he thinks himself much wiser than they: nevertheless Herr Fichte might give his whole rhetoric, if in all his books put together he had shown the spirit and heart-fulness, which often a single page of many so called enthusiasts discovers." Translation. S. C.]

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genuine inspiration; but the truly inspired likewise, the originals themselves. And this for no other reason, but because they were the unlearned, men of humble and obscure occupations. When, and from whom among the *literati* by profession, have we ever heard the divine doxology repeated, *I thank thee O Father! Lord of Heaven and Earth! because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.*[10] No; the haughty priests of learning not only banished from the schools and marts of science all who had dared draw living waters from the fountain, but drove them out of the very Temple, which mean time *the buyers, and sellers, and money-changers* were suffered to make *a den of thieves.*

And yet it would not be easy to discover any substantial ground for this contemptuous pride in those *literati*, who have most distinguished themselves by their scorn of Behmen, Thaulerus,[11] George Fox, and others; unless it be, that *they* could write orthographi-

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[10] St. Luke x. 21.

[11] [I have ventured to substitute "Thaulerus" for "De Thoyras" in the text, having reason to suppose that the latter name was a mistake or misprint for the former.

John Thaulerus or Taulerus, sometimes called Dr. Thaulerus, was a celebrated mystic divine of the fourteenth century, the time and place of whose birth is uncertain. He became a monk of the Dominican order, and died at Strasbourg, according to the epitaph on his tomb, on the 17th of May 1361.

He wrote several books of divinity in his own native language; the original edition is very rarely found, but they were translated into Latin by Surius, and published at Cologne in 1548. Among them are Exercises on the Life and Passion of Christ, Institutions and Sermons. The *Theologia Germanica*, also entitled, in the English translation, a little Golden Manual, has been ascribed to him.

Very different judgments have been formed of the character

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cally, make smooth periods, and had the fashions of authorship almost literally at their fingers' ends, while the latter, in simplicity of soul, made their words immediate echoes of their feelings. Hence the frequency of those phrases among them, which have been mis-

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and value of his writings, as is commonly the case with respect to mystical productions, the thoughts and language of which are in a state of glowing fusion, and therefore capable of assuming different appearances, according to the moulds of mind into which they are received. Some behold in them heresy and fanaticism; some hold them good in substance but too capable of perversion; whilst on the other hand, many authors of weight and note, both Romanist and Protestant, especially the latter, as Arnd, Müller, Melancthon, and others,—have commended them highly and unreservedly. Blosius the Abbot styled their author a sincere maintainer of the Catholic faith. By Luther this Mystic is spoken of in a spirit very similar to that manifested by Schelling and Coleridge respecting the illiterate enthusiasts, whom they uphold against the *literati* by profession." "I know," says he, "that this Doctor is unknown to the schools of Divines, and therefore perhaps much despised; but I have found in him, though his writings are all in the German language, more solid and true divinity than is found in all the Doctors of all the Universities, or than can be found in their opinions." (Luther, tom. i. Latin. Jenens., page 86, 6, apud Heupelium, folio B. verso.) Dr. Henry More's opinion of him is thus given in the Gen. Biog. Dictionary, whence this account, with the quotation from Luther, is taken:

"But amongst all the writings of this kind there was none which so affected him, as that little book, with which Luther was so prodigiously pleased, intitled, '*Theologica Germanica;*' though he discovered in it, even at that time, several marks of a deep melancholy, and no small errors in matters of philosophy. 'But that,' says our author, 'which he doth so mightily inculcate, viz. *that we should thoroughly put off and extinguish our own proper will, that being thus dead to ourselves, we may live alone to God, and do all things whatsoever by his instinct and plenary permission*, was so connatural, as it were, and agreeable to my most intimate reason and conscience, that I could not of any thing whatsoever be more clearly and certainly convinced.'" S. C.]

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taken for pretences to immediate inspiration; as for instance, "*It was delivered unto me;*"—"*I strove not to speak;*"—"*I said, I will be silent;*"—"*But the word was in my heart as a burning fire;*"—"*and I could not forbear.*" Hence too the unwillingness to give offence; hence the foresight, and the dread of the clamours, which would be raised against them, so frequently avowed in the writings of these men, and expressed, as was natural, in the words of the only book, with which they were familiar.[12] "Woe is me that I am become a man of strife, and a man of contention,—I love peace: the souls of men are dear unto me: yet because I seek for light every one of them doth curse me!" O! it requires deeper feeling, and a stronger imagination, than belong to most of those, to whom reasoning and fluent expression have been as a trade learnt in boyhood, to conceive with what might, with what inward strivings and commotion, the perception of a new and vital truth takes possession of an uneducated man of genius. His meditations are almost inevitably employed on the eternal, or the everlasting; for "the world is not his friend, nor the world's law." Need we then be surpirsed, that, under an excitement at once so strong and so unusual, the man's body should sympathize with the struggles of his mind; or that he should at times be so far deluded, as to mistake the tumultuous sensations of his nerves, and the co-existing spectres of his fancy, as parts or symbols of the

[12] An American Indian with little variety of images, and a still scantier stock of language, is obliged to turn his few words to many purposes, by likenesses so clear and analogies so remote as to give his language the semblance and character of lyric poetry interspersed with grotesques. Something not unlike this was the case of such men as Behmen and Fox with regard to the Bible. It was their sole armoury of expressions, their only organ of thought.

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truths which were opening on him? It has indeed been plausibly observed, that in order to derive any advantage, or to collect any intelligible meaning, from the writings of these ignorant Mystics, the reader must bring with him a spirit and judgment superior to that of the writers themselves:

And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek? [13]

—a sophism, which I fully agree with Warburton, is unworthy of Milton; how much more so of the awful Person, in whose mouth he has placed it? One assertion I will venture to make, as suggested by my own experience, that there exist folios on the human understanding, and the nature of man, which would have a far juster claim to their high rank and celebrity, if in the whole huge volume there could be found as much fulness of heart and intellect, as burst forth in many a simple page of George Fox, Jacob Behmen, and even of Behmen's commentator, the pious and fervid William Law.[14]

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[13] [Paradise Regained, B. iv. l. 325. S. C.]

[14] [William Law was born at King's Cliffe, Northamptonshire, in 1688, died April 9, 1761. A list of seventeen religious works written by him is given in the Gent. Mag. Nov. 1800. Toward the latter end of his life he adopted "the mystic enthusiasm of Jacob Behmen," which tinctured his later writings; and of that author's works he prepared an English edition. (Behmen's, Jacob, Works, to which is prefixed the Life of the Author, with figures illustrating his principles. Left by the Rev. William Law, M. A. London, 1764-81. 4 vols. 4to.)

Mr. Southey has the following passage on Law in his Life of Wesley:

"About this time Wesley became personally acquainted with William Law, a man whose writings completed what Jeremy Taylor, and the treatise *De Imitatione Christi*, had begun. When first he visited him, he was prepared to object to his views of Christian duty as too elevated to be attainable; but Law silenced and satisfied him by replying, 'We shall do well to

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The feeling of gratitude, which I cherish toward these men, has caused me to digress further than I had foreseen or proposed; but to have passed them over in an historical sketch of my literary life and opinions, would have seemed to me like the denial of a debt, the concealment of a boon. For the writings of these Mystics acted in no slight degree to prevent my mind from being imprisoned within the outline of any single dogmatic system. They contributed to keep alive the heart in the head; gave me an indistinct, yet stirring and working presentiment, that all the products of the mere reflective faculty partook of death, and were as the rattling twigs and sprays in winter, into which a sap was yet to be propelled from some root to which I had not penetrated, if they were to afford my soul either food or shelter. If they were too often a

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aim at the highest degrees of perfection, if we may thereby at least attain to mediocrity.' Law is a powerful writer: it is said that few books have ever made so many religious enthusiasts as his Christian Perfection and his Serious Call: indeed, the youth who should read them without being perilously affected, must have either a light mind or an unusually strong one. But Law himself, who has shaken so many intellects, sacrificed his own at last to the reveries and rhapsodies of Jacob Behmen. Perhaps the art of engraving was never applied to a more extraordinary purpose, nor in a more extraordinary manner, than when the nonsense of the German shoemaker was elucidated in a series of prints after Law's designs, representing the anatomy of the spiritual man. His own happiness, however, was certainly not diminished by the change: the system of the ascetic is dark and cheerless; but mysticism lives in a sunshine of its own, and dreams of the light of heaven; while the visions of the ascetic are such as the fear of the devil produces, rather than the love of God." Vol. I. pp. 57-8.

The forthcoming new edition of the Life of Wesley contains numerous marginal notes by Mr. Coleridge. Among these are two, explaining and defending some of the German shoemaker's and his commentator's sense or "nonsense." S. C.]

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moving cloud of smoke to me by day, yet they were always a pillar of fire throughout the night, during my wanderings through the wilderness of doubt, and enabled me to skirt, without crossing, the sandy deserts of utter unbelief. That the system is capable of being converted into an irreligious Pantheism, I well know. The Ethics of Spinoza,[15] may, or may not, be an in-

[15] [*Ethica ordine geometrico demonstrata.* Baruch or Benedict de Spinoza was born at Amsterdam, Nov. 24, 1632, was the son of a Portuguese Jew; died at the Hague, Feb. 21, 1677.

Cousin positively denies the charge of atheism, in the form in which it was laid, against Spinoza, declaring it to have originated in personal animosity, as did a similar one against Wolf. He affirms that Spinoza's is by no means, either in terms, or in the spirit of the author, an atheistic system, but rather a pantheism (formal and not material like that of the Eleatics) containing and unfolding a high and worthy notion of God. "Ce n'est qu'à une époque récente," says he, "qu'on a commencé à traiter avec plus de justice la personne et la doctrine de ce grand homme, et en même temps on a découvert, par la méthode critique, (the method of Kant,) le côté foible du système." Spinoza must indeed have been a most elaborate hypocrite if he was consciously and intentionally an atheist. How strange it appears that Christians, who are commanded to hope and believe all things favourably of others, should have such an appetite for discovering unbelief and misbelief even in those who manifest no evil heart or godless temper! It would seem as if some men's faith could not be kept alive and properly exercised, unless, like the passionate Lord in the play, it were

——— allow'd a carcase to insult on,*

the vile body, to wit, of some other man's infidelity and irreligion.

"I have often thought," says Mr. Coleridge, in his Notes on Noble's Appeal, "of writing a work to be entitled *Vindiciæ Heterodoxæ, sive celebrium virorum παραδογματιζόντων defensio;*

* This line, from The Nice Valour or The Passionate Madman of Beaumont and Fletcher, I first saw quoted by Mr. Southey in a letter to Mr. Murray.

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stance. But at no time could I believe, that *in itself* and *essentially* it is incompatible with religion, natural or revealed: and now I am most thoroughly persuaded of the contrary. The writings of the illustrious sage of Koenigsberg, the founder of the Critical Philosophy, more than any other work, at once invigorated and disciplined my understanding. The originality, the depth, and the compression of the thoughts; the novelty and subtlety, yet solidity and importance of the distinctions; the adamantine chain of the logic; and I will venture to add—(paradox as it will appear to those who have taken their notion of Immanuel Kant from Reviewers and Frenchmen)—the clearness and evidence, of the Critique of the Pure Reason; and Critique of the Judgment; of the Metaphysical Elements of Natural Philosophy; and of his Religion within the bounds of Pure Reason, took possession of

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that is, Vindication of Great Men unjustly branded; and at such times the names prominent to my mind's eye have been Giordano Bruno, Jacob Behmen, Benedict Spinoza, and Emanuel Swedenborg."

Still it was Mr. Coleridge's ultimate opinion, that Spinoza's system excluded or wanted the true ground of faith in God as the Supreme Intelligence and Absolute Will, to whom man owes religious fealty. He speaks thus in The Friend, vol. iii. Essay xi. p. 214, 5th edit.

"The inevitable result of all consequent reasoning, in which the intellect refuses to acknowledge a higher or deeper ground than it can itself supply, and weens to possess within itself the centre of its own system, is—and from Zeno the Eleatic to Spinoza, and from Spinoza to the Schellings, Okens, and their adherents of the present day, ever has been—pantheism under one or other of its modes, the least repulsive of which differs from the rest, not in its consequences, which are one and the same in all, and in all alike are practically atheistic, but only as it may express the striving of the philosopher himself to hide these consequences from his own mind." S. C.]

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me as with a giant's hand.[17] After fifteen years familiarity with them, I still read these and all his other productions with undiminished delight and increasing admiration. The few passages that remained obscure to me, after due efforts of thought, (as the chapter on *original apperception*,[18]) and the apparent contradictions which occur, I soon found were hints and insinuations referring to ideas, which KANT either did not think it prudent to avow, or which he considered as

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[17] [The Critique of the pure Reason, *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*, occupies vol. ii. of the collective edition of the works of Kant in ten vols. Leipzig, 1838. It first appeared in 1781. The Critique of the Judgment, *Kritik der Urtheilskraft*, 1790, is contained in vol. vii. The Met. El. of N. Philosophy, *Metaphysische Anfangsgründe der Naturwissenschaft*, 1786, may be found in vol. viii. at p. 439. Religion within the bounds of pure Reason—*Religion innerhalb der Grenzen der blosen Vernunft*, 1793, in vol. vi. p. 159.

Immanuel Kant was born at Koenigsberg in 1724, was appointed Rector of the University there in 1786, after having declined repeated offers from the King of Prussia, of a Professorship in the Universities of Jena, Erlangen, Mittau, and Halle, with the rank of privy counsellor; and died at his native place, nearly 80 years old, Feb. 12, 1804. S. C.

The following note is pencilled in Mr. C.'s copy of Schelling's *Philosophische Schriften*, but the date does not appear.

" I believe in my depth of being, that the three great works since the introduction of Christianity are,—Bacon's *Novum Organum*, and his other works, as far as they are commentaries on it:—Spinoza's *Ethica*, with his Letters and other pieces, as far as they are comments on his Ethics: and Kant's Critique of the Pure Reason, and his other works as commentaries on, and applications of the same." Ed.]

[18] [*Kritik der reinen Vernunft.* Transfc. Elementarlehre II. Th. 1. Abth. I. Buch. 2. Hauptst. 2. Abschn. Transfc. Deduction der reinen Verstandesbegriffe. § 16 *Von der ursprünglich-synthetischen Einheit der Apperception.* Works, Leipzig, 1838, vol. ii. p. 129. Apperception is treated of, or referred to generally, throughout the division of the work entitled Transcen-

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consistently *left behind* in a pure analysis, not of human nature *in toto*, but of the speculative intellect alone. Here therefore he was constrained to commence at the point of *reflection*, or natural consciousness: while in his *moral* system he was permitted to assume a higher ground (the autonomy of the will) as a postulate deducible from the unconditional command, or (in the technical language of his school) the categorical imperative, of the conscience. He had been in imminent danger of persecution during the reign of the late king of Prussia, that strange compound of lawless debauchery and priest-ridden superstition: and it is probable that he had little inclination, in his

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dental Deduction of the pure conceptions of the Understanding, ending at p. 153.

Apperception is thus defined by Dr. Willich, in his Elements of the Critical Philosophy, p. 143.

"Apperception or Consciousness, or the faculty of becoming conscious, signifies

1. In general, the same as representation, or the faculty of representing:

2. In particular, the representation as distinct from the subject that represents, and from the object that is represented.

3. *Self-consciousness*, for which we have two faculties,

a. The *empirical*, the internal sense, i. e. the consciousness of our state at any time of our observations. This is as subject to change as the observations themselves; considered in itself, it is not confined to any one place, and does not relate to the identity of the subject.

b. The *transcendental*, pure, original, i. e. the consciousness of the identity of ourselves, with all the variety of empirical consciousness. It is that self-consciousness, which generates the bare idea '*I*,' or '*I think*,' as being the simple correlate of all other ideas, and the condition of their unity and necessary connection."

See also Nitsch's General and Introductory View of Professor Kant's Principles, a very clear summary, pp. 111-113. S. C.]

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old age, to act over again the fortunes, and hair-breadth escapes of Wolf.[19] The expulsion of the first among Kant's disciples, who attempted to complete his system, from the University of Jena, with the confiscation and prohibition of the obnoxious work by the joint efforts of the courts of Saxony and Hanover, supplied experimental proof, that the venerable old man's caution was not groundless. In spite therefore of his own declarations, I could never believe, that it was possible for him to have meant no more by his *Noumenon*, or Thing in itself, than his mere words express; or that in his own conception he confined the whole *plastic* power to the forms of the intellect, leaving for the external cause, for the *materiale* of our sensations, a matter without form, which is doubtless inconceivable.[20]

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[19] [Christian Wolf, the most celebrated supporter of the school of Leibnitz, was born at Breslau in 1679. In 1707 he became Professor of Mathematics at Halle; was accused of atheism by his envious colleagues, was driven from his employ by their cabals in 1723, and went to teach at Marburg, as Professor of Philosophy; he was afterwards honourably recalled to Halle in 1740, and died at that town, April 9, 1754. From Victor Cousin's *Manuel de l'Histoire de la Philosophie*, II. 173-4. S. C.]

[20] [*Transc. Id.* p. 114.

The reader may compare this passage with Schelling's remarks on the doctrine of Kant, in the third tract of the *Phil. Schrift.* pp. 275-6, the title of which has already been given, and to which Mr. C. himself refers his readers in chap. xii.

In the Introduction to the *Ideen*, Schelling says of the Kantian philosophy, on this particular point, that, as acute men have objected, "it makes all conceptions of cause and effect arise in our mind,—in our representations alone; and yet the representations themselves again, according to the law of causality, operate upon us through outward things." *Note at* p. 10.

Thus the Idealism of Berkeley deprives us of Nature (or an objective world) altogether, giving us, instead of it, a seeming

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I entertained doubts likewise, whether, in his own mind, he even laid *all* the stress, which he appears to do, on the moral postulates.[21]

An idea, in the highest sense of that word, cannot be conveyed but by a *symbol;* and, except in geometry, all symbols of necessity involve an apparent contradiction.[22] Φώνησε συνετοῖσιν: and for those who could not pierce through this symbolic husk, his writings were not intended. Questions which cannot be fully answered without exposing the respondent to personal danger, are not entitled to a fair answer; and

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copy of such a world in each individual mind:—the Idealism of Kant—(too *literally understood* on *one* point,)—leaves us Nature, but reduces her to a blank,—an unseen *cause* of all we see *without* us, although cause, by his own showing, exists only *within* us:—the system of Locke cuts Nature in two—lets her retain one half of her constituent properties, while it makes her but the unknown cause in us of the other half:—the Scotch system, (in the opinion of the Transcendentalist,) equally with the two last mentioned, cuts us off from Nature while it brings Nature to bear upon us as closely as possible; it affirms an evident absurdity, and calls it a hidden mystery; it tries to be cautious, yet is incautious enough to assume the whole matter in debate, namely, that the objective and the subjective systems are distinct from, and extrinsic to, one another; it teaches us to escape from a difficulty by shutting our eyes: but eyes were made to be open and not to be shut,—except for the sake of rest; when we unclose them again there is the same difficulty, staring us full in the face. S. C.]

[21] [Kant's doctrine on this head is fully explained in his *Foundation for the Metaphysique of Morals*, first published in 1785, and *Critique of the Practical Reason*—1788. Works, vol. iv. S. C.]

[22] ["Now this supersensuous ground of all that is sensuous, Kant symbolized by the expression *things in themselves*—which, like all other symbolic expressions, contains in itself a contradiction, because it seeks to represent the unconditioned through a conditioned, to make the infinite finite." *Abhandlungen. Phil. Schrift.* pp. 276-7. S. C.]

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yet to say this openly, would in many cases furnish the very advantage, which the adversary is insidiously seeking after. Veracity does not consist in saying, but in the intention of communicating, truth; and the philosopher who cannot utter the whole truth without conveying falsehood, and at the same time, perhaps, exciting the most malignant passions, is constrained to express himself either mythically or equivocally. When Kant therefore was importuned to settle the disputes of his commentators himself, by declaring what he meant, how could he decline the honours of martyrdom with less offence, than by simply replying, "I meant what I said, and at the age of near four-score, I have something else, and more important to do, than to write a commentary on my own works."

FICHTE'S *Wissenschaftslehre*,[23] or Lore of Ultimate Science, was to add the key-stone of the arch: and by commencing with an *act*, instead of a *thing* or *substance*, Fichte assuredly gave the first mortal blow to Spinozism, as taught by Spinoza himself; and supplied the *idea* of a system truly metaphysical, and of a *metaphysique* truly systematic: (i. e. having its spring and principle within itself.) But this fundamental idea he overbuilt with a heavy mass of mere *notions*, and psychological acts of arbitrary reflection. Thus his theory degenerated into a crude[24] *egoismus*, a

[23] [J. Gottlieb Fichte was born on the 19th of May, 1762, at Rammenau in Upper Lusatia, and died at Berlin, where he had occupied a Professor's chair in the recently founded University, Jan. 29, 1814. The *Wissenschaftslehre* was first published at Weimar in 1796; afterwards in an enlarged edition at Jena, 1798. V. Cousin's *Manuel*, II. 272, 289. S. C.]

[24] The following burlesque on the Fichtean *Egoismus* may, perhaps, be amusing to the few who have studied the system, and to those who are unacquainted with it, may convey

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boastful and hyperstoic hostility to Nature, as lifeless, godless, and altogether unholy: while his religion consisted in the assumption of a mere *Ordo ordinans*,

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as tolerable a likeness of Fichte's idealism as can be expected from an avowed caricature.

The Categorical Imperative, or the annunciation of the new Teutonic God, 'ΕΓΩΕΝΚΑΙΠΑΝ: a dithyrambic Ode, by QUERKOPF VON KLUBSTICK, Grammarian, and *Subrector in Gymnasic.** * *

Eu! Dei vices gerens, ipse Divus,
(Speak English, Friend!) the God *Imperativus,*
Here on this market-cross aloud I cry:
I, I, I! I itself I!
The form and the substance, the what and the why,
The when and the where, and the low and the high,
The inside and outside, the earth and the sky,
I, you and he, and he, you and I,
All souls and all bodies are I itself I!
All I itself I!
(Fools! a truce with this starting!)
All my I! all my I!
He's a heretic dog who but adds Betty Martin!
Thus cried the God with high imperial tone;
In robe of stiffest state, that scoffed at beauty,
A pronoun-verb imperative he shone—
Then substantive and plural-singular grown
He thus spake on! Behold in I alone
(For ethics boast a syntax of their own)
Or if in ye, yet as I doth depute ye,
In O! I, you, the vocative of duty!
I of the world's whole Lexicon the root!
Of the whole universe of touch, sound, sight
The genitive and ablative to boot:
The accusative of wrong, the nom'native of right,
And in all cases the case absolute!
Self-construed, I all other moods decline:
Imperative, from nothing we derive us;
Yet as a super-postulate of mine,
Unconstrued antecedence I assign
To X, Y, Z, the God *Infinitivus!*

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which we were permitted *exoterice* to call GOD; and his *ethics* in an ascetic, and almost monkish, mortification of the natural passions and desires.[25]

[25] [This account of Fichte's *theory*, however just, may convey to some readers a very unjust notion of the man and of his teaching in general. It may lead them to imagine him cold, hard, and dry, and, in his turn of mind, rather of the *earth earthy*, than heaven-ward tending; whereas he seems to have been an ardent spiritualist, "a clear calm enthusiast;" and whatever his system may have been, as mere metaphysics, yet in his thoughts on the Divine Idea, to have arrived at the same point, as far as feeling is concerned, and all that under God's grace inspires the heart and moulds the plan and course of action, with those who talk, in orthodox phraseology, of the *Life of God in the soul of man*. Mr. Carlyle has spoken of Fichte in the "Hero Worship," and some of his striking Essays, with his usual force and felicity, and power of casting an interest, either in the way of creation or of representation, around certain characters—investing, as it were, with a royal robe of glowing language and high attributions, whomsoever it delights him to honour. But the best illustration of Fichte's teaching is to be found in his life. "No man of his time,"—says Mr. Smith, who has lately published a translation of his work On the Nature of the Scholar, with a memoir of the author—"few perhaps of any time, exercised a more powerful spirit-stirring influence over the minds of his fellow countrymen. The ceaseless effort of his life was to rouse men to a sense of the divinity of their own nature—to fix their thoughts upon a spiritual life as the only true and real life—to teach them to look upon all else as mere show and unreality, and thus to lead them to constant effort after the highest Ideal of purity, virtue, independence and self-denial. To this ennobling enterprise he consecrated his being, &c. Truly indeed has he been described by one of our own country's brightest ornaments, as a 'colossal, adamantine spirit, standing erect and clear, like a Cato Major among degenerate men; fit to have been the teacher of the Stoa, and to have discoursed of beauty and virtue in the groves of Academe.' But the sublimity of his intellect casts no shade on the soft current of his affections, which flows, pure and unbroken, through the whole course of his life, to enrich, fertilize,

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In Schelling's *Natur-Philosophie,*[26] and the *System des transcendentalen Idealismus,*[27] I first found a genial coincidence with much that I had toiled out for myself, and a powerful assistance in what I had yet to do.

I have introduced this statement, as appropriate to the narrative nature of this sketch; yet rather in refe-

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and adorn it. We prize his philosophy deeply; it is to us an invaluable possession, for it seems the noblest exposition to which we have yet listened, of human nature and divine truth; but with reverent thankfulness we acknowledge a still higher debt, for he has left behind him the best gift which man can bequeath to man—a brave, heroic human life."

"In the first churchyard from the Oranienburg gate of Berlin stands a tall obelisk with this inscription:—

The teachers shall shine
As the brightness of the firmament;
And they that turn many to righteousness
As the stars for ever and ever.

It marks the grave of Fichte. The faithful partner of his life sleeps at his feet."

Fichte married a niece of Klopstock, a high-minded woman, by whom he had an only son, the author of writings on religious philosophy of some interest. Cousin speaks of the great influence which the Idealism of Fichte exercised over his contemporaries, and its serious direction toward anti-sensualistic doctrines, impressed on many minds by the masculine eloquence, which was one of the attributes of the author's talent. But he affirms that Fichte's theory finally shared the common destiny of all systems, and proved unable to acquire a general authority in philosophy. Pp. 113-115. S. C.]

[26] [On this title of Schelling's, Mr. C. makes the following remarks in a marginal note in the *Phil. Schrift.*

I cannot approve Schelling's choice of the proper name, *Natur-Philosophie;* because, in the first place, it is a useless paradox; in the second place, selected to make the difference between his own system and that of his old master Fichte greater than it is; and lastly, because the phrase has been long and universally appropriated to the knowledge which does not include the *peculia* of Man; that is, to Physiology. The identity of the one

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rence to the work which I have announced in a preceding page, than to my present subject. It would be but a mere act of justice to myself, were I to warn my future readers, that an identity of thought, or even similarity of phrase, will not be at all times a certain proof that the passage has been borrowed from Schelling, or that the conceptions were originally learnt from him. In this instance, as in the dramatic lectures of Schlegel to

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with the other is made to appear as the result of the system; but for its title, that is, its proper, or appropriated, name, *qui bene distinguit, bene docet.* S. T. C.

Fichte speaks thus of the *Natur-Philosophie* in the second of his series of Lectures on the Nature of the Scholar, containing the definition of the Divine Idea. "Hence we should not be blinded nor led astray by a philosophy assuming the name of *natural*, which pretends to excel all former philosophy by striving to elevate Nature into absolute being and into the place of God. In all ages the theoretical errors, as well as the moral corruptions of humanity, have arisen from falsely bestowing the name of life on that which in itself possesses neither absolute nor even finite being, and seeking for life and its enjoyments in that which in itself is dead. Very far therefore from being a step towards truth, that philosophy is only a return to old and already most widely spread error." Translation by Mr. Smith. S. C.]

[27] [Friedr. Wilh. Joseph Schelling was born at Leonberg in Wurtemberg on the 27th of January, 1775. He was Professor at Erlangen in 1829; since that time he has moved about. During the last two years he has been lecturing at Berlin, where he holds a Professorship, and has been endeavouring to show the consistency of his philosophical views with a religious Theism: how far successfully or otherwise, I cannot say, but I believe, not so as to silence the great body of objectors.

Schelling's *Ideen zu einer Philosophie der Natur, (Natur-Philosophie,)* was first published at Leipzig in 1797; a second edition entirely recast, appeared at Landshut, in 1803. The *System des Transcendentalen Idealismus* was published at Tübingen in 1800. The early age at which Schelling put forth his profound speculations, displaying so deep an insight into former philosophies, and so much general knowledge, renders them one of the intellectual wonders of the world. S. C.]

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which I have before alluded, from the same motive of self-defence against the charge of plagiarism, many of the most striking resemblances, indeed all the main and fundamental ideas, were born and matured in my mind before I had ever seen a single page of the German Philosopher; and I might indeed affirm with truth, before the more important works of Schelling had been written, or at least made public. Nor is this coincidence at all to be wondered at. We had studied in the same school; been disciplined by the same preparatory philosophy, namely, the writings of Kant; we had both equal obligations to the polar logic and dynamic philosophy of Giordano Bruno; and Schelling has lately, and, as of recent acquisition, avowed that same affectionate reverence for the labours of Behmen, and other mystics, which I had formed at a much earlier period.[28] The coincidence of Schelling's system with certain general ideas of Behmen, he declares to have been *mere* coincidence; while *my* obligations have been more direct. *He* needs give to Behmen only feelings of sympathy; while I owe him a debt of gratitude. God forbid! that I should be suspected of a wish to enter into a rivalry with Schelling for the honours so unequivocally his right, not only as a great and original genius, but as the *founder* of the Philosophy of Nature, and as the most successful *improver* of the Dynamic[29] System which, begun by Bruno, was re-introduced (in a more philosophical form, and freed from all its impurities and visionary accompaniments) by Kant; in whom it was the native

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[28] [Archdeacon Hare says in regard to this statement; "Schelling's pamphlet," (in which this avowal is contained,) "had appeared eleven years before; but, perhaps, it did not find its way to England till the peace; and Coleridge, having read it but recently, inferred that it was a recent publication." S. C.]

[29] It would be an act of high and almost criminal injustice to

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and necessary growth of his own system. Kant's followers, however, on whom (for the greater part) their master's *cloak* had fallen without, or with a very scanty

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pass over in silence the name of Mr. Richard Saumarez,* a gentleman equally well known as a medical man and as a philanthropist, but who demands notice on the present occasion as the author of "A new System of Physiology" in two volumes octavo, published 1797; and in 1812 of "An Examination of the natural and artificial Systems of Philosophy which now prevail" in one volume octavo, entitled, "The Principles of physiological and physical Science." The latter work is not quite equal to the former in style or arrangement; and there is a greater necessity of distinguishing the principles of the author's philosophy from his conjectures concerning colour, the atmospheric matter, comets, &c. which, whether just or erroneous, are by no means necessary consequences of that philosophy. Yet even in this department of this volume, which I regard as comparatively the inferior work, the reasonings by which Mr. Saumarez invalidates the immanence of an infinite power in any finite substance are the offspring of no common mind; and the experiment on the expansibility of the air is at least plausible and highly ingenious. But the merit, which will secure both to the book and to the writer a high and honourable name with posterity, consists in the masterly force of reasoning, and the copiousness of induction, with which he has assailed, and (in my opinion) subverted the tyranny of the mechanic system in physiology; established not only

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* [Richard Saumarez was a native of Guernsey, and became Surgeon to the Magdalen Hospital, London. He published *A Dissertation on the Universe in general, and on the procession of the Elements in particular*, Lond. 1796, 8vo.—A new System of Physiology, comprehending the Laws by which animated beings in general, and the human species in particular, are governed in their several states of health and disease. Lond. 1798, 2 vols. 8vo.—Principles and Ends of Philosophy. 1811, 8vo.—Principles of Physiological and Physical Science, comprehending the ends for which animated beings were created. Lond. 1812, 8vo.—Orations delivered before the Medical Society of London, 1813, 8vo.—Observations on Generation and the Principles of Life, Med. and Phys. Journ. II. p. 242. 1799. S. C.]

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portion of, his *spirit*, had adopted his dynamic ideas, only as a more refined species of mechanics. With exception of one or two fundamental ideas, which cannot be withheld from Fichte, to Schelling we owe the completion, and the most important victories, of this revolution in philosophy. To me it will be happiness and honour enough, should I succeed in rendering the system itself intelligible to my countrymen, and in the application of it to the most awful of subjects for the most important of purposes. Whether a work is the offspring of a man's own spirit, and the product of original thinking, will be discovered by those who are its sole legitimate judges, by better tests than the mere reference to dates. For readers in general, let whatever shall be found in this or any future work of mine, that resembles, or coincides with, the doctrines of my German predecessor, though contemporary, be wholly attributed to *him:* provided, that the absence of distinct references to his books, which I could not at all

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the existence of final causes, but their necessity and efficiency in every system that merits the name of philosophical; and, substituting life and progressive power for the contradictory *inert force*, has a right to be known and remembered as the first instaurator of the dynamic philosophy in England. The author's views, as far as concerns himself, are unborrowed and completely his own, as he neither possessed nor do his writings discover, the least acquaintance with the works of Kant, in which the germs of the philosophy exist; and his volumes were published many years before the full development of these germs by Schelling. Mr. Saumarez's detection of the Braunonian system was no light or ordinary service at the time; and I scarcely remember in any work on any subject a confutation so thoroughly satisfactory. It is sufficient at this time to have stated the fact; as in the preface to the work, which I have already announced on the Logos, I have exhibited in detail the merits of this writer, and genuine philosopher, who needed only have taken his foundations somewhat deeper and wider to have superseded a considerable part of my labours.

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times make with truth as designating citations or thoughts actually *derived* from him; and which, I trust, would, after this general acknowledgment be superfluous; be not charged on me as an ungenerous concealment or intentional plagiarism. I have not indeed (*eheu! res angusta domi!*) been hitherto able to procure more than two of his books, viz. the 1st volume of his collected Tracts,[30] and his System of Transcendental Idealism; to which, however, I must add a small pamphlet against Fichte,[31] the spirit of which was to *my* feelings painfully incongruous with the principles, and which (with the usual allowance afforded to an antithesis) displayed the love of wisdom rather than the wisdom of love. I regard truth as a divine ventriloquist: I care not from whose mouth the sounds are supposed to proceed, if only the words are audible and intelligible. "Albeit, I must confess to be half in doubt, whether I should bring it forth or no, it being so contrary to the eye of the world, and the world so potent in most men's hearts, that I shall endanger either not to be regarded or not to be understood."[32]

[30] [F. W. J. Schelling's *Philosophische Schriften, Erster Band.* (First volume.) Landshut, 1809. S. C.]

[31] [This is the *Darlegung* referred to in a previous note. The mutual censures of Fichte and Schelling, and their quarrels about Nature and the nature of Nature, are harsh breaks in the bright current of their writings.

There is to my mind a great metaphysical sublimity in the first part of Fichte's *Bestimmung des Menschen*, especially the passage beginning *In jedem Momente ihrer Dauer ist Natur ein zusammenhängendes Ganze*, and the preceding paragraphs, from the words *Das Princip der Thatigheit*, p. 11. Very imaginative is the grand glimpse these passages give of the interconnected movements of the universe, presenting to the mind universality in unity, and a seeming infinitude of the finite. S. C.]

[32] [Milton's Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty. Book II. chap. i. S. C.]

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And to conclude the subject of citation, with a cluster of citations, which as taken from books, not in common use, may contribute to the reader's amusement, as a voluntary before a sermon :—"*Dolet mihi quidem deliciis literarum inescatos subito jam homines adeo esse, præsertim qui Christianos se profitentur, et legere nisi quod ad* delectationem *facit, sustineant nihil: unde et disciplinæ severiores et philosophia ipsa jam fere prorsus etiam a doctis negliguntur. Quod quidem propositum studiorum, nisi mature corrigitur, tam magnum rebus incommodum dabit, quam dedit barbaries olim. Pertinax res barbaries est, fateor: sed minus potest tamen, quam illa mollities et* persuasa prudentia *literarum, si* ratione *caret, sapientiæ virtutisque* specie *mortales misere circumducens. Succedet igitur, ut arbitror, haud ita multo post, pro rusticana seculi nostri ruditate captatrix illa* communi-loquentia *robur animi virilis omne, omnem virtutem masculam, profligatura, nisi cavetur.*"[33]

A too prophetic remark, which has been in fulfilment from the year 1680, to the present 1815. By *persuasa prudentia*, Grynæus means self-complacent common sense as opposed to science and philosophic reason.

Est medius ordo, et velut equestris, ingeniorum quidem sagacium, et commodorum rebus humanis, non tamen in primam magnitudinem patentium. Eorum hominum, ut sic dicam, major annona est. Sedulum esse, nihil temere loqui, assuescere labori, et imagine prudentiæ et modestiæ *tegere angustiores*

[33] [From "Symon Grynæus's premonition to the candid reader, prefixed to Ficinus's translation of Plato, published at Leyden, 1557." See The Friend, Essay III. vol. i. pp. 23-4, where also the same passage is quoted. In the original, as I learn from the Editor's note in that place, *gulam* stands for *delectationem*. S. C.]

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partes captus, dum exercitationem ac usum, quo isti in civilibus rebus pollent, pro natura et magnitudine ingenii plerique accipiunt.[34]

"As therefore physicians are many times forced to leave such methods of curing as themselves know to be the fittest, and being overruled by the patient's impatiency, are fain to try the best they can: in like sort, considering how the case doth stand with this present age, full of tongue and weak of brain, behold we would (*if our subject permitted it*) yield to the stream thereof. That way we would be contented to prove our thesis, which being the worse in itself, is notwithstanding now by reason of common imbecility the fitter and likelier to be brooked."[35]

If this fear could be rationally entertained in the controversial age of Hooker, under the then robust discipline of the scholastic logic, pardonably may a writer of the present times anticipate a scanty audience for abstrusest themes, and truths that can neither be communicated nor received without effort of thought, as well as patience of attention.

"Che s'io non erro al calcolar de' punti,
Par ch' *Asinina* Stella a noi predomini,
E'l Somaro e'l Castron si sian congiunti.
Il tempo d'Apuleio piu non si nomini:
Che se allora un sol huom sembrava un Asino,
Mille Asini a' miei dì rassembran huomini!"[36]

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[34] [Barclay's *Argenis*, lib. i. Leyden, 1630, 12mo. pp. 63-4, with some omissions. The original, after *assuescere labori*, runs thus: *et imagini Sapientiæ parere*, tegere angustiores partes ingenii. *Hæc neque summum hominem desiderant, et sola interdum sunt quæ in laudatis Proceribus suspicias. Ut vel abesse vitia pro virtute sit; vel non invidiosus prudentiæ rivus in Oceani famam se diffundat, dum exercitationem, &c.* S. C.]

[35] [Slightly altered, with omissions, from Hooker's Eccles. Polity, B. I. c. viii. s. 2. S. C.]

[36] *Satire di Salvator Rosa*, [tom. i. p. 34. *La Musica*, Sat. i. l. 10. S. C.]

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NOTE TO CHAPTER IX.

IN the preceding chapter Mr. C. speaks of Schelling's philosophy as if it had his entire approbation, and had been adopted by him in its whole extent. Yet it is certain that, soon after the composition of the B. L. he became dissatisfied with the system, considered as a fundamental and comprehensive scheme, intended to exhibit the relations of God to the World and Man. He objected to it as essentially pantheistic, though the author has positively disclaimed this reproach, and made great efforts to free his system from the appearance of deserving it. To Mr. C. however, it appeared, as originally set forth, to labour under deep deficiencies—to be radically inconsistent with a belief in God, as Himself Moral and Intelligent—as beyond and above the world—as the Supreme Mind to which the human mind owes homage and fealty—inconsistent with any just view and deep sense of the moral and spiritual being of man. The imposing grandeur of this philosophy, beheld from a distance, the narrowness into which it shrinks on a nearer view, are thus set forth by Cousin in his clear trenchant style. "La philosophie de Schelling se recommande par l'originalité de son point de vue, la profondeur du travail, la conséquence des parties, et l'immense portée des applications. Elle rallie à une seule idée tous les êtres de la nature. Par là elle écarte les barrières qu'on avoit données à la connaissance humaine, soutenant la possibilité pour l'homme non plus seulement d'une représentation subjective, mais d'une connaissance objective et scientifique, d'une science déterminée de Dieu et des choses divines, à ce titre que l'esprit humain et la substance de l'être sont primitivement identiques. Cette philosophie embrasse le cercle entier des connaissances spéculatives," &c. Then he states the difficulties which beset the scheme, and after suggesting several root objections, he exclaims: "Quel homme enfin peut avoir la téméraire prétention de renfermer la nature de la Divinité dans l'idée de l'identité absolue?" He had previously observed,

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"La forme de ce système est moins scientifique en réalité qu'en apparence. Son problème étoit de déduire, par une demonstration réelle (par construction,) le fini de l'infini et de l'absolu, le particulier de l'universel. *Or ce problème n'est point résolu et ne peut l'être.*" And he concludes—"En un mot, le système tout entier n'est, à proprement parler, qu'une poésie de l'esprit humain, séduisante par son apparente facilité pour tout expliquer, et par sa manière de construire la nature."

I think, as far as I am able to judge, that Mr. Coleridge's view of the system, after long reflection upon it, coincided, as to its general character and result, with that of Victor Cousin, deeply as he must have felt obliged to the author for much that it contains. During the latter part of his life he was ever applying his thoughts to the development of a philosophy which should more satisfactorily perform what Schelling's splendid scheme of modern Platonism had seemed to promise, a solution of the most important problems, which are presented to human contemplation, or at least an answer to them sufficient to set the human mind at rest. He sought to construct a system really and rationally religious; and since, in his philosophical inquiries, he "neither could nor dared throw off a strong and awful prepossession in favour" * of that great main outline of doctrine which came to us from the first in company with the highest and purest moral teaching which the world has yet seen; which was felt after, if not found, by the best and greatest minds before the preaching of the Gospel; which has been received in substance, with whatever variations of form and language, by a large portion of the civilized world ever since, and had actually been to himself the vehicle of all the light and life of the higher and deeper kind, which had been vouchsafed to him in his earthly career;—he therefore *set out* with the desire to construct a philosophical system in which Christianity,—based on the Tri-une being of God, and embracing

* This is said in regard to the Bible in the Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit, p. 8.

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a Primal Fall and Universal Redemption,—Christianity ideal, spiritual, eternal, but likewise and necessarily historical,—realized and manifested in time,—should be shown forth as accordant, or rather as one with ideas of reason, and the demands of the spiritual and of the speculative mind, of the heart, conscience, reason, should all be satisfied and reconciled in one bond of peace. See what has been said of the labours of Mr. C.'s latter years in the Preface.

I am not aware however that he, at any time, altered or set aside the doctrine of Schelling put forth in the present work on Nature and the Mind of Man, with their mutual relations; or indeed that he discovered any positive error or incompatibility with higher truth in such parts of his system as are adopted in the Biographia Literaria, and which he believed himself in the main to have anticipated.

In the Table Talk he is reported to have said "The metaphysical disquisition at the end of the first volume of the Biographia Literaria is unformed and immature;—it contains the fragments of the truth, but it is not fully thought out. It is wonderful to myself to think how infinitely more profound my views now are, and yet how much clearer they are withal. The circle is completing; the idea is coming round to, and to be, the common sense." (2nd edit. p. 308.)

Some little insight into the progress of his reflections on philosophical subjects, and on the treatment of those subjects by Schelling, will perhaps be derived from his remarks on several tracts in that author's *Philosophische Schriften*, which I have thought it best to place at the end of the first volume. S. C.

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CHAPTER X.

A Chapter of digression and anecdotes, as an interlude preceding that on the nature and genesis of the Imagination or Plastic Power—On pedantry and pedantic expressions—Advice to young authors respecting publication—Various anecdotes of the Author's literary life, and the progress of his opinions in Religion and Politics.

" *SEMPLASTIC.* The word is not in Johnson, nor have I met with it elsewhere." Neither have I! I constructed it myself from the Greek words, εἰς ἓν πλάττειν, to shape into one;[1] because, having to convey a new sense, I thought that a new term would both aid the recollection of my meaning, and prevent its being confounded with the usual import of the word, imagination. "But this is pedantry!" Not necessarily so, I hope. If I am not misinformed, pedantry consists in the use of words unsuitable to the time, place, and company. The language of the market would be in the schools as pedantic, though it might not be reprobated by that name, as the language of the schools in the market. The mere man of the world, who insists that no other terms

[1] [*Ist das Band die lebendige* In-Eins-Bildung *des Einen mit dem Vielen.* If the bond is the living *formation-into-one* of the one with the many. *Darlegung*, pp. 61-2. Schelling also talks of the absolute, perfect *In-Eins-Bildung* of the Real and Ideal, toward the end of his *Vorlesungem über die Methode des Academischen Studium*—p. 313. S. C.]

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but such as occur in common conversation should be employed in a scientific disquisition, and with no greater precision, is as truly a pedant as the man of letters, who either over-rating the acquirements of his auditors, or misled by his own familiarity with technical or scholastic terms, converses at the wine-table with his mind fixed on his museum or laboratory; even though the latter pedant instead of desiring his wife to make the tea should bid her add to the *quant. suff.* of *thea Sinensis* the oxyd of hydrogen saturated with caloric. To use the colloquial (and in truth somewhat vulgar) metaphor, if the pedant of the cloister, and the pedant of the lobby, both smell equally of the shop, yet the odour from the Russian binding of good old authentic-looking folios and quartos is less annoying than the steams from the tavern or bagnio. Nay, though the pedantry of the scholar should betray a little ostentation, yet a well-conditioned mind would more easily, methinks, tolerate the fox brush of learned vanity, than the *sans culotterie* of a contemptuous ignorance, that assumes a merit from mutilation in the self-consoling sneer at the pompous incumbrance of tails.

The first lesson of philosophic discipline is to wean the student's attention from the degrees of things, which alone form the vocabulary of common life, and to direct it to the kind abstracted from degree. Thus the chemical student is taught not to be startled at disquisitions on the heat in ice, or on latent and fixible light. In such discourse the instructor has no other alternative than either to use old words with new meanings (the plan adopted by Darwin in his Zoonomia;)[2] or to introduce new terms, after the example of

[2] [Erasmus Darwin's Zoonomia, or Laws of Organic Life was published Lond. 1794-6, 2 vols. 4to. There was another edition in 4 vols. 8vo. in 1801. S. C.]

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Linnæus, and the framers of the present chemical nomenclature. The latter mode is evidently preferable, were it only that the former demands a twofold exertion of thought in one and the same act. For the reader, or hearer, is required not only to learn and bear in mind the new definition; but to unlearn, and keep out of his view, the old and habitual meaning; a far more difficult and perplexing task, and for which the mere semblance of eschewing pedantry seems to me an inadequate compensation. Where, indeed, it is in our power to recall an appropriate term that had without sufficient reason become obsolete, it is doubtless a less evil to restore than to coin anew. Thus to express in one word all that appertains to the perception, considered as passive and merely recipient, I have adopted from our elder classics the word *sensuous*; because *sensual* is not at present used, except in a bad sense, or at least as a moral distinction; while *sensitive* and *sensible* would each convey a different meaning. Thus too I have followed Hooker, Sanderson, Milton and others, in designating the immediateness of any act or object of knowledge by the word *intuition*, used sometimes subjectively, sometimes objectively, even as we use the word, thought; now as *the* thought, or act of thinking, and now as *a* thought, or the object of our reflection; and we do this without confusion or obscurity. The very words, *objective* and *subjective*, of such constant recurrence in the schools of yore, I have ventured to re-introduce, because I could not so briefly or conveniently by any more familiar terms distinguish the *percipere* from the *percipi*. Lastly, I have cautiously discriminated the terms, the reason, and the understanding, encouraged and confirmed by the authority of our genuine divines and philosophers, before the Revolution.

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> ——— both life, and sense,
> Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
> Reason receives, and reason is her *being*,
> Discursive or intuitive: discourse[3]
> Is oftest yours, the latter most is ours,
> Differing but in degree, in kind the same.[4]

I say, that I was confirmed by authority so venerable: for I had previous and higher motives in my own conviction of the importance, nay, of the necessity of the distinction, as both an indispensable condition and a vital part of all sound speculation in metaphysics, ethical or theological. To establish this distinction was one main object of The Friend;[5] if even in a biography of my own literary life I can with propriety refer to a work, which was printed rather than published, or so published that it had been well for the unfortunate author, if it had remained in manuscript. I have even at this time bitter cause for remembering that, which a number of my subscribers have but a trifling motive for forgetting. This effusion might have been spared; but I would feign flatter myself, that the reader will be less austere than an oriental professor of the bastinado, who during an attempt to extort *per argumentum baculinum* a full confession from a culprit, interrupted his outcry of pain by reminding him,

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[3] But for sundry notes on Shakespeare, and other pieces which have fallen in my way, I should have deemed it unnecessary to observe, that *discourse* here, or elsewhere does not mean what we now call discoursing; but the discursion of the mind, the processes of generalization and subsumption, of deduction and conclusion. Thus, Philosophy has hitherto been discursive; while Geometry is always and essentially intuitive.

[4] [Paradise Lost. Book V. l. 485. S. C.]

[5] [Mr. Coleridge here refers to The Friend as it first came out in the North of England, in 1809-10. See the Biog. Supplement at the end of vol. ii. S. C.]

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that it was "a mere digression!" "All this noise, Sir! is nothing to the point, and no sort of answer to my questions!" "Ah! but," (replied the sufferer,) "it is the most pertinent reply in nature to your blows."

An imprudent man of common goodness of heart cannot but wish to turn even his imprudences to the benefit of others, as far as this is possible. If therefore any one of the readers of this semi-narrative should be preparing or intending a periodical work, I warn him, in the first place, against trusting in the number of names on his subscription list. For he cannot be certain that the names were put down by sufficient authority; or, should that be ascertained, it still remains to be known, whether they were not extorted by some over zealous friend's importunity; whether the subscriber had not yielded his name, merely from want of courage to answer, no; and with the intention of dropping the work as soon as possible. One gentleman procured me nearly a hundred names for THE FRIEND, and not only took frequent opportunity to remind me of his success in his canvass, but laboured to impress my mind with the sense of the obligation, I was under to the subscribers; for, (as he very pertinently admonished me,) "fifty-two shillings a year was a large sum to be bestowed on one individual, where there were so many objects of charity with strong claims to the assistance of the benevolent." Of these hundred patrons ninety threw up the publication before the fourth number, without any notice; though it was well known to them, that in consequence of the distance, and the slowness and irregularity of the conveyance, I was compelled to lay in a stock of stamped paper for at least eight weeks beforehand; each sheet of which stood me in five pence previously to its arrival at my printer's; though the subscription

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money was not to be received till the twenty-first week after the commencement of the work; and lastly, though it was in nine cases out of ten impracticable for me to receive the money for two or three numbers without paying an equal sum for the postage.

In confirmation of my first caveat, I will select one fact among many. On my list of subscribers, among a considerable number of names equally flattering, was that of an Earl of Cork, with his address. He might as well have been an Earl of Bottle, for aught I knew of him, who had been content to reverence the peerage *in abstracto*, rather than *in concretis*. Of course THE FRIEND was regularly sent as far, if I remember right, as the eighteenth number; that is, till a fortnight before the subscription was to be paid. And lo! just at this time I received a letter from his Lordship, reproving me in language far more lordly than courteous for my impudence in directing my pamphlets to him, who knew nothing of me or my work! Seventeen or eighteen numbers of which, however, his Lordship was pleased to retain, probably for the culinary or post-culinary conveniences of his servants.

Secondly, I warn all others from the attempt to deviate from the ordinary mode of publishing a work by the trade. I thought indeed, that to the purchaser it was indifferent, whether thirty *per cent.* of the purchase-money went to the booksellers or to the government; and that the convenience of receiving the work by the post at his own door would give the preference to the latter. It is hard, I own, to have been labouring for years, in collecting and arranging the materials; to have spent every shilling that could be spared after the necessaries of life had been furnished, in buying books, or in journies for the purpose of consulting them or of acquiring facts at the fountain

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head; then to buy the paper, pay for the printing, and the like, all at least fifteen *per cent.* beyond what the trade would have paid; and then after all to give thirty *per cent.* not of the net profits, but of the gross results of the sale, to a man who has merely to give the books shelf or warehouse room, and permit his apprentice to hand them over the counter to those who may ask for them; and this too copy by copy, although, if the work be on any philosophical or scientific subject, it may be years before the edition is sold off. All this, I confess, must seem a hardship, and one, to which the products of industry in no other mode of exertion are subject. Yet even this is better, far better, than to attempt in any way to unite the functions of author and publisher. But the most prudent mode is to sell the copy-right, at least of one or more editions, for the most that the trade will offer. By few only can a large remuneration be expected; but fifty pounds and ease of mind are of more real advantage to a literary man, than the chance of five hundred with the certainty of insult and degrading anxieties. I shall have been grievously misunderstood, if this statement should be interpreted as written with the desire of detracting from the character of booksellers or publishers. The individuals did not make the laws and customs of their trade, but, as in every other trade, take them as they find them. Till the evil can be proved to be removable, and without the substitution of an equal or greater inconvenience, it were neither wise nor manly even to complain of it. But to use it as a pretext for speaking, or even for thinking, or feeling, unkindly or opprobriously of the tradesmen, as individuals, would be something worse than unwise or even than unmanly; it would be immoral and calumnious. My motives point in a far

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different direction and to far other objects, as will be seen in the conclusion of the chapter.

A learned and exemplary old clergyman, who many years ago went to his reward followed by the regrets and blessings of his flock, published at his own expense two volumes octavo, entitled, A NEW THEORY OF REDEMPTION. The work was most severely handled in THE MONTHLY or CRITICAL REVIEW, I forget which; and this unprovoked hostility became the good old man's favourite topic of conversation among his friends. Well! (he used to exclaim,) in the second edition, I shall have an opportunity of exposing both the ignorance and the malignity of the anonymous critic. Two or three years however passed by without any tidings from the bookseller, who had undertaken the printing and publication of the work, and who was perfectly at his ease, as the author was known to be a man of large property. At length the accounts were written for; and in the course of a few weeks they were presented by the rider for the house, in person. My old friend put on his spectacles, and holding the scroll with no very firm hand, began—"*Paper, so much:* O moderate enough—not at all beyond my expectation! *Printing, so much:* well! moderate enough! *Stitching, covers, advertisements, carriage, and so forth, so much.*"—Still nothing amiss. *Selleridge* (for orthography is no necessary part of a bookseller's literary acquirements) £3. 3*s*. "Bless me! only three guineas for the what d'ye call it—the *selleridge?*" "No more, Sir!" replied the rider. "Nay, but that is *too* moderate!" rejoined my old friend. "Only three guineas for *selling* a thousand copies of a work in two volumes?" "O Sir!" (cries the young traveller) "you have mistaken the word. There have been none of them *sold;* they have been sent back from London long ago; and

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this £3. 3*s*. is for the *cellaridge*, or warehouse-room in our book cellar." The work was in consequence preferred from the ominous cellar of the publisher's to the author's garret; and, on presenting a copy to an acquaintance, the old gentleman used to tell the anecdote with great humour and still greater good nature.

With equal lack of worldly knowledge, I was a far more than equal sufferer for it, at the very outset of my authorship.[6] Toward the close of the first year from the time, that in an inauspicious hour I left the friendly cloisters, and the happy grove of quiet, ever honoured Jesus College, Cambridge, I was persuaded by sundry philanthropists and Anti-polemists to set on foot a periodical work, entitled THE WATCHMAN, that, according to the general motto of the work, *all might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free!*[7] In order to exempt it from the stamp-tax, and likewise to contribute as little as possible to the supposed guilt of a war against freedom, it was to be published on every eighth day, thirty-two pages, large octavo, closely printed, and price only four-pence. Accordingly with a flaming prospectus,—"*Knowledge is Power*," "To cry the state of the political atmosphere,"—and so forth, I set off on a tour to the North, from Bristol to Sheffield, for the purpose of procuring customers, preaching by the way in most of the great towns, as an hireless volunteer, in a blue coat and white waistcoat, that not a rag of the woman of Babylon might be seen on me. For I was at that time and

[6] [See the last chapter but one of the Biographical Supplement, at the end of Vol. II. S. C.]

[7] [Michaelmas Term, 1794, was the last he kept at Cambridge. The first number of The Watchman appeared March 1, 1796. See Biog. Sup. S. C.]

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long after, though a Trinitarian (that is *ad normam Platonis*) in philosophy, yet a zealous Unitarian in religion; more accurately, I was a Psilanthropist, one of those who believe our Lord to have been the real son of Joseph, and who lay the main stress on the resurrection rather than on the crucifixion. O! never can I remember those days with either shame or regret. For I was most sincere, most disinterested. My opinions were indeed in many and most important points erroneous; but my heart was single. Wealth, rank, life itself then seemed cheap to me, compared with the interests of what I believed to be the truth, and the will of my Maker. I cannot even accuse myself of having been actuated by vanity; for in the expansion of my enthusiasm I did not think of myself at all.

My campaign commenced at Birmingham;[8] and my first attack was on a rigid Calvinist, a tallow-chandler by trade. He was a tall dingy man, in whom length was so predominant over breadth, that he might almost have been borrowed for a foundery poker. O that face! a face *κατ' ἐμφασιν*! I have it before me at this moment. The lank, black, twine-like hair, pingui-nitescent, cut in a straight line along the black stubble of his thin gunpowder eye-brows, that looked like a scorched after-math from a last week's shaving. His coat collar behind in perfect unison, both of colour and lustre, with the coarse yet glib cordage, which I suppose he called his hair, and which with a bend inward at the nape of the neck,—the only approach to flexure in his whole figure,—slunk in behind his waistcoat; while the countenance lank, dark, very hard, and with strong perpendicular furrows, gave me a dim

[8] [This tour was made in January, 1796. See Biog. Sup. S. C.]

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notion of some one looking at me through a used grid-iron, all soot, grease, and iron! But he was one of the thorough-bred, a true lover of liberty, and, as I was informed, had proved to the satisfaction of many, that Mr. Pitt was one of the horns of the second beast in THE REVELATIONS, that *spake as a dragon*. A person, to whom one of my letters of recommendation had been addressed, was my introducer. It was a new event in my life, my first stroke in the new business I had undertaken of an author, yea, and of an author trading on his own account. My companion after some imperfect sentences and a multitude of hums and has abandoned the cause to his client; and I commenced an harangue of half an hour to Phileleutheros, the tallow-chandler, varying my notes, through the whole gamut of eloquence, from the ratiocinative to the declamatory, and in the latter from the pathetic to the indignant. I argued, I described, I promised, I prophesied; and beginning with the captivity of nations I ended with the near approach of the millennium, finishing the whole with some of my own verses describing that glorious state out of the Religious Musings:

> ——————————— Such delights
> As float to earth, permitted visitants!
> When in some hour of solemn jubilee
> The massive gates of Paradise are thrown
> Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild
> Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
> And odours snatched from beds of amaranth,
> And they, that from the crystal river of life
> Spring up on freshened wing, ambrosial gales![9]

My taper man of lights listened with perseverant and praiseworthy patience, though, as I was afterwards told,

[9] [Religious Musings. Poet. Works, I. p. 82. S. C.]

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on complaining of certain gales that were not altogether ambrosial, it was a melting day with him. "And what, Sir," he said, after a short pause, "might the cost be?" "Only four-pence,"—(O! how I felt the anti-climax, the abysmal bathos of that four-pence!)—"only four-pence, Sir, each number, to be published on every eighth day."—"That comes to a deal of money at the end of a year. And how much, did you say, there was to be for the money?"—"Thirty-two pages, Sir! large octavo, closely printed."—"Thirty and two pages? Bless me! why except what I does in a family way on the Sabbath, that's more than I ever reads, Sir! all the year round. I am as great a one, as any man in Brummagem, Sir! for liberty and truth and all them sort of things, but as to this,—no offence, I hope, Sir,—I must beg to be excused."

So ended my first canvass: from causes that I shall presently mention, I made but one other application in person. This took place at Manchester to a stately and opulent wholesale dealer in cottons. He took my letter of introduction, and, having perused it, measured me from head to foot and again from foot to head, and then asked if I had any bill or invoice of the thing. I presented my prospectus to him. He rapidly skimmed and hummed over the first side, and still more rapidly the second and concluding page; crushed it within his fingers and the palm of his hand; then most deliberately and significantly rubbed and smoothed one part against the other; and lastly putting it into his pocket turned his back on me with an "*over-run* with these articles!" and so without another syllable retired into his counting-house. And, I can truly say, to my unspeakable amusement.

This, I have said, was my second and last attempt. On returning baffled from the first, in which I had

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vainly essayed to repeat the miracle of Orpheus with the Brummagem patriot, I dined with the tradesman who had introduced me to him. After dinner he importuned me to smoke a pipe with him, and two or three other *illuminati* of the same rank. I objected, both because I was engaged to spend the evening with a minister and his friends, and because I had never smoked except once or twice in my life-time, and then it was herb tobacco mixed with Oronooko. On the assurance, however, that the tobacco was equally mild, and seeing too that it was of a yellow colour;—not forgetting the lamentable difficulty, I have always experienced, in saying, "No," and in abstaining from what the people about me were doing,—I took half a pipe, filling the lower half of the bole with salt. I was soon however compelled to resign it, in consequence of a giddiness and distressful feeling in my eyes, which, as I had drunk but a single glass of ale, must, I knew, have been the effect of the tobacco. Soon after, deeming myself recovered, I sallied forth to my engagement; but the walk and the fresh air brought on all the symptoms again, and, I had scarcely entered the minister's drawing-room, and opened a small pacquet of letters, which he had received from Bristol for me; ere I sank back on the sofa in a sort of swoon rather than sleep. Fortunately I had found just time enough to inform him of the confused state of my feelings, and of the occasion. For here and thus I lay, my face like a wall that is white-washing, deathy pale and with the cold drops of perspiration running down it from my forehead, while one after another there dropped in the different gentlemen, who had been invited to meet, and spend the evening with me, to the number of from fifteen to twenty. As the poison of tobacco acts but for a short time, I at length awoke from insensibility,

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and looked round on the party, my eyes dazzled by the candles which had been lighted in the interim. By way of relieving my embarrassment one of the gentlemen began the conversation, with "Have you seen a paper to day, Mr. Coleridge?" "Sir!" I replied, rubbing my eyes, "I am far from convinced, that a Christian is permitted to read either newspapers or any other works of merely political and temporary interest." This remark, so ludicrously inapposite to, or rather, incongruous with, the purpose, for which I was known to have visited Birmingham, and to assist me in which they were all then met, produced an involuntary and general burst of laughter; and seldom indeed have I passed so many delightful hours, as I enjoyed in that room from the moment of that laugh till an early hour the next morning. Never, perhaps, in so mixed and numerous a party have I since heard conversation sustained with such animation, enriched with such variety of information and enlivened with such a flow of anecdote. Both then and afterwards they all joined in dissuading me from proceeding with my scheme; assured me in the most friendly and yet most flattering expressions, that neither was the employment fit for me, nor I fit for the employment. Yet, if I determined on persevering in it, they promised to exert themselves to the utmost to procure subscribers, and insisted that I should make no more applications in person, but carry on the canvass by proxy. The same hospitable reception, the same dissuasion, and, that failing, the same kind exertions in my behalf, I met with at Manchester, Derby, Nottingham, Sheffield,—indeed, at every place in which I took up my sojourn. I often recal with affectionate pleasure the many respectable men who interested themselves for me, a perfect stranger to them,

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not a few of whom I can still name among my friends. They will bear witness for me how opposite even then my principles were to those of Jacobinism or even of democracy, and can attest the strict accuracy of the statement which I have left on record in the 10th and 11th numbers of THE FRIEND.[10]

From this rememberable tour I returned with nearly a thousand names on the subscription list of THE WATCHMAN; yet more than half convinced, that prudence dictated the abandonment of the scheme. But for this very reason I persevered in it; for I was at that period of my life so completely hag-ridden by the fear of being influenced by selfish motives, that to know a mode of conduct to be the dictate of prudence was a sort of presumptive proof to my feelings, that the contrary was the dictate of duty. Accordingly, I commenced the work, which was announced in London by long bills in letters larger than had ever been seen before, and which, I have been informed, for I did not see them myself, eclipsed the glories even of the lottery puffs. But alas! the publication of the very first number was delayed beyond the day announced for its appearance. In the second number an essay against fast days, with a most censurable application of a text from Isaiah for its motto, lost me near five hundred of my subscribers at one blow. In the two following numbers I made enemies of all my Jacobin and democratic patrons; for, disgusted by their infidelity, and their adoption of French morals with French *psilosophy;* and perhaps thinking, that charity ought to begin nearest home; instead of abusing the government and the Aristocrats chiefly or

[10] [Vol. II. Essays i. p. 1, ii. p. 28 of the 3rd and 4th edits. See also in that volume Essay xii. p. 186. S. C.]

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entirely, as had been expected of me, I levelled my attacks at "modern patriotism," and even ventured to declare my belief, that whatever the motives of ministers might have been for the sedition, or as it was then the fashion to call them, the *gagging* bills, yet the bills themselves would produce an effect to be desired by all the true friends of freedom, as far as they should contribute to deter men from openly declaiming on subjects, the principles of which they had never bottomed, and from "pleading *to* the poor and ignorant, instead of pleading *for* them." At the same time I avowed my conviction, that national education and a concurring spread of the Gospel were the indispensable condition of any true political melioration. Thus by the time the seventh number was published, I had the mortification—(but why should I say this, when in truth I cared too little for any thing that concerned my worldly interests to be at all mortified about it?) —of seeing the preceding numbers exposed in sundry old iron shops for a penny a piece. At the ninth number I dropt the work. But from the London publisher I could not obtain a shilling; he was a ——— and set me at defiance. From other places I procured but little, and after such delays as rendered that little worth nothing; and I should have been inevitably thrown into jail by my Bristol printer, who refused to wait even for a month, for a sum between eighty and ninety pounds, if the money had not been paid for me by a man by no means affluent, a dear friend,[11] who attached himself to me from my first arrival at Bristol, who has continued my friend with a fidelity unconquered by time or even by my own appa-

[11] [Josiah Wade. See the Biographical Supplement, where this gentleman is again spoken of. S. C.]

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rent neglect; a friend from whom I never received an advice that was not wise, nor a remonstrance that was not gentle and affectionate.

Conscientiously an opponent of the first revolutionary war, yet with my eyes thoroughly opened to the true character and impotence of the favourers of revolutionary principles in England, principles which I held in abhorrence,—(for it was part of my political creed, that whoever ceased to act as an individual by making himself a member of any society not sanctioned by his Government, forfeited the rights of a citizen)—a vehement Anti-Ministerialist, but after the invasion of Switzerland, a more vehement Anti-Gallican, and still more intensely an Anti-Jacobin, I retired to a cottage at Stowey,[12] and provided for my scanty maintenance by writing verses for a London Morning Paper.[13] I saw plainly, that literature was not a profession, by which I could expect to live; for I could not disguise from myself, that, whatever my talents might or might not be in other respects, yet they were not of the sort that could enable me to become a popular writer; and that whatever my opinions might be in themselves, they were almost equi-distant from all the three prominent parties, the Pittites, the Foxites, and the Democrats. Of the unsaleable nature of my writings I had an amusing memento one morning from our own servant girl. For happening to rise at an earlier hour than usual, I observed her putting an extravagant quantity of paper into the grate in order to light the fire, and mildly checked her for her wastefulness; "La, Sir!" (replied poor Nanny) "why, it is only Watchmen."

[12] [In January, 1797. S. C.]

[13] [The Morning Post. See the last chapter but one of the Biographical Supplement. S. C.]

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I now devoted myself to poetry and to the study of ethics and psychology; and so profound was my admiration at this time of Hartley's ESSAY ON MAN,[14] that I gave his name to my first-born. In addition to the gentleman, my neighbour, whose garden joined on to my little orchard, and the cultivation of whose friendship had been my sole motive in choosing Stowey for my residence,[15] I was so fortunate as to acquire, shortly

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[14] [OBSERVATIONS ON MAN, HIS FRAME, HIS DUTY, AND HIS EXPECTATIONS, in two parts, 8vo. published in 1748. Dr. Hartley, son of the Vicar of Armley, near Leeds, was born on the 30th of August, 1705, died at Bath in 1757. S. C.]

[15] [The late Thomas Poole—"a man whom I have seen now in his harvest field, or the market, now in a committee-room with the Rickmans and Ricardos of the age; at another time with Davy, Wollaston, and the Wedgwoods; now with Wordsworth, Southey, and other friends not unheard of in the republic of letters; now in the drawing-rooms of the rich and the noble, and now presiding at the annual dinner of a village benefit society; and in each seeming to be in the very place he was intended for, and taking the part to which his tastes, talents, and attainments gave him an admitted right. And yet this is not the most remarkable, not the individualizing, trait of my friend's character. It is almost overlooked in the originality and raciness of his intellect; in the life, freshness, and practical value of his remarks and notices, truths plucked as they are growing, and delivered to you with the dew on them, the fair earnings of an observing eye, armed and kept on the watch by thought and meditation; and above all, in the integrity or entireness of his being, *(integrum et sine cera vas,)* the steadiness of his attachments, and the activity and persistency of a benevolence, which so graciously presses a warm temper into the service of a yet warmer heart, and so lights up the little flaws and imperfections incident to humanity in its choicest specimens, that were their removal at the option of his friends, (and few have or deserve to have so many,) not a man among them but would vote for leaving him as he is." Note to the Church and State, p. 98, edit. of 1839. S. C.]

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after my settlement there, an invaluable blessing in the society and neighbourhood of one, to whom I could look up with equal reverence, whether I regarded him as a poet, a philosopher, or a man.[16] His conversation extended to almost all subjects, except physics and politics; with the latter he never troubled himself. Yet neither my retirement nor my utter abstraction from all the disputes of the day could secure me in those jealous times from suspicion and obloquy, which

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[16] [The reader will recognize at once in this revered philosopher and poet, that

> Friend of the wise and teacher of the good

whose great name has been so frequently joined with the name of Coleridge, ever since their association with each other in the lovely region of Quantock. It was in those days that after hearing his

> Song divine of high and passionate thoughts
> To their own music chanted,

my father thus addressed him:

> O great bard
> Ere yet that last strain dying awed the air,
> With steadfast eye I viewed thee in the choir
> Of ever-enduring men. The truly great
> Have all one age, and from one visible space
> Shed influence! They both in power and act
> Are permanent, and Time is not with them,
> Save as it worketh for them, they in it.
> Nor less a sacred roll, than those of old,
> And to be placed, as they, with gradual fame
> Among the archives of mankind, thy work
> Makes audible a linked lay of Truth,
> Of Truth profound a sweet, continuous lay,
> Not learnt but native, her own natural notes.

From the lines to WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, composed after his recitation of a poem on the growth of an Individual Mind.—Poet. Works, I. 206. S. C.]

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did not stop at me, but extended to my excellent friend, whose perfect innocence was even adduced as a proof of his guilt. One of the many busy sycophants of that day,—(I here use the word sycophant in its original sense, as a wretch who *flatters* the prevailing party by *informing* against his neighbours, under pretence that they are exporters of prohibited *figs* or fancies,—for the moral application of the term it matters not which)—one of these sycophantic law-mongrels, discoursing on the politics of the neighbourhood, uttered the following deep remark: "As to Coleridge, there is not so much harm in *him*, for he is a whirl-brain that talks whatever comes uppermost; but that ———! he is the *dark* traitor. *You never hear* HIM *say a syllable on the subject.*"

Now that the hand of Providence has disciplined all Europe into sobriety, as men tame wild elephants, by alternate blows and caresses; now that Englishmen of all classes are restored to their old English notions and feelings; it will with difficulty be credited, how great an influence was at that time possessed and exerted by the spirit of secret defamation,—(the too constant attendant on party-zeal,)—during the restless interim from 1793 to the commencement of the Addington administration, or the year before the truce of Amiens. For by the latter period the minds of the partizans, exhausted by excess of stimulation and humbled by mutual disappointment, had become languid. The same causes, that inclined the nation to peace, disposed the individuals to reconciliation. Both parties had found themselves in the wrong. The one had confessedly mistaken the moral character of the revolution, and the other had miscalculated both its moral and its physical resources. The experiment was made at the price of great, almost, we may say,

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of humiliating sacrifices; and wise men foresaw that it would fail, at least in its direct and ostensible object. Yet it was purchased cheaply, and realized an object of equal value, and, if possible, of still more vital importance. For it brought about a national unanimity unexampled in our history since the reign of Elizabeth; and Providence, never wanting to a good work when men have done their parts, soon provided a common *focus* in the cause of Spain, which made us all once more Englishmen by at once gratifying and correcting the predilections of both parties. The sincere reverers of the throne felt the cause of loyalty ennobled by its alliance with that of freedom; while the *honest* zealots of the people could not but admit, that freedom itself assumed a more winning form, humanized by loyalty and consecrated by religious principle. The youthful enthusiasts who, flattered by the morning rainbow of the French revolution, had made a boast of *expatriating* their hopes and fears, now, disciplined by the succeeding storms and sobered by increase of years, had been taught to prize and honour the spirit of nationality as the best safeguard of national independence, and this again as the absolute pre-requisite and necessary basis of popular rights.

If in Spain too disappointment has nipped our too forward expectations, yet all is not destroyed that is checked. The crop was perhaps springing up too rank in the stalk to *kern* well; and there were, doubtless, symptoms of the Gallican blight on it. If superstition and despotism have been suffered to let in their wolvish sheep to trample and eat it down even to the surface, yet the roots remain alive, and the second growth may prove the stronger and healthier for the temporary interruption. At all events, to *us* heaven has been just and gracious. The *people* of England

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did their best, and have received their rewards. Long may we continue to deserve it! Causes, which it had been too generally the habit of former statesmen to regard as belonging to another world, are now admitted by all ranks to have been the main agents of our success. "*We fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.*" If then unanimity grounded on moral feelings has been among the least equivocal sources of our national glory, that man deserves the esteem of his countrymen, even as patriots, who devotes his life and the utmost efforts of his intellect to the preservation and continuance of that unanimity by the disclosure and establishment of principles. For by these all opinions must be ultimately tried; and, (as the feelings of men are worthy of regard only as far as they are the representatives of their fixed opinions,) on the knowledge of these all unanimity, not accidental and fleeting, must be grounded. Let the scholar, who doubts this assertion, refer only to the speeches and writings of Edmund Burke at the commencement of the American war, and compare them with his speeches and writings at the commencement of the French revolution. He will find the principles exactly the same and the deductions the same; but the practical inferences almost opposite in the one case from those drawn in the other; yet in both equally legitimate and in both equally confirmed by the results. Whence gained he this superiority of foresight? Whence arose the striking difference, and, in most instances even, the discrepancy between the grounds assigned by him and by those who voted with him, on the same questions? How are we to explain the notorious fact, that the speeches and writings of Edmund Burke are more interesting at the present day than they were found at the time of their first publication;

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while those of his illustrious confederates are either forgotten, or exist only to furnish proofs, that the same conclusion, which one man had deduced scientifically, *may* be brought out by another in consequence of errors that luckily chanced to neutralize each other. It would be unhandsome as a conjecture, even were it not, as it actually is, false in point of fact to attribute this difference to deficiency of talent on the part of Burke's friends, or of experience, or of historical knowledge. The satisfactory solution is, that Edmund Burke possessed and had sedulously sharpened that eye, which sees all things, actions, and events, in relation to the laws that determine their existence and circumscribe their possibility. He referred habitually to principles. He was a scientific statesman; and therefore a seer. For every principle contains in itself the germs of a prophecy; and, as the prophetic power is the essential privilege of science, so the fulfilment of its oracles supplies the outward and, (to men in general,) the only test of its claim to the title. Wearisome as Burke's refinements appeared to his parliamentary auditors, yet the cultivated classes throughout Europe have reason to be thankful, that he

——— went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining.[17]

Our very sign-boards, (said an illustrious friend to me,) give evidence, that there has been a Titian in the world. In like manner, not only the debates in parliament, not only our proclamations and state papers, but the essays and leading paragraphs of our journals are so many remembrancers of Edmund Burke. Of this the reader may easily convince himself, if either by recollection or reference he will com-

[17] [Goldsmith's Retaliation. S. C.]

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pare the opposition newspapers at the commencement and during the five or six following years of the French revolution with the sentiments, and grounds of argument assumed in the same class of journals at present, and for some years past.

Whether the spirit of jacobinism, which the writings of Burke exorcised from the higher and from the literary classes, may not, like the ghost in Hamlet, be heard moving and mining in the underground chambers with an activity the more dangerous because less noisy, may admit of a question. I have given my opinions on this point, and the grounds of them, in my letters to Judge Fletcher occasioned by his charge to the Wexford grand jury, and published in the Courier.[18] Be this as it may, the evil spirit of jealousy, and with it the Cerberean whelps of feud and slander, no longer walk their rounds, in cultivated society.

Far different were the days to which these anecdotes have carried me back. The dark guesses of some zealous *Quidnunc* met with so congenial a soil in the grave alarm of a titled Dogberry of our neighbourhood, that a spy was actually sent down from the government *pour surveillance* of myself and friend. There must have been not only abundance, but variety of these "honourable men" at the disposal of Ministers: for this proved a very honest fellow. After three weeks' truly Indian perseverance in tracking us, (for we were commonly together,) during all which time seldom were we out of doors, but he contrived to be within hearing,—(and all the while utterly unsuspected; how indeed *could* such a suspicion enter our fancies?)—he not only rejected Sir Dogberry's request that he would try yet a little longer, but declared to

[18] [They appeared in November and December of 1814. S. C.]

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him his belief, that both my friend and myself were as good subjects, for aught he could discover to the contrary, as any in His Majesty's dominions. He had repeatedly hid himself, he said, for hours together behind a bank at the sea-side, (our favourite seat,) and overheard our conversation. At first he fancied, that we were aware of our danger; for he often heard me talk of one *Spy Nozy*, which he was inclined to interpret of himself, and of a remarkable feature belonging to him; but he was speedily convinced that it was the name of a man who had made a book and lived long ago. Our talk ran most upon books, and we were perpetually desiring each other to look at *this*, and to listen to *that;* but he could not catch a word about politics. Once he had joined me on the road; (this occurred, as I was returning home alone from my friend's house, which was about three miles from my own cottage,) and, passing himself off as a traveller, he had entered into conversation with me, and talked of purpose in a democrat way in order to draw me out. The result, it appears, not only convinced him that I was no friend of jacobinism; but, (he added,) I had "plainly made it out to be such a silly as well as wicked thing, that he felt ashamed though he had only *put it on.*" I distinctly remembered the occurrence, and had mentioned it immediately on my return, repeating what the traveller with his Bardolph nose had said, with my own answer; and so little did I suspect the true object of my "tempter ere accuser," that I expressed with no small pleasure my hope and belief, that the conversation had been of some service to the poor misled malcontent. This incident therefore prevented all doubt as to the truth of the report, which through a friendly medium came to me from the master of the village inn, who had been ordered to enter-

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tain the Government gentleman in his best manner, but above all to be silent concerning such a person being in his house. At length he received Sir Dogberry's commands to accompany his guest at the final interview; and, after the absolving suffrage of the *gentleman honoured with the confidence of Ministers*, answered, as follows, to the following queries? D. Well, landlord! and what do you know of the person in question? L. I see him often pass by with maister ———, my landlord, *(that is, the owner of the house,)* and sometimes with the new-comers at Holford;[19] but I never said a word to him or he to me. D. But do you not know, that he has distributed papers and hand-bills of a seditious nature among the common people? L. No, your Honour! I never heard of such a thing. D. Have you not seen this Mr. Coleridge, or heard of, his haranguing and talking to knots and clusters of the inhabitants?—What are you grinning at, Sir? L. Beg your Honour's pardon! but I was only thinking, how they'd have stared at him. If what I have heard be true, your Honour! they would not have understood a word he said. When our Vicar was here, Dr. L.[20] the master of the great school and Canon of Windsor, there was a great dinner party at maister ———'s; and one of the farmers, that was there, told us that he and the Doctor talked real Hebrew Greek at each other for an hour together after dinner. D. Answer the question, Sir! does he ever harangue the people? L. I hope, your Honour an't angry with me. I can say no more than I know. I never saw him talking with any one, but my landlord,

[19] [Holford is the village near Alfoxton, where Mr. Wordsworth and Miss Wordsworth resided. S. C.]

[20] [Dr. Langford. S. C.]

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and our curate, and the strange gentleman. D. Has he not been seen wandering on the hills towards the Channel, and along the shore, with books and papers in his hand, taking charts and maps of the country? L. Why, as to that, your Honour! I own, I have heard; I am sure, I would not wish to say ill of any body; but it is certain, that I have heard—D. Speak out, man! don't be afraid, you are doing your duty to your King and Government. What have you heard? L. Why, folks do say, your Honour! as how that he is a *Poet*, and that he is going to put Quantock and all about here in print; and as they be so much together, I suppose that the strange gentleman has some *consarn* in the business."—So ended this formidable inquisition, the latter part of which alone requires explanation, and at the same time entitles the anecdote to a place in my literary life. I had considered it as a defect in the admirable poem of THE TASK, that the subject, which gives the title to the work, was not, and indeed could not be, carried on beyond the three or four first pages, and that, throughout the poem, the connections are frequently awkward, and the transitions abrupt and arbitrary. I sought for a subject, that should give equal room and freedom for description, incident, and impassioned reflections on men, nature, and society, yet supply in itself a natural connection to the parts, and unity to the whole. Such a subject I conceived myself to have found in a stream, traced from its source in the hills among the yellow-red moss and conical glass-shaped tufts of bent, to the first break or fall, where its drops become audible, and it begins to form a channel; thence to the peat and turf barn, itself built of the same dark squares as it sheltered; to the sheepfold; to the first cultivated plot of ground; to the lonely cottage and its bleak

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garden won from the heath; to the hamlet, the villages, the market-town, the manufactories, and the sea-port. My walks therefore were almost daily on the top of Quantock, and among its sloping coombes. With my pencil and memorandum-book in my hand, I was *making studies*, as the artists call them, and often moulding my thoughts into verse, with the objects and imagery immediately before my senses. Many circumstances, evil and good, intervened to prevent the completion of the poem, which was to have been entitled THE BROOK. Had I finished the work, it was my purpose in the heat of the moment to have dedicated it to our then committee of public safety as containing the charts and maps, with which I was to have supplied the French Government in aid of their plans of invasion. And these too for a tract of coast that, from Clevedon to Minehead, scarcely permits the approach of a fishing-boat!

All my experience from my first entrance into life to the present hour is in favour of the warning maxim, that the man, who opposes *in toto* the political or religious zealots of his age, is safer from their obloquy than he who differs from them but in one or two points, or perhaps only in degree. By that transfer of the feelings of private life into the discussion of public questions, which is the queen bee in the hive of party fanaticism, the partisan has more sympathy with an intemperate opposite than with a moderate friend. We now enjoy an intermission, and long may it continue! In addition to far higher and more important merits, our present Bible societies and other numerous associations for national or charitable objects, may serve perhaps to carry off the superfluous activity and fervour of stirring minds in innocent hyperboles and the bustle of management. But the poison-tree is not

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dead, though the sap may for a season have subsided to its roots. At least let us not be lulled into such a notion of our entire security, as not to keep watch and ward, even on our best feelings. I have seen gross intolerance shown in support of toleration; sectarian antipathy most obtrusively displayed in the promotion of an undistinguishing comprehension of sects; and acts of cruelty, (I had almost said,) of treachery, committed in furtherance of an object vitally important to the cause of humanity; and all this by men too of naturally kind dispositions and exemplary conduct.

The magic rod of fanaticism is preserved in the very *adyta* of human nature; and needs only the re-exciting warmth of a master hand to bud forth afresh and produce the old fruits. The horror of the Peasants' war in Germany, and the direful effects of the Anabaptists' tenets, (which differed only from those of jacobinism by the substitution of theological for philosophical jargon,) struck all Europe for a time with affright. Yet little more than a century was sufficient to obliterate all effective memory of these events. The same principles with similar though less dreadful consequences were again at work from the imprisonment of the first Charles to the restoration of his son. The fanatic maxim of extirpating fanaticism by persecution produced a civil war. The war ended in the victory of the insurgents; but the temper survived, and Milton had abundant grounds for asserting, that "Presbyter was but OLD PRIEST writ large!"[21] One good result, thank heaven! of this zealotry was the re-establishment of the church. And now it might

[21] [Line 20 of the irregular sonnet On the New Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament. Todd's Milton, vol. vi. p. 92-7. S. C.]

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have been hoped, that the mischievous spirit would have been bound for a season, "and a seal set upon him, that he should deceive the *nation* no more."[22] But no! The ball of persecution was taken up with undiminished vigour by the persecuted. The same fanatic principle that, under the solemn oath and covenant, had turned cathedrals into stables, destroyed the rarest trophies of art and ancestral piety, and hunted the brightest ornaments of learning and religion into holes and corners, now marched under episcopal banners, and, having first crowded the prisons of England, emptied its whole vial of wrath on the miserable Covenanters of Scotland.[23] A merciful providence at length constrained both parties to join against a common enemy. A wise government followed; and the established church became, and now is, not only the brightest example, but our best and only sure bulwark, of toleration!—the true and indispensable bank against a new inundation of persecuting zeal—*Esto perpetua!*

A long interval of quiet succeeded; or rather, the exhaustion had produced a cold fit of the ague which was *symptomatized* by indifference among the many, and a tendency to infidelity or scepticism in the educated classes. At length those feelings of disgust and hatred, which for a brief while the multitude had attached to the crimes and absurdities of sectarian and democratic fanaticism, were transferred to the oppressive privileges of the *noblesse*, and the luxury, intrigues and favouritism of the continental courts. The same principles, dressed in the ostentatious garb of a fashionable philosophy, once more rose triumphant and effected the French revolution. And have we not within the

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[22] Revelation xx. 3.

[23] See *Laing's* History of Scotland.—*Walter Scott's* bards, ballads, &c.

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last three or four years had reason to apprehend, that the detestable maxims and correspondent measures of the late French despotism had already bedimmed the public recollections of democratic phrensy; had drawn off to other objects the electric force of the feelings which had massed and upheld those recollections; and that a favourable concurrence of occasions was alone wanting to awaken the thunder and precipitate the lightning from the opposite quarter of the political heaven?[24]

In part from constitutional indolence, which in the very hey-day of hope had kept my enthusiasm in check, but still more from the habits and influences of a classical education and academic pursuits, scarcely had a year elapsed from the commencement of my literary and political adventures before my mind sank into a state of thorough disgust and despondency, both with regard to the disputes and the parties disputant. With more than *poetic* feeling I exclaimed:

> The sensual and the dark rebel in vain,
> Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
> They break their manacles, to wear the *name*
> Of freedom, graven on a heavier chain.
> O Liberty! with profitless endeavour
> Have I pursued thee many a weary hour;
> But thou nor swell'st the victor's pomp, nor ever
> Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power!
> Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,
> (Nor prayer nor boastful name delays thee)
> From Superstition's harpy minions
> And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,
> Thou speedest on thy cherub pinions,
> The guide of homeless winds and playmate of the waves![25]

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[24] [See The Friend, sect. 1, On the Principles of Political Knowledge. Essay III. vol. i. pp. 244-5, fifth edit. S. C.]

[25] [Poet. Works, vol. i. p. 131. Mr. C. here substitutes "Superstition" for "Priestcraft," and "cherub" for "subtle" in the last line but one. S. C.]

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I retired to a cottage in Somersetshire at the foot of Quantock, and devoted my thoughts and studies to the foundations of religion and morals. Here I found myself all afloat. Doubts rushed in; broke upon me "*from the fountains of the great deep,*" and fell "*from the windows of heaven.*" The fontal truths of natural religion and the books of Revelation alike contributed to the flood; and it was long ere my ark touched on an Ararat, and rested. The *idea* of the Supreme Being appeared to me to be as necessarily implied in all particular modes of being as the idea of infinite space in all the geometrical figures by which space is limited. I was pleased with the Cartesian opinion, that the idea of God is distinguished from all other ideas by involving its reality; but I was not wholly satisfied. I began then to ask myself, what proof I had of the outward existence of any thing? Of this sheet of paper for instance, as a thing in itself, separate from the *phænomenon* or image in my perception. I saw, that in the nature of things such proof is impossible: and that of all modes of being, that are not objects of the senses, the existence is assumed by a logical necessity arising from the constitution of the mind itself,—by the absence of all motive to doubt it, not from any absolute contradiction in the supposition of the contrary. Still the existence of a Being, the ground of all existence, was not yet the existence of a moral creator, and governour. "In the position, that all reality is either contained *in* the necessary being as an *attribute*, or exists *through* him, as its *ground*, it remains undecided whether the properties of intelligence and will are to be referred to the Supreme Being in the former or only in the latter sense; as inherent attributes, or only as *consequences* that have existence in other things *through*

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him.[26] Were the latter the truth, then notwithstanding all the pre-eminence which must be assigned to the Eternal First from the sufficiency, unity, and independence of his being, as the dread ground of the universe, his nature would yet fall far short of that, which we are bound to comprehend in the idea of GOD. For, without any knowledge or determining resolve of its own, it would only be a blind necessary ground of other things and other spirits; and thus would be distinguished from the FATE of certain ancient philosophers in no respect, but that of being more definitely and intelligibly described." [27]

For a very long time, indeed, I could not reconcile personality with infinity; and my head was with Spinoza, though my whole heart remained with Paul and John. Yet there had dawned upon me, even before I had met with the CRITIQUE OF THE PURE REASON, a certain guiding light. If the mere intellect could make no certain discovery of a holy and intelligent first cause, it might yet supply a demonstration, that no legitimate argument could be drawn from the intellect *against* its truth. And what is this more than St. Paul's assertion, that by wisdom,—(more properly translated by the powers of reasoning)—no man ever arrived at the knowledge of God? What more than the sublimest, and probably the oldest, book on earth has taught us,

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[26] Thus organization, and motion, are regarded as *from* God, not *in* God.

[27] [From Immanuel Kant's treatise entitled *Der einzig mögliche Beweisgrund zu einer Demonstratim für das Dasein Göttes.* 1. Abth. 4. Betr. 3. *Anmerkung*, first published in 1763. Works, vol. vi. p. 42. Mr. C. gave the abbreviated name of this treatise, and referred it to the *Vermischte Schriften. Zweiter Band.* § 102 and 103. S. C.]

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Silver and gold man searcheth out:
Bringeth the ore out of the earth, and darkness into light.

But where findeth he wisdom?
Where is the place of understanding?

The abyss crieth; it is not in me!
Ocean echoeth back; not in me!

Whence then cometh wisdom?
Where dwelleth understanding?

Hidden from the eyes of the living:
Kept secret from the fowls of heaven!

Hell and death answer;
We have heard the rumour thereof from afar!

God marketh out the road to it;
God knoweth its abiding place!

He beholdeth the ends of the earth;
He surveyeth what is beneath the heavens!

And as he weighed out the winds, and measured the sea,
And appointed laws to the rain,
And a path to the thunder,
A path to the flashes of the lightning!

Then did he see it,
And he counted it;
He searched into the depth thereof,
And with a line did he compass it round!

But to man he said,
The fear of the Lord is wisdom for *thee!*
And to avoid evil,
That is *thy* understanding.[28]

I became convinced, that religion, as both the corner-stone and the key-stone of morality, must have a moral origin; so far at least, that the evidence of its doctrines could not, like the truths of abstract science,

[28] Job, chap. xxviii.

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be wholly independent of the will. It were therefore to be expected, that its fundamental truth would be such as *might* be denied; though only, by the fool, and even by the fool from the madness of the *heart* alone!

The question then concerning our faith in the existence of a God, not only as the ground of the universe by his essence, but as its maker and judge by his wisdom and holy will, appeared to stand thus. The sciential reason, the objects of which are purely theoretical, remains neutral, as long as its name and semblance are not usurped by the opponents of the doctrine. But it then becomes an effective ally by exposing the false show of demonstration, or by evincing the equal demonstrability of the contrary from premises equally logical.[29] The understanding meantime suggests, the analogy of experience facilitates, the belief. Nature excites and recalls it, as by a perpetual revelation. Our feelings almost necessitate it; and the law of conscience peremptorily commands it. The arguments, that at all apply to it, are in its favour; and there is nothing against it, but its own sublimity. It could not be intellectually more evident without be-

[29] Wherever A = B, and A is *not* = B, are equally demonstrable, the premise in each undeniable, the induction evident, and the conclusion legitimate—the result must be, either that contraries can both be true, (which is absurd,) or that the faculty and forms of reasoning employed are inapplicable to the subject—i. e. that there is a μετάβασις εἰς ἄλλο γένος. Thus, the attributes of Space and Time applied to Spirit are heterogeneous—and the proof of this is, that by admitting them *explicite* or *implicite* contraries may be demonstrated true—i. e. that the same, taken in the same sense, is true and not true.—That the world had a beginning in Time and a bound in Space; and That the world had not a beginning and has no limit;—That a self-originating act is, and is not possible, are instances.

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coming morally less effective; without counteracting its own end by sacrificing the life of faith to the cold mechanism of a worthless because compulsory assent. The belief of a God and a future state, (if a passive acquiescence may be flattered with the name of belief,) does not indeed always beget a good heart; but a good heart so naturally begets the belief, that the very few exceptions must be regarded as strange anomalies from strange and unfortunate circumstances.[30]

From these premises I proceeded to draw the following conclusions. First, that having once fully admitted the existence of an infinite yet self-conscious Creator, we are not allowed to ground the irrationality

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[30] ["I believe that the notion of God is essential to the human mind; that it is called forth into distinct consciousness principally by the conscience, and auxiliarly by the manifest adaptation of means to ends in the outward creation. It is, therefore, evident to my reason, that the existence of God is absolutely and necessarily insusceptible of a scientific demonstration, and that Scripture has so represented it. For it commands us to believe in one God. *I am the Lord thy God: thou shalt have none other gods but me.* Now all commandment necessarily relates to the will; whereas all scientific demonstration is independent of the will, and is apodictic or demonstrative only as far as it is compulsory on the mind, *volentem, nolentem.*" Lit. Rem. I. pp. 390-1. "The Trinity of persons in the Unity of the Godhead would have been a necessary idea of my speculative reason, deduced from the necessary postulate of an intelligent creator, whose ideas, being anterior to the things, must be more actual than those things, even as those things are more actual than our images derived from them; and who, as intelligent, must have had co-eternally an adequate idea of himself, in and through which he created all things both in heaven and earth. But this would only have been a speculative idea, like those of circles and other mathematical figures, to which we are not authorized by the practical reason to attribute reality. Solely in consequence of our Redemption does the Trinity become a doctrine, the belief of which as real is commanded by our con-

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of any other article of faith on arguments which would equally prove that to be irrational, which we had allowed to be *real*. Secondly, that whatever is deducible from the admission of a *self-comprehending* and *creative* spirit may be legitimately used in proof of the *possibility* of any further mystery concerning the divine nature. *Possibilitatem mysteriorum, (Trinitatis, &c.) contra insultus Infidelium et Hæreticorum a contradictionibus vindico; haud quidem veritatem, quæ revelatione sola stabiliri possit;* says Leibnitz in a letter to his Duke. He then adds the following just and important remark. "In vain will tradition or texts of scripture be adduced in support of a doctrine, *donec clava impossibilitatis et contradictionis e manibus horum Herculum extorta fuerit.* For the heretic will still reply, that texts, the literal sense of which is not so much *above* as directly *against* all reason, must be understood figuratively, as *Herod is a fox*, and so forth."[31]

These principles I held, *philosophically*, while in respect of revealed religion I remained a zealous Unitarian. I considered the *idea* of the Trinity a fair scholastic inference from the being of God, as a crea-

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science." Ibid. pp. 393-4. The same distinction between the belief of mere intellectual positions or logical notions in religion and the reception of living substantive ideas correspondent to them, is set forth, and that religious faith consists in the latter alone is argued in the Aids to Reflection, Comment on Aphorism II. *On that which is indeed Spiritual Religion*, vol. i. p. 118-137. 5th edit. S. C.]

[31] [I have looked through several collections of letters and other writings of Leibnitz, besides the collection of his works by Dutens, and that of all his philosophical works by Erdmann, but have not met with this letter. The edition of the philosophical works by Raspe, with a preface by Mr. Kästner, Amst. et Leips. 1765, I have never seen. S. C.]

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tive intelligence; and that it was therefore entitled to the rank of an esoteric doctrine of natural religion. But seeing in the same no practical or moral bearing, I confined it to the schools of philosophy. The admission of the Logos, as hypostasized (that is, neither a mere attribute, nor a personification) in no respect removed my doubts concerning the Incarnation and the Redemption by the cross; which I could neither reconcile in reason with the impassiveness of the Divine Being, nor in my moral feelings with the sacred distinction between things and persons, the vicarious payment of a debt and the vicarious expiation of guilt. A more thorough revolution in my philosophic principles, and a deeper insight into my own heart, were yet wanting. Nevertheless, I cannot doubt, that the difference of my metaphysical notions from those of Unitarians in general contributed to my final re-conversion to the whole truth in Christ; even as according to his own confession the books of certain Platonic philosophers (*libri quorundam Platonicorum*) commenced the rescue of St. Augustine's faith from the same error aggravated by the far darker accompaniment of the Manichæan heresy.[32]

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[32] [*Et primo volens, &c.* Confess. vii. 13. And thou willing first to show me, how Thou *resistest the proud, but givest grace unto the humble*, and by how great an act of Thy mercy Thou hadst traced out to men the way of humility, in that Thy Word was made flesh, and dwelt among men:—Thou procuredst for me, by means of one puffed up with most unnatural pride, certain books of the Platonists, translated from Greek into Latin. And therein I read, not indeed in the very words, but to the very same purpose, enforced by many and divers reasons, that In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God, &c. (A former translation revised by the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D. D.)

Perrexi ergo ad Simplicianum, &c. Confess. viii. 3. To Sim-

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While my mind was thus perplexed, by a gracious providence for which I can never be sufficiently grateful, the generous and munificent patronage of Mr. Josiah, and Mr. Thomas Wedgwood enabled me to finish my education in Germany.[33] Instead of troubling others with my own crude notions and juvenile compositions, I was thenceforward better employed in attempting to store my own head with the wisdom of others. I made the best use of my time and means; and there is therefore no period of my life on which I can look back with such unmingled satisfaction. After acquiring a tolerable sufficiency in the German language[34] at Ratzeburg, which with my voyage and

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plicanus then I went, the father of Ambrose (a Bishop now) in receiving thy grace, and whom Ambrose truly loved as a father. To him I related the mazes of my wanderings. But when I mentioned that I had read certain books of the Platonists, which Victorinus, sometime Rhetoric Professor of Rome, (who had died a Christian, as I had heard,) had translated into Latin, he testified his joy that I had not fallen upon the writings of other philosophers, full of *fallacies and deceits, after the rudiments of this world*, whereas the Platonists many ways led to the belief in God and his Word. *(Ut supra.)* Ed.]

[33] [Mr. C. left England on the 16th of September 1798, when he sailed from Great Yarmouth to Hamburgh, in company with Mr. Wordsworth and his sister. S. C.]

[34] To those, who design to acquire the language of a country in the country itself, it may be useful, if I mention the incalculable advantage which I derived from learning all the words, that could possibly be so learned, with the objects before me, and without the intermediation of the English terms. It was a regular part of my morning studies for the first six weeks of my residence at Ratzeburg, to accompany the good and kind old pastor, with whom I lived, from the cellar to the roof, through gardens, farm yard, &c. and to call every, the minutest, thing by its German name. Advertisements, farces, jest books, and the conversation of children while I was at play with them, con-

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journey thither I have described in The Friend,[35] I proceeded through Hanover to Göttingen.

Here I regularly attended the lectures on physiology in the morning, and on natural history in the evening, under Blumenbach, a name as dear to every Englishman who has studied at that university, as it

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tributed their share to a more home-like acquaintance with the language, than I could have acquired from works of polite literature alone, or even from polite society. There is a passage of hearty sound sense in Luther's German Letter on interpretation, to the translation of which I shall prefix, for the sake of those who read the German, yet are not likely to have dipped often in the massive folios of this heroic reformer, the simple, sinewy, idiomatic words of the original. "*Denn man muss nicht die Buchstaben in der Lateinischen Sprache fragen wie man soll Deutsch reden; sondern man muss die Mutter im Hause die Kinder auf den Gassen, den gemeinen Mann auf dem Markte, darum fragen: und denselbigen auf das Maul sehen wie sie reden, und darnach dolmetschen. So verstehen sie es denn, und merken dass man Deutsch mit ihnen redet.*"

TRANSLATION.

For one must not ask the letters in the Latin tongue, how one ought to speak German; but one must ask the mother in the house, the children in the lanes and alleys, the common man in the market, concerning this; yea, and look at the *moves* of their mouths while they are talking, and thereafter interpret. They understand you then, and mark that one talks German with them.*

[35] [See The Second Landing-place. Essay III. vol. ii. p. 251. S. C.]

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* [Archdeacon Hare has kindly communicated to me that this passage occurs in a *Sendbrief vom Dolmetschen der heiligen Schrift*, written to Wencesslaus Link, when Luther was in the Castle of Coburg, during the Diet of Augsburg 1530: that it is to be found in vol. xxi. of Walch's edit. of Luther's works, p. 318. The words *wie die Esel thun*, after *Deutsch reden*, were doubtless omitted intentionally. S. C.]

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is venerable to men of science throughout Europe! Eichhorn's lectures on the New Testament were repeated to me from notes by a student from Ratzeburg, a young man of sound learning and indefatigable industry, who is now, I believe, a professor of the oriental languages at Heidelberg. But my chief efforts were directed towards a grounded knowledge of the German language and literature. From professor Tychsen I received as many lessons in the Gothic of Ulphilas[36] as sufficed to make me acquainted with its grammar, and the radical words of most frequent occurrence; and with the occasional assistance of the same philosophical linguist, I read through[37] Ottfried's

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[36] [See note D. in the Appendix. S. C.]

[37] This paraphrase, written about the time of Charlemagne, is by no means deficient in occasional passages of considerable poetic merit. There is a flow, and a tender enthusiasm in the following lines (at the conclusion of Chapter XI.) which, even in the translation will not, I flatter myself, fail to interest the reader. Ottfried is describing the circumstances immediately following the birth of our Lord.

She gave with joy her virgin breast;
She hid it not, she bared the breast,
Which suckled that divinest babe!
Blessed, blessed were the breasts
Which the Saviour infant kiss'd;
And blessed, blessed was the mother
Who wrapp'd his limbs in swaddling clothes,
Singing placed him on her lap,
Hung o'er him with her looks of love,
And sooth'd him with a lulling motion.
Blessed! for she shelter'd him
From the damp and chilling air;
Blessed, blessed! for she lay
With such a babe in one blest bed,
Close as babes and mothers lie!
Blessed, blessed evermore,

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metrical paraphrase of the gospel, and the most important remains of the Theotiscan, or the transitional state of the Teutonic language from the Gothic to the old German of the Swabian period.[38] Of this period —(the polished dialect of which is analogous to that of our Chaucer, and which leaves the philosophic student in doubt, whether the language has not since then lost more in sweetness and flexibility, than it has

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With her virgin lips she kiss'd,
With her arms, and to her breast
She embraced the babe divine,
Her babe divine the virgin mother!
There lives not on this ring of earth
A mortal, that can sing her praise.
Mighty mother, virgin pure,
In the darkness and the night
For us she bore the heavenly Lord! *

Most interesting is it to consider the effect, when the feelings are wrought above the natural pitch by the belief of something mysterious, while all the images are purely natural. Then it is, that religion and poetry strike deepest.

[38] [See note E. in the Appendix. S. C.]

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* [Otfridi Evang. Lib. I. cap. xi. l. 73-108, contained in Schilter's *Thesaurus Antiquitatum Teutonicarum*, pp. 50-51. The translation is a little condensed but faithful in sense. I shall give a few couplets of the original to show the rhyme and metre.

Tho bot si mit gilusti
thio kindisgun brusti,
* * * *
Er n'ist in erdringe
ther ira lob irsinge.
* * * *
Dag man ni rinit,
ouh sunna ni biscinit,
Ther iz io bibringe,
tho er es biginne. S. C.]

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gained in condensation and copiousness)—I read with sedulous accuracy the *Minnesinger* (or singers of love, the Provençal poets of the Swabian court) and the metrical romances; and then laboured through sufficient specimens of the *master singers*, their degenerate successors; not however without occasional pleasure from the rude, yet interesting strains of Hans Sachs, the cobbler of Nuremberg.[39] Of this man's genius five folio volumes with double columns are extant in print, and nearly an equal number in manuscript; yet the indefatigable bard takes care to inform his readers, that he never *made a shoe the less*, but had virtuously reared a large family by the labour of his hands.

In Pindar, Chaucer, Dante, Milton, and many more, we have instances of the close connection of poetic genius with the love of liberty and of genuine reformation. The moral sense at least will not be outraged, if I add to the list the name of this honest shoemaker, (a trade by the bye remarkable for the production of philosophers and poets). His poem entitled THE MORNING STAR, was the very first publication that appeared in praise and support of Luther; and an excellent hymn of Hans Sachs, which has been deservedly translated into almost all the European languages, was commonly sung in the Protestant churches, whenever the heroic reformer visited them.

In Luther's own German writings, and eminently in his translation of the Bible, the *German* language commenced. I mean the language as it is at present written; that which is called the High-German, as contra-distinguished from the Platt-Teutsch, the dialect of the flat or northern countries, and from the Ober-

[39] [See note F. in the Appendix. S. C.]

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Teutsch, the language of the middle and Southern Germany. The High German is indeed a *lingua communis*, not actually the native language of any province, but the choice and fragrancy of all the dialects. From this cause it is at once the most copious and the most grammatical of all the European tongues.

Within less than a century after Luther's death the German was inundated with pedantic barbarisms. A few volumes of this period I read through from motives of curiosity; for it is not easy to imagine any thing more fantastic, than the very appearance of their pages. Almost every third word is a Latin word with a Germanized ending, the Latin portion being always printed in Roman letters, while in the last syllable the German character is retained.

At length, about the year 1620, Opitz arose, whose genius more nearly resembled that of Dryden than any other poet, who at present occurs to my recollection.[40] In the opinion of Lessing, the most acute of critics, and of Adelung, the first of Lexicographers, Opitz, and the Silesian poets, his followers, not only restored the language, but still remain the models of pure diction. A stranger has no vote on such a question; but after repeated perusal of the works of Opitz my feelings justified the verdict, and I seemed to have acquired from them a sort of tact for what is genuine in the style of later writers.

Of the splendid æra, which commenced with Gellert, Klopstock, Ramler, Lessing, and their compeers, I need not speak.[41] With the opportunities which I enjoyed, it would have been disgraceful not to have been familiar with their writings; and I have already said

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[40] [See note G. in the Appendix. S. C.]

[41] [See note H. ib. S. C.]

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as much as the present biographical sketch requires concerning the German philosophers, whose works, for the greater part, I became acquainted with at a far later period.[42]

Soon after my return from Germany[43] I was solicited to undertake the literary and political department in the Morning Post;[44] and I acceded to the proposal on the condition that the paper should thenceforwards be conducted on certain fixed and announced principles, and that I should neither be obliged nor requested to deviate from them in favour of any party or any event. In consequence, that Journal became and for many years continued anti-ministerial indeed, yet with a very qualified approbation of the opposition, and with far greater earnestness and zeal both anti-Jacobin and anti-Gallican. To this hour I cannot find reason to approve of the first war either in its commencement or its conduct. Nor can I understand, with what reason either Mr. Percival, (whom I am singular enough to regard as the best and wisest minister of this reign,) nor the present Administration, can be said to have pursued the plans of Mr. Pitt. The love of their country, and perseverant hostility to French principles and French ambition are indeed honourable qualities common to them and to their predecessor. But it appears to me as clear as the evidence of facts can render any question of history, that the successes

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[42] [See note I. in the Appendix. S. C.]

[43] [Mr. Coleridge arrived in London from Germany on the 27th of November, 1799. S. C.]

[44] [The reader is referred to the end of the Biographical Supplement in vol. ii. for remarks of Mr. Stuart, who edited the Morning Post from August 1795 to August 1803, on this part of the B. L. from the present paragraph to that ending in page 226 inclusively. S. C.]

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of the Percival and of the existing ministry have been owing to their having pursued measures the direct contrary to Mr. Pitt's. Such for instance are the concentration of the national force to one object; the abandonment of the subsidizing policy, so far at least as neither to goad nor bribe the continental courts into war, till the convictions of their subjects had rendered it a war of their own seeking; and above all, in their manly and generous reliance on the good sense of the English people, and on that loyalty which is linked to the very[45] heart of the nation by the system of credit and the interdependence of property.

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[45] Lord Grenville has lately re-asserted (in the House of Lords) the imminent danger of a revolution in the earlier part of the war against France. I doubt not, that his Lordship is sincere; and it must be flattering to his feelings to believe it. But where are the evidences of the danger, to which a future historian can appeal? Or must he rest on an assertion? Let me be permitted to extract a passage on the subject from The Friend. "I have said that to withstand the arguments of the lawless, the anti-Jacobins proposed to suspend the law, and by the interposition of a particular statute to eclipse the blessed light of the universal sun, that spies and informers might tyrannize and escape in the ominous darkness. Oh! if these mistaken men, intoxicated with alarm and bewildered by that panic of property, which they themselves were the chief agents in exciting, had ever lived in a country where there really existed a general disposition to change and rebellion! Had they ever travelled through Sicily; or through France at the first coming on of the revolution; or even alas! through too many of the provinces of a sister island; they could not but have shrunk from their own declarations concerning the state of feeling and opinion at that time predominant throughout Great Britain. There was a time—(Heaven grant that that time may have passed by!)—when by crossing a narrow strait, they might have learned the true symptoms of approaching danger, and have secured themselves from mistaking the meetings and idle rant of such sedition, as shrank appalled from the sight of a

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Be this as it may, I am persuaded that the Morning Post proved a far more useful ally to the Government in its most important objects, in consequence of its being generally considered as moderately anti-ministerial, than if it had been the avowed eulogist of Mr. Pitt. The few, whose curiosity or fancy should lead them to turn over the journals of that date, may find a small proof of this in the frequent charges made by the Morning Chronicle, that such and such essays or leading paragraphs had been sent from the Treasury. The rapid and unusual increase in the sale of the Morning Post is a sufficient pledge, that genuine im-

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constable, for the dire murmuring and strange consternation which precedes the storm or earthquake of national discord. Not only in coffee-houses and public theatres, but even at the tables of the wealthy, they would have heard the advocates of existing Government defend their cause in the language and with the tone of men, who are conscious that they are in a minority. But in England, when the alarm was at its highest, there was not a city, no, not a town or village, in which a man suspected of holding democratic principles could move abroad without receiving some unpleasant proof of the hatred in which his supposed opinions were held by the great majority of the people; and the only instances of popular excess and indignation were on the side of the government and the established church. But why need I appeal to these invidious facts? Turn over the pages of history and seek for a single instance of a revolution having been effected without the concurrence of either the nobles, or the ecclesiastics, or the monied classes, in any country, in which the influences of property had ever been predominant, and where the interests of the proprietors were interlinked! Examine the revolution of the Belgic provinces under Philip II.; the civil wars of France in the preceding generation; the history of the American revolution, or the yet more recent events in Sweden and in Spain; and it will be scarcely possible not to perceive that in England from 1791 to the peace of Amiens there were neither tendencies to confederacy nor actual confederacies, against which the existing laws had not provided

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partiality with a respectable portion of literary talent will secure the success of a newspaper without the aid of party or ministerial patronage. But by impartiality I mean an honest and enlightened adherence to a code of intelligible principles previously announced, and faithfully referred to in support of every judgment on men and events; not indiscriminate abuse, not the indulgence of an editor's own malignant passions, and still less, if that be possible, a determination to make money by flattering the envy and cupidity, the vindictive restlessness and self-conceit of the half-witted vulgar; a determination almost fiendish, but which, I have been informed, has been boastfully avowed by one man, the most notorious of these mob-sycophants! From the commencement of the Addington administration to the present day, whatever I have written in THE MORNING POST, or (after that paper was transferred to other proprietors) in THE COURIER,[46] has

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both sufficient safeguards and an ample punishment. But alas! the panic of property had been struck in the first instance for party purposes; and when it became general, its propagators caught it themselves and ended in believing their own lie; even as our bulls in Borrowdale sometimes run mad with the echo of their own bellowing. The consequences were most injurious. Our attention was concentrated on a monster, which could not survive the convulsions, in which it had been brought forth,—even the enlightened Burke himself too often talking and reasoning, as if a perpetual and organized anarchy had been a possible thing! Thus while we were warring against French doctrines, we took little heed whether the means by which we attempted to overthrow them, were not likely to aid and augment the far more formidable evil of French ambition. Like children we ran away from the yelping of a cur, and took shelter at the heels of a vicious war horse." (Vol. II. Essay i. p. 21, 4th edit.)

[46] [Mr. Coleridge began to write for The Courier in 1811. One series of Essays, mentioned in a subsequent page, he had

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been in defence or furtherance of the measures of Government.

> Things of this nature scarce survive that night
> That gives them birth; they perish in the sight;
> Cast by so far from *after-life*, that there
> Can scarcely aught be said, but that *they were!* [47]

Yet in these labours I employed, and, in the belief of partial friends wasted, the prime and manhood of my intellect. Most assuredly, they added nothing to my fortune or my reputation. The industry of the week supplied the necessities of the week. From government or the friends of government I not only never received remuneration, nor ever expected it; but I was never honoured with a single acknowledgment, or expression of satisfaction. Yet the retrospect is far from painful or matter of regret. I am not indeed silly enough to take as any thing more than a violent hyperbole of party debate, Mr. Fox's assertion that the *late* war (I trust that the epithet is not prematurely applied) was a war produced by the Morning Post; or I should be proud to have the words inscribed on my tomb.[48] As little do I regard the cir-

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published in that Paper in 1809. He wrote for the Morning Post in 1800 and 1802, but not regularly or throughout each of those years. See the Biog. Supplement. S. C.]

[47] [From the prologue to "The Royal Slave," a Tragi-comedy by William Cartwright.

The author of this play flourished in the reign of James I. and his successor, and died of the camp disease, in 1643, according to Wood's Athen. Ox. in the thirty-third year of his age. He wrote, beside The Royal Slave, The Ordinary, a Comedy; The Lady Errant, a Tragi-comedy; The Siege, or Love's Convert, a Tragi-comedy; and Poems, all which were printed together in 1651. S. C.]

[48] [In the Autumn of 1802 Mr. Coleridge published in the Morning Post two long letters to Mr. Fox, the first of which

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cumstance, that I was a specified object of Buonaparte's resentment during my residence in Italy in

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appeared on the fourth, and the second on the ninth, of November.

These Letters are not only Anti-Gallican and Anti-Jacobin, but strongly Anti-Napoleon. They breathe the same uncompromising hostility to the then master of France, the same disdain of the "upstart Corsican," not simply or chiefly as an invader of hereditary rights, but as an unprincipled despot and oppressor of liberty, whom force of circumstance more than inherent power had raised on high,—disdain unmitigated by a shade either of admiration or fear,—which continued to be his line of sentiment on that subject for the rest of his life. But the friends and admirers of Fox were displeased with the letters on *his* account, because they reflected on *him* for a departure from sound Anglicanism in his later policy, and expressed the deeper regret on this head, because his character, as previously manifested, had seemed to be that of a "genuine Englishman." The writer was reproached with inconsistency, because he had once been the satirist of Pitt and the eulogist of Fox. Whether or no these censures were deserved, whether the language of the Letters was indeed, as even his friend Lamb pronounced it, "a gentlemanly ushering in of most arrogant charges," or only such plain bold speaking as becomes an English subject,—an erection of strong blame upon a groundwork of real earnest praise;—whether or no its tone and import argue any essential inconsistency in a former eulogist of Fox, whom it declares to have "a just claim on the gratitude and admiration of his country for his counsels and exertions during the whole continuance of the ominous" revolutionary war; or a satirist of Pitt, when it affirms that the Jacobinical party in England had never been truly formidable, "unless it were during the Jacobinical career of Mr. Pitt's partisans" at the close of the contest with America;—these are questions, which will be answered more justly and dispassionately hereafter, by many even now, than they were in the year 1802. "Upon the whole," says Mr. Dequincey, in reference to my father's change of sides in politics, "I am of opinion, that few events of Mr. Coleridge's life were better calculated to place his disinterested pursuit of truth in a luminous point of view." An extract from Mr. Dequincey's defence of

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consequence of those essays in the Morning Post during the peace of Amiens. Of this I was warned, directly, by Baron Von Humboldt, the Prussian Plenipotentiary, who at that time was the minister of the Prussian court at Rome; and indirectly, through his secretary, by Cardinal Fesch himself. Nor do I lay any greater weight on the confirming fact, that an order for my arrest was sent from Paris, from which danger I was rescued by the kindness of a noble Benedictine, and the gracious connivance of that good old man, the present Pope.[49] For the late tyrant's vindictive appetite was omnivorous, and preyed equally on a Duc d'Enghien,[50] and the writer of a newspaper paragraph. Like a true vulture,[51] Napoleon with an eye not less telescopic, and with a taste equally coarse in his ravin, could descend from the most dazzling

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Mr. Coleridge's political consistency, and an opinion expressed by him of his political writings, in allusion to what is said of "Buonaparte's resentment" in this paragraph of the B. L. will appear in the Appendix, note J. S. C.]

[49] [Rather unexpectedly he had a visit early one morning from a noble Benedictine with a passport signed by the Pope in order to facilitate his departure. He left him a carriage, and an admonition for instant flight, which was promptly obeyed by Coleridge. Hastening to Leghorn, he discovered an American vessel ready to sail for England, on board of which he embarked." Life of Coleridge, by James Gillman, pp. 180-1. S. C.]

[50] I seldom think of the murder of this illustrious Prince without recollecting the lines of Valerius Flaccus:

> ——————— super ipsius ingens
> Instat fama viri, virtusque haud læta tyranno;
> Ergo anteire metus, juvenemque exstinguere pergit.
> Argonaut, I. 29.

[51] Θηρᾷ δὲ καὶ τὸν χῆνα καὶ τὴν δορκάδα,
Καὶ τὸν λαγωὸν, καὶ τὸ τῶν ταύρων γένος.
Manuel Phile, *De Animal. Proprietat.* sect. i. l. 12.

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heights to pounce on the leveret in the brake, or even on the field mouse amid the grass. But I do derive a gratification from the knowledge, that my essays contributed to introduce the practice of placing the questions and events of the day in a moral point of view; in giving a dignity to particular measures by tracing their policy or impolicy to permanent principles, and an interest to principles by the application of them to individual measures. In Mr. Burke's writings indeed the germs of almost all political truths may be found. But I dare assume to myself the merit of having first explicitly defined and analyzed the nature of Jacobinism; and that in distinguishing the Jacobin from the republican, the democrat, and the mere demagogue, I both rescued the word from remaining a mere term of abuse, and put on their guard many honest minds, who even in their heat of zeal against Jacobinism, admitted or supported principles from which the worst parts of that system may be legitimately deduced. That these are not necessary practical results of such principles, we owe to that fortunate inconsequence of our nature, which permits the heart to rectify the errors of the understanding. The detailed examination of the consular Government and its pretended constitution, and the proof given by me, that it was a consummate despotism in masquerade, extorted a recantation even from the Morning Chronicle, which had previously extolled this constitution as the perfection of a wise and regulated liberty. On every great occurrence I endeavoured to discover in past history the event, that most nearly resembled it. I procured, wherever it was possible, the contemporary historians, memorialists, and pamphleteers. Then fairly subtracting the points of difference from those of likeness, as the balance favoured the former or the latter, I

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conjectured that the result would be the same or different. In the series of essays entitled "A comparison of France under Napoleon with Rome under the first Cæsars,"[52] and in those which followed "On the probable final restoration of the Bourbons,"[53] I feel myself authorized to affirm, by the effect produced on many intelligent men, that, were the dates wanting, it might have been suspected that the essays had been written within the last twelve months. The same plan I pursued at the commencement of the Spanish revolution, and with the same success, taking the war of the United Provinces with Philip II. as the ground work of the comparison.[54] I have mentioned this from no motives of vanity, nor even from motives of self defence, which would justify a certain degree of egotism, especially if it be considered, how often and grossly I have been attacked for sentiments, which I had exerted my best powers to confute and expose, and how grievously these charges acted to my disadvantage while I was in Malta. Or rather they would have done so, if my own feelings had not precluded the wish of a settled establishment in that island. But

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[52] [Comparison of the present state of France, with that of Rome under Julius and Augustus Cæsar. Morning Post, Sep. 21, continued on Sep. 25, and on Oct. 2, 1802. S. C.]

[53] [Morning Post, 1802, Ed. This article On the circumstances that appear especially to favour the return of the Bourbons at this present time, was published on the 12th of October. It came after two by Mr. Coleridge on the affairs of France, the first of which appeared Oct. 5, and was followed on the 21st by an essay of his, entitled Once a Jacobin always a Jacobin, an extract from which was inserted in The Friend. S. C.]

[54] [Eight letters on the Spaniards, which appeared in The Courier on the 7th, 8th, 9th, 15th, 20th, 21st, and 22nd days of December, 1809, and on the 20th of January, 1810. S. C.]

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I have mentioned it from the full persuasion that, armed with the two-fold knowledge of history and the human mind, a man will scarcely err in his judgment concerning the sum total of any future national event, if he have been able to procure the original documents of the past, together with authentic accounts of the present, and if he have a philosophic tact for what is truly important in facts, and in most instances therefore for such facts as the dignity of history has excluded from the volumes of our modern compilers, by the courtesy of the age entitled historians.

To have lived in vain must be a painful thought to any man, and especially so to him who has made literature his profession. I should therefore rather condole than be angry with the mind, which could attribute to no worthier feelings than those of vanity or self love, the satisfaction which I acknowledge myself to have enjoyed from the republication of my political essays (either whole or as extracts) not only in many of our own provincial papers, but in the federal journals throughout America. I regarded it as some proof of my not having laboured altogether in vain, that from the articles written by me shortly before and at the commencement of the late unhappy war with America, not only the sentiments were adopted, but in some instances the very language, in several of the Massachusetts state papers.

But no one of these motives nor all conjointly would have impelled me to a statement so uncomfortable to my own feelings, had not my character been repeatedly attacked, by an unjustifiable intrusion on private life, as of a man incorrigibly idle, and who intrusted not only with ample talents, but favoured with unusual opportunities of improving them, had nevertheless suffered them to rust away without any efficient

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exertion, either for his own good or that of his fellow creatures. Even if the compositions, which I have made public, and that too in a form the most certain of an extensive circulation, though the least flattering to an author's self-love, had been published in books, they would have filled a respectable number of volumes, though every passage of merely temporary interest were omitted. My prose writings have been charged with a disproportionate demand on the attention; with an excess of refinement in the mode of arriving at truths; with beating the ground for that which might have been run down by the eye; with the length and laborious construction of my periods; in short with obscurity and the love of paradox. But my severest critics have not pretended to have found in my compositions triviality, or traces of a mind that shrunk from the toil of thinking. No one has charged me with tricking out in other words the thoughts of others, or with hashing up anew the *cramben jam decies coctam* of English literature or philosophy. Seldom have I written that in a day, the acquisition or investigation of which had not cost me the previous labour of a month.

But are books the only channel through which the stream of intellectual usefulness can flow? Is the diffusion of truth to be estimated by publications; or publications by the truth, which they diffuse or at least contain? I speak it in the excusable warmth of a mind stung by an accusation, which has not only been advanced in reviews of the widest circulation, not only registered in the bulkiest works of periodical literature, but by frequency of repetition has become an admitted fact in private literary circles, and thoughtlessly repeated by too many who call themselves my friends, and whose own recollections ought to have suggested

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a contrary testimony. Would that the criterion of a scholar's utility were the number and moral value of the truths, which he has been the means of throwing into the general circulation; or the number and value of the minds, whom by his conversation or letters, he has excited into activity, and supplied with the germs of their after-growth! A distinguished rank might not indeed, even then, be awarded to my exertions; but I should dare look forward with confidence to an honourable acquittal. I should dare appeal to the numerous and respectable audiences, which at different times and in different places honoured my lecture rooms with their attendance, whether the points of view from which the subjects treated of were surveyed, whether the grounds of my reasoning were such, as they had heard or read elsewhere, or have since found in previous publications. I can conscientiously declare, that the complete success of the REMORSE on the first night of its representation did not give me as great or as heart-felt a pleasure, as the observation that the pit and boxes were crowded with faces familiar to me, though of individuals whose names I did not know, and of whom I knew nothing, but that they had attended one or other of my courses of lectures. It is an excellent though perhaps somewhat vulgar proverb, that there are cases where a man may be as well "*in for a pound as for a penny.*" To those, who from ignorance of the serious injury I have received from this rumour of having dreamed away my life to no purpose, injuries which I unwillingly remember at all, much less am disposed to record in a sketch of my literary life; or to those, who from their own feelings, or the gratification they derive from thinking contemptuously of others, would like Job's comforters attribute these complaints, extorted from me by the sense of

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wrong, to self conceit or presumptuous vanity, I have already furnished such ample materials, that I shall gain nothing by withholding the remainder. I will not therefore hesitate to ask the consciences of those, who from their long acquaintance with me and with the circumstances are best qualified to decide or be my judges, whether the restitution of the *suum cuique* would increase or detract from my literary reputation. In this exculpation I hope to be understood as speaking of myself comparatively, and in proportion to the claims, which others are entitled to make on my time or my talents. By what I *have* effected, am I to be judged by my fellow men; what I *could* have done, is a question for my own conscience. On my own account I may perhaps have had sufficient reason to lament my deficiency in self-control, and the neglect of concentering my powers to the realization of some permanent work. But to verse rather than to prose, if to either, belongs the voice of mourning for

> Keen pangs of Love, awakening as a babe
> Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;
> And fears self-willed that shunned the eye of hope;
> And hope that scarce would know itself from fear;
> Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain,
> And genius given and knowledge won in vain;
> And all which I had culled in wood-walks wild,
> And all which patient toil had reared, and all,
> Commune with thee had opened out—but flowers
> Strewed on my corpse, and borne upon my bier,
> In the same coffin, for the self-same grave![55]

These will exist, for the future, I trust, only in the poetic strains, which the feelings at the time called forth. In those only, gentle reader,

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[55] [Poet. Works, I. p. 209. Ed.]

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Affectus animi varios, bellumque sequacis
Perlegis invidiæ, curasque revolvis inanes,
Quas humilis tenero stylus olim effudit in ævo.
Perlegis et lacrymas, et quod pharetratus acuta
Ille puer puero fecit mihi cuspide vulnus.
Omnia paulatim consumit longior ætas,
Vivendoque simul morimur, rapimurque manendo.
Ipse mihi collatus enim non ille videbor;
Frons alia est, moresque alii, nova mentis imago,
Vox aliudque sonat—Jamque observatio vitæ
Multa dedit—lugere nihil, ferre omnia; jamque
Paulatim lacrymas rerum experientia tersit.[56]

CHAPTER XI.

An affectionate exhortation to those who in early life feel themselves disposed to become authors.

IT was a favourite remark of the late Mr. Whitbread's, that no man does any thing from a single motive. The separate motives, or rather moods of mind, which produced the preceding reflections and anecdotes have been laid open to the reader in each separate instance. But an interest in the welfare of those, who at the present time may be in circumstances not dissimilar to my own at my first entrance into life, has been the constant accompaniment, and (as it were) the under-song of all my feelings. Whitehead[1] exerting the prerogative of his laureatship addressed to youthful poets a poetic Charge, which is perhaps the

[56] [Epist. Fr. Petrarchæ Lib. i. *Barbato Salmonensi*, Opp. Basil, 1554, vol. ii. p. 76. S. C.]

[1] [See Appendix, note J. S. C.]

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best, and certainly the most interesting, of his works.[2] With no other privilege than that of sympathy and sincere good wishes, I would address an affectionate exhortation to the youthful *literati*, grounded on my own experience. It will be but short; for the beginning, middle, and end converge to one charge: *never pursue literature as a trade.* With the exception of one extraordinary man, I have never known an individual, least of all an individual of genius, healthy or happy without a *profession*, that is, some *regular* employment, which does not depend on the will of the moment, and which can be carried on so far *mechanically* that an average *quantum* only of health, spirits, and intellectual exertion are requisite to its faithful discharge. Three hours of leisure, unannoyed by any alien anxiety, and looked forward to with delight as a change and recreation, will suffice to realize in literature a larger product of what is truly genial, than weeks of compulsion. Money, and immediate reputation form only an arbitrary and accidental end of literary labour. The hope of increasing them by any given exertion will often prove a stimulant to industry; but the necessity of acquiring them will in all works of genius convert the stimulant into a narcotic. Motives by excess reverse their very nature, and instead of exciting, stun and stupify the mind. For it is one contradistinction of genius from talent, that its predominant end is always comprised in the means; and this is one of the many points, which establish an analogy between genius and virtue. Now though talents may exist without genius, yet as genius cannot exist, certainly not manifest itself, without talents, I would advise every scholar, who feels the genial power work-

[2] [See Appendix, note K. S. C.]

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ing within him, so far to make a division between the two, as that he should devote his talents to the acquirement of competence in some known trade or profession, and his genius to objects of his tranquil and unbiassed choice; while the consciousness of being actuated in both alike by the sincere desire to perform his duty, will alike ennoble both. "My dear young friend," (I would say) "suppose yourself established in any honourable occupation. From the manufactory or counting house, from the law-court, or from having visited your last patient, you return at evening,

> Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense of Home
> Is sweetest ———— [3]

to your family, prepared for its social enjoyments, with the very countenances of your wife and children brightened, and their voice of welcome made doubly welcome, by the knowledge that, as far as *they* are concerned, you have satisfied the demands of the day by the labour of the day. Then, when you retire into your study, in the books on your shelves you revisit so many venerable friends with whom you can converse. Your own spirit scarcely less free from personal anxieties than the great minds, that in those books are still living for you! Even your writing desk with its blank paper and all its other implements will appear as a chain of flowers, capable of linking your feelings as well as thoughts to events and characters past or to come; not a chain of iron, which binds you down to think of the future and the remote by recalling the claims and feelings of the peremptory present. But why should I say *retire?* The habits of active life and

[3] [From the poem To William Wordsworth. Poet. Works, I. p. 210. S. C.]

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daily intercourse with the stir of the world will tend to give you such self-command, that the presence of your family will be no interruption. Nay, the social silence, or undisturbing voices of a wife or sister will be like a restorative atmosphere, or soft music which moulds a dream without becoming its object. If facts are required to prove the possibility of combining weighty performances in literature with full and independent employment, the works of Cicero and Xenophon among the ancients; of Sir Thomas Moore, Bacon, Baxter, or to refer at once to later and contemporary instances, Darwin and Roscoe, are at once decisive of the question.

But all men may not dare promise themselves a sufficiency of self-control for the imitation of those examples; though strict scrutiny should always be made, whether indolence, restlessness, or a vanity impatient for immediate gratification, have not tampered with the judgment and assumed the vizard of humility for the purposes of self-delusion. Still the Church presents to every man of learning and genius a profession, in which he may cherish a rational hope of being able to unite the widest schemes of literary utility with the strictest performance of professional duties.[4] Among the numerous blessings of Christianity, the introduction of an established Church makes an especial claim on the gratitude of scholars and philosophers; in England, at least, where the principles of Protestantism have conspired with the freedom of the government to double all its salutary powers by the removal of its abuses.

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[4] [All that follows, as far as "expected to withhold five" in the following paragraph, with but very little difference, is to be found in the Church and State, pp. 77-80. 3rd edit. S. C.]

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That not only the maxims, but the grounds of a pure morality, the mere fragments of which

> —— the lofty grave tragedians taught
> In chorus or iambic, teachers best
> Of moral prudence, with delight received
> In brief sententious precepts;[5]

and that the sublime truths of the divine unity and attributes, which a Plato found most hard to learn and deemed it still more difficult to reveal; that these should have become the almost hereditary property of childhood and poverty, of the hovel and the workshop; that even to the unlettered they sound as common place, is a *phænomenon*, which must withhold all but minds of the most vulgar cast from undervaluing the services even of the pulpit and the reading desk. Yet those, who confine the efficiency of an established Church to its public offices, can hardly be placed in a much higher rank of intellect. That to every parish throughout the kingdom there is transplanted a germ of civilization; that in the remotest villages there is a *nucleus*, round which the capabilities of the place may crystallize and brighten; a model sufficiently superiour to excite, yet sufficiently near to encourage and facilitate, imitation; this, the unobtrusive, continuous agency of a protestant church establishment, *this* it is, which the patriot, and the philanthropist, who would fain unite the love of peace with the faith in the progressive melioration of mankind, cannot estimate at too high a price. *It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies.*[6] The clergyman is

[5] Paradise Regained. Book IV. l. 261.

[6] [Job xxviii. 16. 18. S. C.]

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with his parishioners and among them; he is neither in the cloistered cell, nor in the wilderness, but a neighbour and a family-man, whose education and rank admit him to the mansion of the rich landholder, while his duties make him the frequent visiter of the farm-house and the cottage. He is, or he may become, connected with the families of his parish or its vicinity by marriage. And among the instances of the blindness, or at best of the short-sightedness, which it is the nature of cupidity to inflict, I know few more striking than the clamours of the farmers against Church property. Whatever was not paid to the clergyman would inevitably at the next lease be paid to the landholder, while, as the case at present stands, the revenues of the Church are in some sort the reversionary property of every family, that may have a member educated for the Church, or a daughter that may marry a clergyman. Instead of being foreclosed and immovable, it is in fact the only species of landed property, that is essentially moving and circulative. That there exist no inconveniences, who will pretend to assert? But I have yet to expect the proof, that the inconveniences are greater in this than in any other species; or that either the farmers or the clergy would be benefited by forcing the latter to become either Trullibers or salaried placemen. Nay, I do not hesitate to declare my firm persuasion, that whatever reason of discontent the farmers may assign, the true cause is this; that they may cheat the parson, but cannot cheat the steward; and that they are disappointed, if they should have been able to withhold only two pounds less than the legal claim, having expected to withhold five. At all events, considered relatively to the encouragement of learning and genius, the establishment presents a patronage at once so effective and unburdensome, that it

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would be impossible to afford the like or equal in any but a Christian and Protestant country. There is scarce a department of human knowledge without some bearing on the various critical, historical, philosophical and moral truths, in which the scholar must be interested as a clergyman; no one pursuit worthy of a man of genius, which may not be followed without incongruity. To give the history of the Bible as a *book*, would be little less than to relate the origin or first excitement of all the literature and science, that we now possess. The very decorum, which the profession imposes, is favourable to the best purposes of genius, and tends to counteract its most frequent defects. Finally, that man must be deficient in sensibility, who would not find an incentive to emulation in the great and burning lights, which in a long series have illustrated the church of England; who would not hear from within an echo to the voice from their sacred shrines,

Et Pater Æneas et avunculus excitat Hector.[7]

But, whatever be the profession or trade chosen, the advantages are many and important, compared with the state of a mere literary man, who in any degree depends on the sale of his works for the necessaries and comforts of life. In the former a man lives in sympathy with the world, in which he lives. At least he acquires a better and quicker tact for the knowledge of that, with which men in general can sympathize. He learns to manage his genius more prudently and efficaciously. His powers and acquirements gain him likewise more real admiration; for they surpass the legitimate expectations of others. He is something

[7] [Æneid III. 343. S. C.]

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besides an author, and is not therefore considered merely as an author. The hearts of men are open to him, as to one of their own class; and whether he exerts himself or not in the conversational circles of his acquaintance, his silence is not attributed to pride, nor his communicativeness to vanity.[8] To these advantages I will venture to add a superiour chance of happiness in domestic life, were it only that it is as natural for the man to be out of the circle of his household during the day, as it is meritorious for the woman to remain for the most part within it. But this subject involves points of consideration so numerous and so delicate, and would not only permit, but require such ample documents from the biography of literary men, that I now merely allude to it *in transitu*. When the same circumstance has occurred at very different times to very different persons, all of whom have some one thing in common; there is reason to suppose that such circumstance is not merely attributable to the

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[8] [These lines in *The Danger of writing Verse*, by Whitehead, describe the trials of the professed and noted author from the intensity with which the gaze of others is fixed upon him:

"His acts, his words, his thoughts no more his own,
Each folly blazoned and each frailty known.
Is he reserv'd?—his sense is so refin'd
It ne'er descends to trifle with mankind.
Open and free?—they find the secret cause
Is vanity; he courts the world's applause.
Nay, though he speak not, something still is seen,
Each change of face betrays a fault within.
If grace, 'tis spleen; he smiles but to deride;
And downright awkwardness in him is pride.
Thus must he steer through fame's uncertain seas,
Now sunk by censure, and now puff'd by praise;
Contempt with envy strangely mix'd endure,
Fear'd where caress'd, and jealous though secure." S. C.]

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persons concerned, but is in some measure occasioned by the one point in common to them all. Instead of the vehement and almost slanderous dehortation from marriage, which the *Misogyne*, Boccaccio[9] addresses to literary men, I would substitute the simple advice: be not *merely* a man of letters! Let literature be an honourable *augmentation* to your arms; but not constitute the coat, or fill the escutcheon!

To objections from conscience I can of course answer in no other way, than by requesting the youthful objector (as I have already done on a former occasion) to ascertain with strict self-examination, whether other influences may not be at work; whether spirits, "*not of health*," and with whispers "*not from heaven*," may not be walking in the *twilight* of his consciousness. Let him catalogue his scruples, and reduce them to a distinct intelligible form; let him be certain, that he has read with a docile mind and favourable dispositions the best and most fundamental works on the subject; that he has had both mind and heart opened to the great and illustrious qualities of the many renowned characters, who had doubted like himself, and whose researches had ended in the clear conviction, that their doubts had been groundless, or at least in no proportion to the counter-weight. Happy will it be for such a man, if among his contemporaries elder than himself he should meet with one, who, with similar powers and feelings as acute as his own, had entertained the same scruples; had acted upon them; and who by after-research (when the step was, alas! irretrievable, but for that very reason his research undeniably disinterested) had discovered himself to have

[9] *Vita e Costumi di Dante.* [See Appendix, note M. S. C.]

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quarrelled with received opinions only to embrace errors, to have left the direction tracked out for him on the high road of honourable exertion, only to deviate into a labyrinth, where when he had wandered till his head was giddy, his best good fortune was finally to have found his way out again, too late for prudence though not too late for conscience or for truth! Time spent in such delay is time won: for manhood in the mean time is advancing, and with it increase of knowledge, strength of judgment, and above all, temperance of feelings. And even if these should effect no change, yet the delay will at least prevent the final approval of the decision from being alloyed by the inward censure of the rashness and vanity, by which it had been precipitated. It would be a sort of irreligion, and scarcely less than a libel on human nature to believe, that there is any established and reputable profession or employment, in which a man may not continue to act with honesty and honour; and doubtless there is likewise none, which may not at times present temptations to the contrary. But wofully will that man find himself mistaken, who imagines that the profession of literature, or (to speak more plainly) the *trade* of authorship, besets its members with fewer or with less insidious temptations, than the Church, the law, or the different branches of commerce. But I have treated sufficiently on this unpleasant subject in an early chapter of this volume. I will conclude the present therefore with a short extract from Herder, whose name I might have added to the illustrious list of those, who have combined the successful pursuit of the Muses, not only with the faithful discharge, but with the highest honours and honourable emoluments of an established profession. The translation the reader will

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find in a note below.[10] " *Am sorgfältigsten, meiden sie die Autorschaft. Zu früh oder unmässig gebraucht, macht sie den Kopf wüste und das Herz leer; wenn sie auch sonst keine üble Folgen gäbe. Ein Mensch, der nur lieset um zu drucken, lieset wahrscheinlich übel; und wer jeden Gedanken, der ihm aufstosst, durch Feder und Presse versendet, hat sie in kurzer Zeit alle versandt, und wird bald ein blosser Diener der Druckerey, ein Buchstabensetzer werden.*[11]

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[10] TRANSLATION.

" With the greatest possible solicitude avoid authorship. Too early or immoderately employed, it makes the head waste and the heart empty; even were there no other worse consequences. A person, who reads only to print, in all probability reads amiss; and he, who sends away through the pen and the press every thought, the moment it occurs to him, will in a short time have sent all away, and will become a mere journeyman of the printing-office, a *compositor*."

To which I may add from myself, that what medical physiologists affirm of certain secretions applies equally to our thoughts; they too must be taken up again into the circulation, and be again and again re-secreted in order to ensure a healthful vigour, both to the mind and to its intellectual offspring.*

[11] See Appendix. (Note N.)

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* See Appendix. (Note O.)

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CHAPTER XII.

A Chapter of requests and premonitions concerning the perusal or omission of the chapter that follows.

N the perusal of philosophical works I have been greatly benefited by a resolve, which, in the antithetic form and with the allowed quaintness of an adage or maxim, I have been accustomed to word thus: *until you understand a writer's ignorance, presume yourself ignorant of his understanding.* This *golden rule* of mine does, I own, resemble those of Pythagoras in its obscurity rather than in its depth. If however the reader will permit me to be my own Hierocles,[1] I trust, that he will find its meaning fully explained by the following instances. I have now before me a treatise of a religious fanatic, full of dreams and supernatural experiences. I see clearly the writer's grounds, and their hollowness. I have a complete insight into the causes, which through the medium of his body had acted on his mind; and by application of received and ascertained laws I can satisfactorily explain to my own reason all the strange incidents, which the writer records of himself. And this I can do without suspecting him of any intentional falsehood. As when in broad day-light a man tracks the steps of a traveller, who had lost his way in a fog or by treacherous moonshine, even so, and with the same tran-

[1] [A Neo-Platonist of the fifth century, who left a *Commentary on the Golden Verses of Pythagoras*, as well as other works. S. C.]

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quil sense of certainty, can I follow the traces of this bewildered visionary. *I understand his ignorance.*

On the other hand, I have been re-perusing with the best energies of my mind the TIMÆUS of Plato. Whatever I comprehend, impresses me with a reverential sense of the author's genius; but there is a considerable portion of the work, to which I can attach no consistent meaning. In other treatises of the same philosopher, intended for the average comprehensions of men, I have been delighted with the masterly good sense, with the perspicuity of the language, and the aptness of the inductions. I recollect likewise, that numerous passages in this author, which I thoroughly comprehend, were formerly no less unintelligible to me, than the passages now in question. It would, I am aware, be quite fashionable to dismiss them at once as Platonic jargon. But this I cannot do with satisfaction to my own mind, because I have sought in vain for causes adequate to the solution of the assumed inconsistency. I have no insight into the possibility of a man so eminently wise, using words with such half-meanings to himself, as must perforce pass into no-meaning to his readers. When in addition to the motives thus suggested by my own reason, I bring into distinct remembrance the number and the series of great men, who after long and zealous study of these works had joined in honouring the name of Plato with epithets, that almost transcend humanity, I feel, that a contemptuous verdict on my part might argue want of modesty, but would hardly be received by the judicious, as evidence of superiour penetration. Therefore, utterly baffled in all my attempts to understand the ignorance of Plato, *I conclude myself ignorant of his understanding.*

In lieu of the various requests which the anxiety of authorship addresses to the unknown reader, I ad-

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vance but this one; that he will either pass over the following chapter altogether, or read the whole connectedly. The fairest part of the most beautiful body will appear deformed and monstrous, if dissevered from its place in the organic whole. Nay, on delicate subjects, where a seemingly trifling difference of more or less may constitute a difference in kind, even a faithful display of the main and supporting ideas, if yet they are separated from the forms by which they are at once clothed and modified, may perchance present a skeleton indeed; but a skeleton to alarm and deter. Though I might find numerous precedents, I shall not desire the reader to strip his mind of all prejudices, nor to keep all prior systems out of view during his examination of the present. For in truth, such requests appear to me not much unlike the advice given to hypochondriacal patients in Dr. Buchan's domestic medicine; *videlicet*, to preserve themselves uniformly tranquil and in good spirits. Till I had discovered the art of destroying the memory *a parte post*, without injury to its future operations, and without detriment to the judgment, I should suppress the request as premature; and therefore, however much I may wish to be read with an unprejudiced mind, I do not presume to state it as a necessary condition.

The extent of my daring is to suggest one criterion, by which it may be rationally conjectured before-hand, whether or no a reader would lose his time, and perhaps his temper, in the perusal of this, or any other treatise constructed on similar principles. But it would be cruelly misinterpreted, as implying the least disrespect either for the moral or intellectual qualities of the individuals thereby precluded. The criterion is this: if a man receives as fundamental facts, and therefore of course indemonstrable and incapable of further analysis, the general notions of matter, spirit,

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soul, body, action, passiveness, time, space, cause and effect, consciousness, perception, memory and habit; if he feels his mind completely at rest concerning all these, and is satisfied, if only he can analyze all other notions into some one or more of these supposed elements with plausible subordination and apt arrangement: to such a mind I would as courteously as possible convey the hint, that for him the chapter was not written.

Vir bonus es, doctus, prudens; ast *haud tibi spiro.*

For these terms do in truth include all the difficulties, which the human mind can propose for solution. Taking them therefore in mass, and unexamined, it requires only a decent apprenticeship in logic, to draw forth their contents in all forms and colours, as the professors of legerdemain at our village fairs pull out ribbon after ribbon from their mouths. And not more difficult is it to reduce them back again to their different *genera*. But though this analysis is highly useful in rendering our knowledge more distinct, it does not really add to it. It does not increase, though it gives us a greater mastery over, the wealth which we before possessed. For forensic purposes, for all the established professions of society, this is sufficient. But for philosophy in its highest sense, as the science of ultimate truths, and therefore *scientia scientiarum*, this mere analysis of terms is preparative only, though as a preparative discipline indispensable.

Still less dare a favourable perusal be anticipated from the proselytes of that compendious philosophy, which talking of mind but thinking of brick and mortar, or other images equally abstracted from body, contrives a theory of spirit by nicknaming matter, and in a few hours can qualify its dullest disciples to explain the *omne scibile* by reducing all things to impressions, ideas, and sensations.

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But it is time to tell the truth; though it requires some courage to avow it in an age and country, in which disquisitions on all subjects, not privileged to adopt technical terms or scientific symbols, must be addressed to the Public. I say then, that it is neither possible nor necessary for all men, nor for many, to be philosophers. There is a philosophic (and inasmuch as it is actualized by an effort of freedom, an artificial) consciousness, which lies beneath or (as it were) behind the spontaneous consciousness natural to all reflecting beings. As the elder Romans distinguished their northern provinces into Cis-Alpine and Trans-Alpine, so may we divide all the objects of human knowledge into those on this side, and those on the other side of the spontaneous consciousness; *citra et trans conscientiam communem.* The latter is exclusively the domain of pure philosophy, which is therefore properly entitled *transcendental,* in order to discriminate it at once, both from mere reflection and *re*-presentation on the one hand, and on the other from those flights of lawless speculation which, abandoned by *all* distinct consciousness, because transgressing the bounds and purposes of our intellectual faculties, are justly condemned, as *transcendent.*[2]

[2] This distinction between *transcendental* and *transcendent* is observed by our elder divines and philosophers, whenever they express themselves scholastically. Dr. Johnson indeed has confounded the two words; but his own authorities do not bear him out. Of this celebrated dictionary I will venture to remark once for all, that I should suspect the man of a morose disposition who should speak of it without respect and gratitude as a most instructive and entertaining *book,* and hitherto, unfortunately, an indispensable book; but I confess, that I should be surprised at hearing from a philosophic and thorough scholar any but very qualified praises of it, as a *dictionary.* I am not now alluding to the number of genuine words omitted; for this

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The first range of hills, that encircles the scanty vale of human life, is the horizon for the majority of its in-

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is (and perhaps to a greater extent) true, as Mr. Wakefield has noticed, of our best Greek Lexicons, and this too after the successive labours of so many giants in learning. I refer at present both to omissions and commissions of a more important nature. What these are, *me saltem judice*, will be stated at full in The Friend, re-published and completed.*

I had never heard of the correspondence between Wakefield and Fox till I saw the account of it this morning (16th September 1815) in the Monthly Review. I was not a little gratified at finding, that Mr. Wakefield had proposed to himself nearly the same plan for a Greek and English Dictionary, which I had formed, and began to execute, now ten years ago. But far, far more grieved am I, that he did not live to complete it. I cannot but think it a subject of most serious regret, that the same heavy expenditure, which is now employing in the republication of STEPHANUS augmented, had not been applied to a new Lexicon on a more philosophical plan, with the English, German, and French synonymes as well as the Latin. In almost every instance the precise individual meaning might be given in an English or German word; whereas in Latin we must too often be contented with a mere general and inclusive term. How indeed can it be otherwise, when we attempt to render the most copious language of the world, the most admirable for the fineness of its distinctions, into one of the poorest and most vague languages? Especially, when we reflect on the comparative number of the works, still extant, written while the Greek and Latin were living languages. Were I asked what I deemed the greatest and most unmixed benefit, which a wealthy individual, or an association of wealthy individuals could bestow on their country and on mankind, I should not hesitate to answer, "a philosophical English dictionary; with the Greek, Latin, German, French, Spanish and Italian synonymes, and with correspondent indexes." That the learned languages might thereby be acquired, better, in half the time, is but a part, and not the most important part, of the advantages which would accrue

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* [This is one of the many literary projects and promises of Mr. Coleridge that were never fulfilled. S. C.]

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habitants. On *its* ridges the common sun is born and departs. From *them* the stars rise, and touching *them* they vanish. By the many, even this range, the natural limit and bulwark of the vale, is but imperfectly known. Its higher ascents are too often hidden by mists and clouds from uncultivated swamps, which few have courage or curiosity to penetrate. To the multitude below these vapours appear, now as the dark haunts of terrific agents, on which none may intrude with impunity; and now all a-glow, with colours not their own, they are gazed at as the splendid palaces of happiness and power. But in all ages there have been a few, who measuring and sounding the rivers of the vale at the feet of their furthest inaccessible falls have learned, that the sources must be far higher and far inward; a few, who even in the level streams have detected elements, which neither the vale itself nor the surrounding mountains contained or could supply.[3] How and whence to these thoughts, these strong probabilities, the ascertaining vision, the intuitive knowledge may finally supervene, can be learnt only by the fact. I might oppose to the question the words with which[4] Plotinus supposes Nature to answer a similar

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from such a work. O! if it should be permitted by Providence, that without detriment to freedom and independence our government might be enabled to become more than a committee for war and revenue! There was a time, when every thing was to be done by Government. Have we not flown off to the contrary extreme?

[3] April, 1825. If I did not see it with my own eyes, I should not believe that I had been guilty of so many hydrostatic *Bulls* as bellow in this unhappy allegory or string of metaphors! How a river was to travel *up* hill from a vale far *inward*, over the intervening mountains, Morpheus, the Dream weaver, can alone unriddle. I am ashamed and humbled. S. T. Coleridge.

[4] Ennead, III. 8. 3. The force of the Greek *συνιέναι* is im

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difficulty. "Should any one interrogate her, how she works, if graciously she vouchsafe to listen and speak, she will reply, it behoves thee not to disquiet me with interrogatories, but to understand in silence, even as I am silent, and work without words."[5]

Likewise in the fifth book of the fifth Ennead, speaking of the highest and intuitive knowledge as distinguished from the discursive, or in the language of Wordsworth,

"The vision and the faculty divine;"[6]

he says: "it is not lawful to inquire from whence it

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perfectly expressed by "understand;" our own idiomatic phrase "*to go along with me*" comes nearest to it. The passage, that follows, full of profound sense, appears to me evidently corrupt; and in fact no writer more wants, better deserves, or is less likely to obtain, a new and more correct edition.—*τί οὖν συνιέναι; ὅτι τὸ γενόμενον ἐστι θέαμα ἐμὸν, σώπησις* (*mallem*, *θέαμα, ἐμοῦ σιωπωσῆς,*) *καὶ φύσει γενόμενον θεώρημα, καὶ μοι γενομένη ἐκ θεωρίας τῆς ὠδὶ, τὴν φύσιν ἔχειν φιλοθεάμονα ὑπάρκει.* (*mallem, καὶ μοι ἡ γενομένη ἐκ θεωρίας αὐτῆς ὠδὶς*). "What then are we to understand? That whatever is produced is an intuition, I silent; and that, which is thus generated, is by its nature a theorem, or form of contemplation; and the birth, which results to me from this contemplation, attains to have a contemplative nature." So Synesius:

Ὠδὶς ἱερὰ,
Ἄρρητα γονά[*]

The after comparison of the process of the *natura naturans* with that of the geometrician is drawn from the very heart of philosophy.

[5] [*Καὶ εἴ τις δὲ αὐτὴν ἔροιτο τίνος ἕνεκα ποιεῖ, ἢ τοῦ ἐρωτῶντος ἐθέλοι ἐπαίειν καὶ λέγειν, εἴποι ἄν· ἐχρῆν μὲν μὴ ἐρωτᾶν, ἀλλὰ συνιέναι καὶ αὐτὸν σιωπῇ, ὥσπερ ἐγώ σιωπῶ, καὶ οὐκ εἴθισμαι λέγειν.* Ennead. III. 8. 3. *in initio*, p. 634 of Creuzer's edition. S. C.]

[6] [Poet. Works. vi. p. 6. The Excursion, book I. S. C.]

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[*] [Hymn. Tert. v. 226. S. C.]

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sprang, as if it were a thing subject to place and motion, for it neither approached hither, nor again departs from hence to some other place; but it either appears to us or it does not appear. So that we ought not to pursue it with a view of detecting its secret source, but to watch in quiet till it suddenly shines upon us; preparing ourselves for the blessed spectacle as the eye waits patiently for the rising sun."[7] They and they only can acquire the philosophic imagination, the sacred power of self-intuition, who within themselves can interpret and understand the symbol, that the wings of the air-sylph are forming within the skin of the caterpillar; those only, who feel in their own spirits the same instinct, which impels the chrysalis of the horned fly to leave room in its *involucrum* for *antennæ* yet to come. They know and feel, that the potential works in them, even as the actual works on them! In short, all the organs of sense are framed for a corresponding world of sense; and we have it. All the organs of spirit are framed for a correspondent world of spirit: though the latter organs are not developed in all alike. But they exist in all, and their first appearance discloses itself in the moral being. How else could it be, that even worldlings, not wholly debased, will contemplate the man of simple and disinterested goodness with contradictory feelings of pity

[7] ["Ωστε ἀπορεῖν ὅθεν ἐφάνη, ἔξωθεν ἢ ἔνδον, καὶ ἀπελθόντος εἰπεῖν, ἔνδον ἄρα ἦν, καὶ οὐκ ἔνδον αὖ· ἢ (οὐ δεῖ ζητεῖν, πόθεν, οὐ γὰρ ἐστι τὸ πόθεν· οὔτε γὰρ ἔρχεται, οὔτε ἄπεισιν οὐδαμοῦ, ἀλλὰ φαίνεταί τε καὶ οὐ φαίνεται· διὸ οὐ χρὴ διώκειν, ἀλλ' ἡσυχῇ μένειν, ἕως ἂν φανῇ, παρασκευάσαντα ἑαυτὸν θεατὴν εἶναι, ὥσπερ ὀφθαλμὸς ἀνατολὰς ἡλίου περιμένει,) ὁ δὲ ὑπερφανεὶς τοῦ ὁρίζοντος, ἐξ ὠκεανοῦ φασὶν οἱ ποιηταί, ἔδωκεν ἑαυτὸν θεάσασθαι τοῖς ὄμμασιν. Enn. V. 5. 8. Ed.] P. 975 of Creuzer's edit.

The parentheses note the part of the passage quoted in the text. S. C.]

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and respect? "Poor man! he is not made for *this* world." Oh! herein they utter a prophecy of universal fulfilment; for man must either rise or sink.

It is the essential mark of the true philosopher to rest satisfied with no imperfect light, as long as the impossibility of attaining a fuller knowledge has not been demonstrated. That the common consciousness itself will furnish proofs by its own direction, that it is connected with master-currents below the surface, I shall merely assume as a postulate *pro tempore*. This having been granted, though but in expectation of the argument, I can safely deduce from it the equal truth of my former assertion, that philosophy cannot be intelligible to all, even of the most learned and cultivated classes. A system, the first principle of which it is to render the mind intuitive of the spiritual in man (*i. e.* of that which lies *on the other side* of our natural consciousness) must needs have a great obscurity for those, who have never disciplined and strengthened this ulterior consciousness. It must in truth be a land of darkness, a perfect *Anti-Goshen*, for men to whom the noblest treasures of their own being are reported only through the imperfect translation of lifeless and sightless motions. Perhaps, in great part, through words which are but the shadows of notions; even as the notional understanding itself is but the shadowy abstraction of living and actual truth. On the IMMEDIATE, which dwells in every man, and on the original intuition, or absolute affirmation of it, (which is likewise in every man, but does not in every man rise into consciousness) all the *certainty* of our knowledge depends; and this becomes intelligible to no man by the ministery of mere words from without. The medium, by which spirits understand each other, is not the surrounding air; but the *freedom* which

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they possess in common, as the common ethereal element of their being, the tremulous reciprocations of which propagate themselves even to the inmost of the soul. Where the spirit of a man is not *filled* with the consciousness of freedom (were it only from its restlessness, as of one still struggling in bondage) all spiritual intercourse is interrupted, not only with others, but even with himself. No wonder then, that he remains incomprehensible to himself as well as to others. No wonder, that, in the fearful desert of his consciousness, he wearies himself out with empty words, to which no friendly echo answers, either from his own heart, or the heart of a fellow being; or bewilders himself in the pursuit of *notional* phantoms, the mere refractions from unseen and distant truths through the distorting medium of his own unenlivened and stagnant understanding! To remain unintelligible to such a mind, exclaims Schelling on a like occasion, is honour and a good name before God and man.

The history of philosophy (the same writer observes) contains instances of systems, which for successive generations have remained enigmatic. Such he deems the system of Leibnitz, whom another writer (rashly I think, and invidiously) extols as the *only* philosopher, who was himself deeply convinced of his own doctrines.[8] As hitherto interpreted, however, they

[8] [The observations of Schelling referred to here and in the previous paragraph are as follows:

" A philosophy the first principle of which is to call forth to consciousness the spiritual in man, namely that which lies on the other side the consciousness, must needs have a great unintelligibility for those who have not exercised and strengthened this spiritual consciousness, or to whom even that in themselves, which is most excellent, is wont to appear only through dead

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have not produced the effect, which Leibnitz himself, in a most instructive passage, describes as the criterion of a true philosophy; namely, that it would at once explain and collect the fragments of truth scattered through systems apparently the most incongruous. The truth, says he, is diffused more widely than is commonly believed; but it is often painted, yet oftener masked, and is sometimes mutilated and sometimes, alas! in close alliance with mischievous errors. The deeper, however, we penetrate into the ground of things, the more truth we discover in the doctrines of

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intuitionless conceptions. The Immediate, which is in every one, and on the original intuition whereof, (which" [original intuition] "likewise is in every one, but comes not in every one to consciousness,) all certainty of our knowledge depends, is intelligible to no one through words, that pass into him from without. The medium, through which spirits understand one another, is not the surrounding air, but the common freedom, the vibrations whereof *(deren Erschütterungen)* propagate themselves even to the innermost part of the soul. When the spirit of a man is not filled with the consciousness of freedom, all spiritual connection is broken off, not only with others, but even with himself; no wonder that he remains unintelligible to himself as well as to others, and in his fearful solitude only wearies himself with empty words, to which no friendly echo—out of his own or another's breast—replies.

"To remain unintelligible to such a one is glory and honour before God and man.

"The history of philosophy contains examples of systems, which, for several centuries, have remained enigmatical. A philosopher whose principles are to solve all these riddles, declares lately of Leibnitz, that he is probably the only man, in the history of philosophy, who has attained conviction, the only man therefore who is right at bottom. This declaration is remarkable, because it shows that the time is come for understanding Leibnitz. For, as he has been hitherto understood, he is unintelligible, however right he may be at bottom." Transl. (*Abhandlungen zur Erläuter. des Id. der Wiss.*—Phil. Schrift. pp. 327-8.) S. C.]

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the greater number of the philosophical sects. The want of *substantial* reality in the objects of the senses, according to the sceptics; the harmonies or numbers, the prototypes and ideas, to which the Pythagoreans and Platonists reduced all things; the ONE and ALL of Parmenides and Plotinus, without[9] Spinozism; the

[9] This is happily effected in three lines by Synesius, in his THIRD HYMN:

Ἓν καὶ Παν'τα—(taken by itself) is *Spinozism.*
Ἓν δ' Ἀπαν'των—a mere *Anima Mundi.*
Ἓν τε πρὸ πάντων—is mechanical Theism.*

But unite all three, and the result is the Theism of Saint Paul and Christianity.

Synesius was censured for his doctrine of the pre-existence of the soul; but never, that I can find, arraigned or deemed heretical for his Pantheism, though neither Giordano Bruno, nor Jacob Behmen ever avowed it more broadly.

Μύσας δὲ Νόος,
Τά τε καὶ τὰ λέγει,
Βυθὸν ἄῤῥητον
Αμφιχορεύων.
Σὺ τὸ τίκτον ἔφυς,
Σὺ τὸ τικτόμενον·
Σὺ τὸ φωτίζον,
Σὺ τὸ λαμπόμενον·
Σὺ τὸ φαινόμενον,
Σὺ τὸ κρυπτὸμενον
Ιδίαις ἀυγαῖς.
Ἓν καὶ πάντα,
Ἓν καθ' ἑαυτὸ,
Καὶ διὰ πάντων.†

Pantheism is therefore not necessarily irreligious or heretical; though it may be taught atheistically. Thus Spinoza would agree with Synesius in calling God Φύσις ἐν Νοεροῖς, the *Nature*

* [Hymn. Tert. v. 180. S. C.]
† [Ibid. v. 187. S. C.]

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necessary connection of things according to the Stoics, reconcilable with the spontaneity of the other schools; the vital-philosophy of the Cabalists and Hermetists, who assumed the universality of sensation; the substantial forms and *entelechies* of Aristotle and the schoolmen, together with the mechanical solution of all particular *phenomena* according to Democritus and the recent philosophers—all these we shall find united in one perspective central point, which shows regularity and a coincidence of all the parts in the very object, which from every other point of view must appear confused and distorted. The spirit of sectarianism has been hitherto our fault, and the cause of our failures. We have imprisoned our own conceptions by the lines, which we have drawn, in order to exclude the conceptions of others. *J'ai trouvé que la plupart des Sectes ont raison dans une bonne partie de ce qu'elles avancent, mais non pas tant en ce qu'elles nient.*[10]

A system, which aims to deduce the memory with all the other functions of intelligence, must of course place its first position from beyond the memory, and anterior to it, otherwise the principle of solution would be itself a part of the problem to be solved. Such a position therefore must, in the first instance be demanded, and the first question will be, by what right is it demanded? On this account I think it expedient to make some preliminary remarks on the introduction

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in Intelligences; but he could not subscribe to the preceding Νοῦς καὶ νοερὸς, i. e. Himself Intelligence and intelligent.

In this biographical sketch of my literary life I may be excused, if I mention here, that I had translated the eight Hymns of Synesius from the Greek into English Anacreontics before my fifteenth year.

[10] [See Appendix P. S. C.]

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of Postulates in philosophy.[11] The word *postulate* is borrowed from the science of mathematics.[12] In geometry the primary construction is not demonstrated, but postulated. This first and most simple construction in space is the point in motion, or the line. Whether the point is moved in one and the same direction, or whether its direction is continually changed, remains as yet undetermined. But if the direction of the point have been determined, it is either by a point without it, and then there arises the straight line which incloses no space; or the direction of the point is not determined by a point without it, and then it must flow back again on itself, that is, there arises a cyclical line, which does enclose a space. If the straight line be assumed as the positive, the cyclical is then the negation of the straight. It is a line, which at no point strikes out into the straight, but changes its direction continuously. But if the primary line be conceived as undetermined, and the straight line as determined throughout, then the cyclical is the third compounded of both. It is at once undetermined and determined; undetermined through any point without, and deter-

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[11] [The following remarks, contained in this and the next two paragraphs, as far as the reference to Plotinus, are borrowed from Schelling, only a few words here and there being added or altered by Mr. Coleridge. See *Abhandlungen zur Erlaüter.* &c. *Phil. Schrift.* pp. 329-30-31-32. Mr. C. has expanded the conclusion of the passage which in the German author stands thus: "Philosophy is to him a fabric of air, even as to one born deaf the most excellent theory of music if he knew not, or did not believe, that other men have a sense more than he, must seem a vain play with conceptions, which may have connection in itself indeed, but at bottom has absolutely no reality." Transl. S. C.]

[12] See Schell. *Abhandl. zur Erlaüter. des Id. der Wissenschaftslehre.*

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mined through itself. Geometry therefore supplies philosophy with the example of a primary intuition, from which every science that lays claim to *evidence* must take its commencement. The mathematician does not begin with a demonstrable proposition, but with an intuition, a practical idea.

But here an important distinction presents itself. Philosophy is employed on objects of the *inner* SENSE, and cannot, like geometry, appropriate to every construction a correspondent *outward* intuition. Nevertheless philosophy, if it is to arrive at evidence, must proceed from the most original construction, and the question then is, what is the most original construction or first productive act for the inner sense. The answer to this question depends on the direction which is given to the inner sense. But in philosophy the inner sense cannot have its direction determined by any outward object. To the original construction of the line I can be compelled by a line drawn before me on the slate or on sand. The stroke thus drawn is indeed not the line itself, but only the image or picture of the line. It is not from it, that we first learn to know the line; but, on the contrary, we bring this stroke to the original line generated by the act of the imagination; otherwise we could not define it as without breadth or thickness. Still however this stroke is the sensuous image of the original or ideal line, and an efficient mean to excite *every* imagination to the intuition of it.

It is demanded then, whether there be found any means in philosophy to determine the direction of the inner sense, as in mathematics it is determinable by its specific image or outward picture. Now the inner sense has its direction determined for the greater part only by an act of freedom. One man's consciousness

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extends only to the pleasant or unpleasant sensations caused in him by external impressions; another enlarges his inner sense to a consciousness of forms and quantity; a third in addition to the image is conscious of the conception or notion of the thing; a fourth attains to a notion of his notions—he reflects on his own reflections; and thus we may say without impropriety, that the one possesses more or less inner sense, than the other. This more or less betrays already, that philosophy in its first principles must have a practical or moral, as well as a theoretical or speculative side. This difference in degree does not exist in the mathematics. Socrates in Plato shows, that an ignorant slave may be brought to understand and of himself to solve the most difficult geometrical problem. Socrates drew the figures for the slave in the sand. The disciples of the critical philosophy could likewise (as was indeed actually done by La Forge and some other followers of Des Cartes) represent the origin of our representations in copper-plates; but no one has yet attempted it, and it would be utterly useless. To an Esquimaux or New Zealander our most popular philosophy would be wholly unintelligible. The sense, the inward organ, for it is not yet born in him. So is there many a one among us, yes, and some who think themselves philosophers too, to whom the philosophic organ is entirely wanting. To such a man philosophy is a mere play of words and notions, like a theory of music to the deaf, or like the geometry of light to the blind. The connection of the parts and their logical dependencies may be seen and remembered: but the whole is groundless and hollow, unsustained by living contact, unaccompanied with any realizing intuition which exists by and in the act that affirms its existence, which is known, because it is, and is, because

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it is known. The words of Plotinus, in the assumed person of Nature, hold true of the philosophic energy. *Τὸ θεωρῶν μὲ, θεώρημα ποιεῖ, ὥσπερ οἱ γεωμέτραι θεωρῶντες γράφουσιν· ἀλλ' ἐμὲ μὴ γραφούσης, θεωρούσης δὲ, ὑφίστανται αἱ τῶν σωμάτων γραμμαί.* With me the act of contemplation makes the thing contemplated, as the geometricians contemplating describe lines correspondent; but I not describing lines, but simply contemplating, the representative forms of things rise up into existence.[12]

The postulate of philosophy and at the same time the test of philosophic capacity, is no other than the heaven-descended KNOW THYSELF! (*E cœlo descendit, Γνῶθι σεαυτόν*). And this at once practically and speculatively. For as philosophy is neither a science of the reason or understanding only, nor merely a science of morals, but the science of BEING altogether, its primary ground can be neither merely speculative nor merely practical, but both in one. All knowledge rests on the coincidence of an object with a subject.[13] (My readers have been warned in a former chapter

[12] [*Καὶ εἴ τις δὲ αὐτὴν ἔροιτο τίνος ἕνεκα ποιεῖ, εἰ τοῦ ἐρωτῶντος ἐθέλοι ἐπαΐειν καὶ λέγειν, εἴποι ἂν· ἐχρῆν μὲν μὴ ἐρωτᾷν, ἀλλὰ συνιέναι καὶ αὐτὸν σιωπῇ, ὥσπερ ἐγὼ σιωπῶ, καί οὐκ εἴθισμαι λέγειν. Τί οὖν συνιέναι; ὅτι τὸ γενόμενόν ἐστι θέαμα ἐμὸν, σιώπησις, καὶ φύσει γενόμενον θεώρημα, καὶ μοι γενομένῃ ἐκ θεωρίας τῆς ὡδὶ τὴν φύσιν ἔχειν φιλοθεάμονα ὑπάρχει, καὶ τὸ θεωροῦν μου, θεώρημα ποιεῖ, ὥσπερ οἱ γεωμέτραι θεωροῦντες γράφουσιν· ἀλλ' ἐμοῦ μὴ γραφούσης, θεωρούσης δὲ, ὑφίστανται αἱ τῶν σωμάτων γραμμαὶ, ὥσπερ ἐκπίπτουσαι· καὶ μοι τὸ τῆς μητρὸς καὶ τῶν γειναμένων ὑπάρχει πάθος.* Enn. III. 8. 3. Ed. P. 634, of Creuzer's Edit. S. C.]

[13] [This sentence and, with the exception of the parenthesis immediately succeeding it, all that follows, as far as the words "mechanism of the heavenly motions," is to be found in Schelling's *Transsc. Id.* pp. 1-4: but a few explanatory expressions are added, and some sentences are a little altered and differently arranged. S. C.]

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that, for their convenience as well as the writer's, the term, subject, is used by me in its scholastic sense as equivalent to mind or sentient being, and as the necessary correlative of object or *quicquid objicitur menti.*) For we can *know* that only which is true: and the truth is universally placed in the coincidence of the thought with the thing, of the representation with the object represented.

Now the sum of all that is merely OBJECTIVE, we will henceforth call NATURE, confining the term to its passive and material sense, as comprising all the *phænomena* by which its existence is made known to us. On the other hand the sum of all that is SUBJECTIVE, we may comprehend in the name of the SELF or INTELLIGENCE. Both conceptions are in necessary antithesis. Intelligence is conceived of as exclusively representative, nature as exclusively represented; the one as conscious, the other as without consciousness. Now in all acts of positive knowledge there is required a reciprocal concurrence of both, namely of the conscious being, and of that which is in itself unconscious. Our problem is to explain this concurrence, its possibility and its necessity.

During the act of knowledge itself, the objective and subjective are so instantly united, that we cannot determine to which of the two the priority belongs. There is here no first, and no second; both are coinstantaneous and one. While I am attempting to explain this intimate coalition, I must suppose it dissolved. I must necessarily set out from the one, to which therefore I give hypothetical antecedence, in order to arrive at the other. But as there are but two factors or elements in the problem, subject and object, and as it is left indeterminate from which of them I should commence, there are two cases equally possible.

1. EITHER THE OBJECTIVE IS TAKEN AS THE

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FIRST, AND THEN WE HAVE TO ACCOUNT FOR THE SUPERVENTION OF THE SUBJECTIVE, WHICH COALESCES WITH IT.

The notion of the subjective is not contained in the notion of the objective. On the contrary they mutually exclude each other. The subjective therefore must supervene to the objective. The conception of nature does not apparently involve the co-presence of an intelligence making an ideal duplicate of it, that is, representing it. This desk for instance would (according to our natural notions) be, though there should exist no sentient being to look at it. This then is the problem of natural philosophy. It assumes the objective or unconscious nature as the first, and has therefore to explain how intelligence can supervene to it, or how itself can grow into intelligence. If it should appear, that all enlightened naturalists, without having distinctly proposed the problem to themselves, have yet constantly moved in the line of its solution, it must afford a strong presumption that the problem itself is founded in nature.[14] For if all knowledge has, as it were, two poles reciprocally required and presupposed, all sciences must proceed from the one or the other, and must tend toward the opposite as far as the equatorial point in which both are reconciled and become identical. The necessary tendence therefore of all natural philosophy is from nature to intelligence; and this, and no other is the true ground and occasion of the instinctive striving to introduce theory into our views of natural *phænomena*. The highest perfection of natural philosophy would consist in the perfect spiritualization of all the laws of nature into laws of in-

[14] [Schelling's words correspondent to this last sentence are these. "That the science of Nature at least approximates to the solution of the problem really—and without knowing it—can be only briefly shown here." *Transl. Ib.* p. 3. S. C.]

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tuition and intellect. The *phænomena (the material)* must wholly disappear, and the laws alone *(the formal)* must remain. Thence it comes, that in nature itself the more the principle of law breaks forth, the more does the *husk* drop off, the *phænomena* themselves become more spiritual and at length cease altogether in our consciousness. The optical *phænomena* are but a geometry, the lines of which are drawn by light, and the materiality of this light itself has already become matter of doubt. In the appearances of magnetism all trace of matter is lost, and of the *phænomena* of gravitation, which not a few among the most illustrious Newtonians[15] have declared no otherwise comprehensible than as an immediate spiritual influence, there remains nothing but its law, the execution of which on a vast scale is the mechanism of the heavenly motions.[16] The theory of natural philosophy

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[15] ["Which searchers of Nature themselves thought it only possible to conceive, &c." Schelling, Ib. p. 4. S. C.]

[16] [After "the mechanism of the heavenly motions," Schelling proceeds thus.—"The perfected theory of nature would be that, in virtue of which all nature should resolve itself into an intelligence. *The dead and unconscious products of Nature are only abortive attempts of Nature to reflect herself; but the so named* DEAD *nature in general is an unripe intelligence; thence through her* PHÆNOMENA, *even while yet unconscious, the intelligent character discovers itself.*" The sentence in italics is omitted by Mr. C. who says of it, in a note: "True or false this position is too early. Nothing precedent has explained, much less proved, it true." "The highest aim, to become completely an object to self, Nature first attains through the highest and last reflection, which is no other than man, or that which we commonly call reason, through which Nature first returns completely into herself, and whereby it becomes evident, that Nature originally is identical with that which is known in us as intelligence and consciousness."

"This may suffice to show that the knowledge of Nature necessarily tends to represent Nature as intelligent; it is pre-

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would then be completed, when all nature was demonstrated to be identical in essence with that, which in its highest known power exists in man as intelligence and self-consciousness; when the heavens and the earth shall declare not only the power of their maker, but the glory and the presence of their God, even as he appeared to the great prophet during the vision of the mount in the skirts of his divinity.

This may suffice to show, that even natural science, which commences with the material *phænomenon* as the reality and substance of things existing, does yet by the necessity of theorizing unconsciously, and as it were instinctively, end in nature as an intelligence;

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cisely through this tendency that it becomes Nature-Philosophy, which is the one necessary ground-knowledge of philosophy."

The substance of the foregoing paragraphs is contained in pp. 261-3 of the Biographia, with some additions. Then after the second statement of the problem, which is given *verbatim* from Schelling by Mr. C., and, after six paragraphs which he omits, the *Transfc. Id.* proceeds as follows: "As the natural philosopher, whose attention is directed solely to the objective, seeks to prevent nothing so much as the blending of the subjective in his knowledge, so, conversely, the Transcendental philosopher (objects to nothing so much) as any admixture of the objective in the pure subjective principle of knowledge. The means of separation is absolute scepticism—not the half sort, directed only against the common prejudices of men, which yet never sees into the ground; but the comprehensive scepticism, which is aimed not against single prejudices, but against the fundamental prejudice, with which all others must fall of themselves. For beside the artificial prejudices, introduced into man, there are others, far more original, planted in him not by instruction or art, but by Nature herself; which with all but the philosopher, stand for the principles of all knowledge, and by the mere self-thinker are even considered the touchstone of all truth." *Transfc. Id.* p. 8. Transl. The substance of this passage the reader will find in the paragraph of the B. L. beginning with the words: "In the pursuit of these sciences," pp. 263-4. S. C.]

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and by this tendency the science of nature becomes finally natural philosophy, the one of the two poles of fundamental science.

2. OR THE SUBJECTIVE IS TAKEN AS THE FIRST, AND THE PROBLEM THEN IS, HOW THERE SUPERVENES TO IT A COINCIDENT OBJECTIVE.

In the pursuit of these sciences, our success in each, depends on an austere and faithful adherence to its own principles with a careful separation and exclusion of those, which appertain to the opposite science. As the natural philosopher, who directs his views to the objective, avoids above all things the intermixture of the subjective in his knowledge, as for instance, arbitrary suppositions or rather suffictions, occult qualities, spiritual agents, and the substitution of final for efficient causes; so on the other hand, the transcendental or intelligential philosopher is equally anxious to preclude all interpolation of the objective into the subjective principles of his science, as for instance the assumption of impresses or configurations in the brain, correspondent to miniature pictures on the *retina* painted by rays of light from supposed originals, which are not the immediate and real objects of vision, but deductions from it for the purposes of explanation. This purification of the mind is effected by an absolute and scientific scepticism, to which the mind voluntarily determines itself for the specific purpose of future certainty. Des Cartes who (in his meditations) himself first, at least of the moderns, gave a beautiful example of this voluntary doubt, this self-determined indetermination, happily expresses its utter difference from the scepticism of vanity or irrellgion: *Nec tamen in eo Scepticos imitabar, qui dubitant tantum ut dubitent, et præter incertitudinem ipsam nihil quærunt. Nam contra totus in eo eram ut aliquid certi reperi-*

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rem.[17] Nor is it less distinct in its motives and final aim, than in its proper objects, which are not as in ordinary scepticism the prejudices of education and circumstance, but those original and innate prejudices which nature herself has planted in all men, and which to all but the philosopher are the first principles of knowledge, and the final test of truth.

[18]Now these essential prejudices are all reducible to the one fundamental presumption, THAT THERE EXIST THINGS WITHOUT US. As this on the one hand originates, neither in grounds nor arguments, and yet on the other hand remains proof against all attempts to remove it by grounds or arguments (*naturam furca expellas tamen usque redibit;*) on the one hand lays claim to IMMEDIATE certainty as a position at once indemonstrable and irresistible, and yet on the other hand, inasmuch as it refers to something essentially different from ourselves, nay even in opposition to ourselves, leaves it inconceivable how it could possibly become a part of our immediate consciousness; (in other words how that, which *ex hypothesi* is and continues to be extrinsic and alien to our being, should become a modification of our being) the philosopher therefore compels himself to treat this faith as nothing more than a prejudice, innate indeed and connatural, but still a prejudice.

[19]The other position, which not only claims but necessitates the admission of its immediate certainty,

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[17] Des Cartes, *Diss. de Methodo.* [Sect. III. Amstel. 1664, p. 16. S. C.]

[18] [The contents of this paragraph are to be found in the *Transſc. Id.* pp. 8, 9, only the second sentence in brackets "in other words, &c." being interpolated. S. C.]

[19] [The passages from which this paragraph is taken stand thus in Schelling: ib. pp. 9-10. "The contradiction, that a position, which, by its own nature, cannot be immediately certain,

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equally for the scientific reason of the philosopher as for the common sense of mankind at large, namely, I AM, cannot so properly be entitled a prejudice. It is groundless indeed; but then in the very idea it precludes all ground, and separated from the immediate consciousness loses its whole sense and import. It is groundless; but only because it is itself the ground of all other certainty. Now the apparent contradiction, that the former position, namely, the existence of things without us, which from its nature cannot be immediately certain, should be received as blindly and as independently of all grounds as the existence of our own being, the Transcendental philosopher can solve only by the supposition, that the former is unconsciously involved in the latter; that it is not only coherent but identical, and one and the same thing with our own immediate self consciousness. To demonstrate this identity is the office and object of his philosophy.

[20] If it be said, that this is idealism, let it be remem-

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is nevertheless so blindly, and groundlessly received as such, the Transcendental philosopher can only solve by presuming that the aforesaid position, hiddenly and hitherto unperceivedly, does not (merely) cohere, but is identical—one and the same—with an immediate consciousness; and to demonstrate this identity will be the peculiar business of Transcendental philosophy."

"Now for the common use of reason there is nothing immediately certain but the position *I am*, which, because out of immediate consciousness it even loses its meaning, is the most individual of all truths, and the absolute prejudice, which must be assumed in the first place if anything else is to have certainty. Consequently the position, *There are things without us*, for the Transcendental philosopher will only be certain through its identity with the position *I am*, and its certainty will only be equal to the certainty of the position from which it borrows its own." Transl. S. C.]

[20] [For the contents of this paragraph as far as the words "mechanical philosophy," see *Abhandlungen* Phil. Schrift. pp.

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bered that it is only so far idealism, as it is at the same time, and on that very account, the truest and most binding realism. For wherein does the realism of mankind properly consist? In the assertion that there exists a something without them, what, or how, or where they know not, which occasions the objects of their perception? Oh no! This is neither connatural nor universal. It is what a few have taught and learned in the schools, and which the many repeat without asking themselves concerning their own meaning. The realism common to all mankind is far elder and lies infinitely deeper than this hypothetical explanation of the origin of our perceptions, an explanation skimmed from the mere surface of mechanical philosophy. It is the table itself, which the man of common sense believes himself to see, not the phantom of a table, from which he may argumentatively deduce the reality of a table, which he does not see. If to destroy the reality of all, that we actually behold, be idealism, what can be more egregiously so, than the system of modern metaphysics, which banishes us to

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273-4. Compare also the first sentence with the *Transfc. Id.* pp. 148-9. "Thence the improper Idealism, that is, a system which converts all knowledge into mere appearance, must be that which takes away all immediateness in our perceptions by placing originals out of us independent of our representations; whereas a system, which seeks the origin of things in the activity of the spirit, even because it is the most perfect Idealism, must at the same time be the most perfect Realism. That is to say, if the most perfect Realism is that which knows the things in themselves and immediately, this is possible only in a Nature, which beholds in the things only her own, through her own activity limited, Reality. For such a Nature, as the indwelling soul of the things, would penetrate them as her own immediate organism: and, even as the artificer most perfectly knows his own work, would look through their inner mechanism." Transl. S. C.]

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a land of shadows, surrounds us with apparitions, and distinguishes truth from illusion only by the majority of those who dream the same dream? "*I* asserted that the world was mad," exclaimed poor Lee, "and the world said, that I was mad, and confound them, they outvoted me."

[21] It is to the true and original realism, that I would direct the attention. This believes and requires neither more nor less, than that the object which it beholds or presents to itself, is the real and very object. In this sense, however much we may strive against it, we are all collectively born idealists, and therefore and only therefore are we at the same time realists. But of this the philosophers of the schools know nothing, or despise the faith as the prejudice of the ignorant vulgar, because they live and move in a crowd of phrases and notions from which human nature has long ago vanished. Oh, ye that reverence yourselves, and walk humbly with the divinity in your own hearts, ye are worthy of a better philosophy! Let the dead bury the dead, but do you preserve your human nature, the depth of which was never yet fathomed by a philosophy made up of notions and mere logical entities.

In the third treatise of my *Logosophia*, announced at the end of this volume, I shall give (*Deo volente*) the demonstrations and constructions of the Dynamic Philosophy scientifically arranged. It is, according to my conviction, no other than the system of Pythagoras and of Plato revived and purified from impure mixtures. *Doctrina per tot manus tradita tandem*

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[21] [This paragraph is contained in *Abhandlungen*, Phil. Schrift, pp. 274-5. Compare also with *Ideen*, pp. 63-4. In the latter (p. 64), Schelling affirms—"Nature must be visible spirit, spirit invisible nature. Here then in the absolute identity of the spirit in us, and of nature out of us, must the problem, how a nature without us is possible, be solved." S. C.]

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in vappam desiit![22] The science of arithmetic furnishes instances, that a rule may be useful in practical application, and for the particular purpose may be sufficiently authenticated by the result, before it has itself been fully demonstrated. It is enough, if only it be rendered intelligible. This will, I trust, have been effected in the following Theses for those of my readers, who are willing to accompany me through the following chapter, in which the results will be applied to the deduction of the Imagination, and with it the principles of production and of genial criticism in the fine arts.

THESIS I.[23]

Truth is correlative to being. Knowledge without a correspondent reality is no knowledge; if we know, there must be somewhat known by us. To know is in its very essence a verb active.

THESIS II.

All truth is either mediate, that is, derived from some other truth or truths; or immediate and original. The latter is absolute, and its formula A. A.; the former is of dependent or conditional certainty, and represented in the formula B. A. The certainty, which inheres in A, is attributable to B.

SCHOLIUM. A chain without a staple, from which all the links derived their stability, or a series without a first, has been not inaptly allegorized, as a string of blind men, each holding the skirt of the man before

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[22] [This quotation is applied by Schelling to Leibnitz in the same treatise. *Phil. Schrift.* p. 212. S. C.]

[23] [It has been said that these first six *Theses* are "mainly taken from Schelling." I can give no references to the works of that philosopher for any of the sentences as they stand. The reader, however, may compare the beginning of Thesis IV. with the *Transfc. Id.* p. 48; and the beginning of Thesis V. with the same, p. 49. S. C.]

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him, reaching far out of sight, but all moving without the least deviation in one straight line. It would be naturally taken for granted, that there was a guide at the head of the file: what if it were answered, No! Sir, the men are without number, and infinite blindness supplies the place of sight?

Equally *inconceivable* is a cycle of equal truths without a common and central principle, which prescribes to each its proper sphere in the system of science. That the absurdity does not so immediately strike us, that it does not seem equally *unimaginable*, is owing to a surreptitious act of the imagination, which, instinctively and without our noticing the same, not only fills up the intervening spaces, and contemplates the *cycle* (of B. C. D. E. F. &c.) as a continuous *circle* (A.) giving to all collectively the unity of their common orbit; but likewise supplies, by a sort of *subintelligitur*, the one central power, which renders the movement harmonious and cyclical.

Thesis III.

We are to seek therefore for some absolute truth capable of communicating to other positions a certainty, which it has not itself borrowed; a truth self-grounded, unconditional and known by its own light. In short, we have to find a somewhat which *is*, simply because it *is*. In order to be such, it must be one which is its own predicate, so far at least that all other nominal predicates must be modes and repetitions of itself. Its existence too must be such, as to preclude the possibility of requiring a cause or antecedent without an absurdity.

Thesis IV.

That there can be but one such principle,[24] may be

[24] [See note 29. S. C.]

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proved *a priori;* for were there two or more, each must refer to some other, by which its equality is affirmed; consequently neither would be self-established, as the hypothesis demands. And *a posteriori*, it will be proved by the principle itself when it is discovered, as involving universal antecedence in its very conception.

SCHOLIUM. If we affirm of a board that it is blue, the predicate (blue) is accidental, and not implied in the subject, board. If we affirm of a circle that it is equi-radial, the predicate indeed is implied in the definition of the subject; but the existence of the subject itself is contingent, and supposes both a cause and a percipient. The same reasoning will apply to the indefinite number of supposed indemonstrable truths exempted from the profane approach of philosophic investigation by the amiable Beattie, and other less eloquent and not more profound inaugurators of common sense on the throne of philosophy; a fruitless attempt, were it only that it is the two-fold function of philosophy to reconcile reason with common sense, and to elevate common sense into reason.

THESIS V.

Such a principle cannot be any THING or OBJECT. Each thing is what it is in consequence of some other thing. An infinite, independent[25] *thing*, is no less a contradiction, than an infinite circle or a sideless triangle. Besides a thing is that, which is capable of

[25] The impossibility of an absolute thing *(substantia unica)* as neither *genus*, *species*, nor *individuum:* as well as its utter unfitness for the fundamental position of a philosophic system, will be demonstrated in the critique on Spinozism in the fifth treatise of my Logosophia. [This is the great philosophical work, to preparations for which Mr. C. devoted so much time and thought during his latter years. S. C.]

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being an object of which itself is not the sole percipient. But an object is inconceivable without a subject as its antithesis. *Omne perceptum percipientem supponit.*

But neither can the principle be found in a subject as a subject, contra-distinguished from an object: for *unicuique percipienti aliquid objicitur perceptum.* It is to be found therefore neither in object nor subject taken separately, and consequently, as no other third is conceivable, it must be found in that which is neither subject nor object exclusively, but which is the identity of both.

THESIS VI.

This principle, and so characterised manifests itself in the SUM or I AM; which I shall hereafter indiscriminately express by the words spirit, self, and self-consciousness. In this, and in this alone, object and subject, being and knowing, are identical, each involving and supposing the other.[26] In other words, it is a subject which becomes a subject by the act of constructing itself objectively to itself; but which never is an object except for itself, and only so far as by the very same act it becomes a subject. It may be described therefore as a perpetual self-duplication of one and the same power into object and subject, which presuppose each other, and can exist only as *antitheses.*

[26] [" The I is nothing separate from its thinking;—the thinking of the I and the I itself are absolutely one; the I therefore in general is nothing out of thinking, consequently no thing, no matter, but to all infinity the non-objective. The I is certainly an object, but only for itself; it is not therefore originally in the world of objects. It first becomes an object by making itself an object, and it becomes an object not for something without, but ever for itself alone." *Transfc. Id.* Transl. pp. 47-8. S. C.]

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SCHOLIUM. If a man be asked how he *knows* that he is? he can only answer, *sum quia sum.* But if (the absoluteness of this certainty having been admitted) he be again asked, how he, the individual person, came to be, then in relation to the ground of his *existence*, not to the ground of his *knowledge* of that existence, he might reply, *sum quia Deus est*, or still more philosophically, *sum quia in Deo sum.*

But if we elevate our conception to the absolute self, the great eternal I AM, then the principle of being, and of knowledge, of idea, and of reality; the ground of existence, and the ground of the knowledge of existence, are absolutely identical, *Sum quia sum;*[27] I

[27] It is most worthy of notice, that in the first revelation of himself, not confined to individuals; indeed in the very first revelation of his absolute being, Jehovah at the same time revealed the fundamental truth of all philosophy, which must either commence with the absolute, or have no fixed commencement; that is, cease to be philosophy. I cannot but express my regret, that in the equivocal use of the word *that*, for *in that*, or *because*, our admirable version has rendered the passage susceptible of a degraded interpretation in the mind of common readers or hearers, as if it were a mere reproof to an impertinent question, I am what I am, which might be equally affirmed of himself by any existent being.

The Cartesian *Cogito ergo sum** is objectionable, because either the *Cogito* is used *extra gradum*, and then it is involved in the *sum* and is tautological; or it is taken as a particular mode or dignity, and then it is subordinated to the *sum* as the *species* to the *genus*, or rather as a particular modification to the subject modified; and not pre-ordinated as the arguments seem to require. For *Cogito* is *Sum Cogitans.* This is clear by the inevidence of the converse. *Cogitat, ergo est* is true, because it is a mere application of the logical rule: *Quicquid in genere est,*

* [*Principia Philosophiæ.* Pars Prima, ppgh. VI. and X. See also *De Methodo*, IV. pp. 18-19, edit. 1664. S. C.]

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am, because I affirm myself to be; I affirm myself to be, because I am.

THESIS VII.[28]

If then I know myself only through myself, it is contradictory to require any other predicate of self, but that of self-consciousness. Only in the self-consciousness of a spirit is there the required identity of object and of representation; for herein consists the

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est et in specie. Est (cogitans), ergo est. It is a cherry tree; therefore it is a tree. But, *est ergo cogitat,* is illogical: for *quod est in specie, non* NECESSARIO *in genere est.* It may be true. I hold it to be true, that *quicquid vere est, est per veram sui affirmationem;* but it is a derivative, not an immediate truth. Here then we have, by anticipation, the distinction between the conditional finite I (which, as known in distinct consciousness by occasion of experience, is called by Kant's followers the empirical I) and the absolute I AM, and likewise the dependence or rather the inherence of the former in the latter; in whom "we live, and move, and have our being," as St. Paul divinely asserts, differing widely from the Theists of the mechanic school (as Sir J. Newton, Locke, and others) who must say from whom we had our being, and with it life and the powers of life.

[28] [The contents of Theses VII. VIII. may be found scattered about in Schelling's *Abhandlungen* Phil. Schrift. 223-4-5. Only the sentences at the end of Thesis VII. from "Again, the spirit" to the end, I do not find formally expressed in Schelling's treatise, with the exception of the words "identity of object and subject." At pp. 223-4 Schelling says, "In regard to every other object I am obliged to ask how the being of the same is brought into connection *(vermittelt)* with my representation. But originally I am not any thing that exists for a knowing subject, out of myself, as matter does, but I exist for myself; in me is the original identity of subject and object, of knowing and of being." See also how this doctrine is applied in the TRANSCENDENTAL IDEALISM, p. 63.

The last sentence of Thesis VIII. I have not met with in Schelling. S. C.]

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essence of a spirit, that it is self-representative. If therefore this be the one only immediate truth, in the certainty of which the reality of our collective knowledge is grounded, it must follow that the spirit in all the objects which it views, views only itself. If this could be proved, the immediate reality of all intuitive knowledge would be assured. It has been shown, that a spirit is that, which is its own object, yet not originally an object, but an absolute subject for which all, itself included, may become an object. It must therefore be an ACT; for every object is, as an *object*, dead, fixed, incapable in itself of any action, and necessarily finite. Again the spirit (originally the identity of object and subject) must in some sense dissolve this identity, in order to be conscious of it: *fit alter et idem.* But this implies an act, and it follows therefore that intelligence or self-consciousness is impossible, except by and in a will. The self-conscious spirit therefore is a will; and freedom must be assumed as a *ground* of philosophy, and can never be deduced from it.

THESIS VIII.

Whatever in its origin is objective, is likewise as such necessarily finite. Therefore, since the spirit is not originally an object, and as the subject exists in *antithesis* to an object, the spirit cannot originally be finite. But neither can it be a subject without becoming an object, and, as it is originally the identity of both, it can be conceived neither as infinite nor finite exclusively, but as the most original union of both. In the existence, in the reconciling, and the recurrence of this contradiction consists the process and mystery of production and life.

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THESIS IX.

This *principium commune essendi et cognoscendi*, as subsisting in a WILL, or primary ACT of self-duplication, is the mediate or indirect principle of every science; but it is the immediate and direct principle of the ultimate science alone, i. e. of transcendental philosophy alone. For it must be remembered, that all these Theses refer solely to one of the two Polar Sciences, namely, to that which commences with, and rigidly confines itself within, the subjective, leaving the objective (as far as it is exclusively objective) to natural philosophy, which is its opposite pole. In its very idea therefore as a systematic knowledge of our collective KNOWING, (*scientia scientiæ*) it involves the necessity of some one highest principle of knowing, as at once the source and the accompanying form in all particular acts of intellect and perception.[29] This, it has been shown, can be found only in the act and evolution of self-consciousness. We are not investigating an absolute *principium essendi;* for then, I admit, many valid objections might be started against our theory; but an absolute *principium cognoscendi.*[30] The result of both the sciences, or their equatorial point, would be the principle of a total and undivided philosophy, as, for prudential reasons, I have chosen to anticipate in the *Scholium* to *Thesis* VI. and the note subjoined. In other words, philosophy would

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[29] [Schelling says in the *Transfc. Id.* pp. 25-6 that, "if there is a system of knowledge the principle of the same must lie within the *knowing* itself:" that "this principle can be the only one" and that it is the "mediate or indirect principle of the science of knowing or transcendental philosophy." S. C.]

[30] [This sentence "We are not investigating," &c. is in the *Transfc. Id.* p. 27. S. C.]

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pass into religion, and religion become inclusive of philosophy. We begin with the I KNOW MYSELF, in order to end with the absolute I AM. We proceed from the SELF, in order to lose and find all self in GOD.

THESIS X.[31]

The transcendental philosopher does not inquire, what ultimate ground of our knowledge there may lie out of our knowing, but what is the last in our knowing itself, beyond which *we* cannot pass. The principle of our knowing is sought within the sphere of our knowing. It must be something therefore, which can itself be known. It is asserted only, that the act of self-consciousness is for *us* the source and principle of all *our* possible knowledge. Whether abstracted

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[31] [Thesis X. as far as the words "farthest that exist for us" is taken from pp. 27-28 of the Transcendental Idealism;—the remainder of the second paragraph, as far as the words "will or intelligence" from p. 29, with the exception of some explanatory sentences. Schelling's words in the last passage from which Mr. Coleridge has borrowed, are as follows: "To go yet further, it may be shown, and has already been shown in part (Introd. § 1.) that even when the objective is arbitrarily placed as the first, still we never go beyond self-consciousness. We are then in our explanations either driven back into the infinite, from the grounded to the ground; or we must arbitrarily break off the series by setting up an Absolute, which of itself is cause and effect—subject and object; and since this originally is possible only through self-consciousness—by again putting a self-consciousness as a First; this takes place in natural philosophy, for which Being is not more original than it is for Transcendental philosophy, and which places the Reality in an Absolute, which is of itself cause and effect—in the absolute identity of the subjective and objective which we name Nature, and which again in its highest power is no other than self-consciousness." Transl. S. C.]

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from us there exists any thing higher and beyond this primary self-knowing, which is for us the form of all our knowing, must be decided by the result.

That the self-consciousness is the fixed point, to which for *us* all is mortised and annexed, needs no further proof. But that the self-consciousness may be the modification of a higher form of being, perhaps of a higher consciousness, and this again of a yet higher, and so on in an infinite *regressus;* in short, that self-consciousness may be itself something explicable into something, which must lie beyond the possibility of our knowledge, because the whole *synthesis* of our intelligence is first formed in and through the self-consciousness, does not at all concern us as transcendental philosophers. For to us the self-consciousness is not a kind of *being*, but a kind of *knowing*, and that too the highest and farthest that exists for *us*. It may however be shown, and has in part already been shown in pages 258, 259, that even when the Objective is assumed as the first, we yet can never pass beyond the principle of self-consciousness. Should we attempt it, we must be driven back from ground to ground, each of which would cease to be a ground the moment we pressed on it. We must be whirled down the gulf of an infinite series. But this would make our reason baffle the end and purpose of all reason, namely, unity and system. Or we must break off the series arbitrarily, and affirm an absolute something that is in and of itself at once cause and effect (*causa sui*) subject and object, or rather the absolute identity of both. But as this is inconceivable, except in a self-consciousness, it follows, that even as natural philosophers we must arrive at the same principle from which as transcendental philosophers we set out; that is, in a self-consciousness in which the *principium essendi*

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does not stand to the *principium cognoscendi* in the relation of cause to effect, but both the one and the other are co-inherent and identical. Thus the true system of natural philosophy places the sole reality of things in an ABSOLUTE, which is at once *causa sui et effectus*, *πατὴρ αὐτοπάτωρ, υἱὸς ἑαυτῦ*—in the absolute identity of subject and object, which it calls nature, and which in its highest power is nothing else but self-conscious will or intelligence. In this sense the position of Malebranche,[32] that we see all things in God, is a strict philosophical truth; and equally true is the assertion of Hobbes, of Hartley, and of their masters in ancient Greece, that all real knowledge supposes a prior sensation. For sensation itself is but vision nascent, not the cause of intelligence, but intelligence itself revealed as an earlier power in the process of self-construction.

Μάκαρ, ἵλαθί μοι·
Πάτερ, ἵλαθί μοι
Εἰ παρὰ κόσμον,
Εἰ παρὰ μοῖραν
Τῶν σῶν ἐθιγον![33]

Bearing then this in mind, that intelligence is a self-development, not a quality supervening to a substance, we may abstract from all *degree*, and for the purpose of philosophic construction reduce it to *kind*, under the idea of an indestructible power with two opposite and counteracting forces, which, by a metaphor borrowed from astronomy, we may call the cen-

[32] [See his treatise *De la Recherche de la Vérité*. Book III. especially chap. 6. See Appendix Q.]

[33] [Synesii Episcopi. *Hymn. III.* 113.]

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trifugal and centripetal forces. The intelligence in the one tends to *objectize* itself, and in the other to *know* itself in the object. It will be hereafter my business to construct by a series of intuitions the progressive schemes, that must follow from such a power with such forces, till I arrive at the fulness of the *human* intelligence. For my present purpose, I *assume* such a power as my principle, in order to deduce from it a faculty, the generation, agency, and application of which form the contents of the ensuing chapter.

In a preceding page I have justified the use of technical terms in philosophy, whenever they tend to preclude confusion of thought, and when they assist the memory by the exclusive singleness of their meaning more than they may, for a short time, bewilder the attention by their strangeness. I trust, that I have not extended this privilege beyond the grounds on which I have claimed it; namely, the conveniency of the scholastic phrase to distinguish the kind from all degrees, or rather to express the kind with the abstraction of degree, as for instance *multeity* instead of multitude; or secondly, for the sake of correspondence in sound in interdependent or antithetical terms, as subject and object; or lastly, to avoid the wearying recurrence of circumlocutions and definitions. Thus I shall venture to use *potence*, in order to express a specific degree of a power, in imitation of the Algebraists. I have even hazarded the new verb *potenziate*, with its derivatives, in order to express the combination or transfer of powers. It is with new or unusual terms, as with privileges in courts of justice or legislature; there can be no legitimate *privilege*, where there already exists a positive law adequate to

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the purpose; and when there is no law in existence, the privilege is to be justified by its accordance with the end, or final cause, of all law. Unusual and new coined words are doubtless an evil; but vagueness, confusion, and imperfect conveyance of our thoughts, are a far greater. Every system, which is under the necessity of using terms not familiarized by the metaphysics in fashion, will be described as written in an unintelligible style, and the author must expect the charge of having substituted learned jargon for clear conception; while, according to the creed of our modern philosophers, nothing is deemed a clear conception, but what is representable by a distinct image. Thus the conceivable is reduced within the bounds of the picturable. *Hinc patet, qui fiat, ut,* cum irrepræsentabile *et* impossibile *vulgo ejusdem significatus habeantur, conceptus tam* continui, *quam* infiniti, *a plurimis rejiciantur, quippe quorum,* secundum leges cognitionis intuitivæ, *repræsentatio est impossibilis. Quanquam autem harum e non paucis scholis explosarum notionum, præsertim prioris, causam hic non gero, maximi tamen momenti erit monuisse: gravissimo illos errore labi, qui tam perversa argumentandi ratione utuntur. Quicquid enim* repugnat *legibus intellectus et rationis, utique est impossibile; quod autem, cum rationis puræ sit objectum, legibus cognitionis intuitivæ tantummodo* non subest, *non item. Nam hic dissensus inter facultatem* sensitivam *et* intellectualem, (*quarum indolem mox exponam,*) *nihil indigitat, nisi,* quas mens ab intellectu acceptas fert ideas abstractas, illas in concreto exsequi et in intuitus commutare sæpenumero non posse. *Hæc autem reluctantia* subjectiva *mentitur, ut plurimum, repugnantiam aliquam* objectivam, *et incautos facile fallit, limitibus, quibus* mens humana *circumscribitur,*

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pro iis habitis, quibus ipsa rerum essentia *continetur.*[34]

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[34] TRANSLATION.

"Hence it is clear, from what cause many reject the notion of the continuous and the infinite. They take, namely, the words *irrepresentable* and *impossible* in one and the same meaning; and, according to the forms of sensuous evidence, the notion of the continuous and the infinite is doubtless impossible. I am not now pleading the cause of these laws, which not a few schools have thought proper to explode, especially the former (the law of continuity). But it is of the highest importance to admonish the reader, that those, who adopt so perverted a mode of reasoning, are under a grievous error. Whatever opposes the formal principles of the understanding and the reason is confessedly impossible; but not therefore that, which is therefore not amenable to the forms of *sensuous* evidence, because it is exclusively an object of pure intellect. For this non-coincidence of the sensuous and the intellectual (the nature of which I shall presently lay open) proves nothing more, but that the mind cannot always adequately represent in the concrete, and transform into distinct images, abstract notions derived from the pure intellect. But this contradiction, which is in itself merely subjective (i. e. an incapacity in the nature of man), too often passes for an incongruity or impossibility in the object (i. e. the notions themselves), and seduces the incautious to mistake the limitations of the human faculties for the limits of things, as they really exist."

I take this occasion to observe, that here and elsewhere Kant uses the terms intuition, and the verb active (*intueri* Germanice *anschauen*) for which we have unfortunately no correspondent word, exclusively for that which can be represented in space and time. He therefore consistently and rightly denies the possibility of intellectual intuitions. But as I see no adequate reason for this exclusive sense of the term, I have reverted to its wider signification, authorized by our elder theologians and metaphysicians, according to whom the term comprehends all truths known to us without a *medium*.

From Kant's Treatise *De mundi sensibilis et intelligibilis forma et principiis*, 1770. [(Sect. I. § 1. Works, vol. III. pp. 126-7.) S. C.]

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Critics,[35] who are most ready to bring this charge of pedantry and unintelligibility, are the most apt to overlook the important fact, that, besides the language of words, there is a language of spirits—(*sermo interior*) —and that the former is only the vehicle of the latter. Consequently their assurance, that they do not understand the philosophic writer, instead of proving any thing against the philosophy, may furnish an equal, and (*cæteris paribus*) even a stronger presumption against their own philosophic talent.

Great indeed are the obstacles which an English metaphysician has to encounter. Amongst his most respectable and intelligent judges, there will be many who have devoted their attention exclusively to the concerns and interests of human life, and who bring with them to the perusal of a philosophic system an habitual aversion to all speculations, the utility and application of which are not evident and immediate. To these I would in the first instance merely oppose an authority, which they themselves hold venerable, that of Lord Bacon: *non inutiles Scientiæ existimandæ sunt, quarum in se nullus est usus, si ingenia acuant et ordinent.*[36]

There are others, whose prejudices are still more formidable, inasmuch as they are grounded in their moral feelings and religious principles, which had been alarmed and shocked by the impious and pernicious tenets defended by Hume, Priestley, and the French fatalists or necessitarians; some of whom had perverted metaphysical reasonings to the denial of the

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[35] [This paragraph and the second sentence of the following are nearly the same as some sentences that occur in *Abhandlungen*, Phil. Schrift. pp. 203-4.]

[36] [*De Augment. Scient.* vi. c. 3. S. C.]

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mysteries and indeed of all the peculiar doctrines of Christianity; and others even to the subversion of all distinction between right and wrong. I would request such men to consider what an eminent and successful defender of the Christian faith has observed, that true metaphysics are nothing else but true divinity, and that in fact the writers, who have given them such just offence, were sophists, who had taken advantage of the general neglect into which the science of logic has unhappily fallen, rather than metaphysicians, a name indeed which those writers were the first to explode as unmeaning. Secondly, I would remind them, that as long as there are men in the world to whom the Γνῶθι σεαυτόν[*] is an instinct and a command from their own nature, so long will there be metaphysicians and metaphysical speculations; that false metaphysics can be effectually counteracted by true metaphysics alone; and that if the reasoning be clear, solid and pertinent, the truth deduced can never be the less valuable on account of the depth from which it may have been drawn.

A third class profess themselves friendly to metaphysics, and believe that they are themselves metaphysicians. They have no objection to system or terminology, provided it be the method and the nomenclature to which they have been familiarized in the writings of Locke, Hume, Hartley, Condillac,[37] or perhaps Dr. Reid,[38] and Professor Stewart.[39] To objections from this cause, it is a sufficient answer, that one main object of my attempt was to demonstrate

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[37] [Appendix Q.] [38] [Appendix R.]

[39] [Schelling also says (in *Abhandlungen* Phil. Schrift. p. 204) "Others were not prejudiced against nomenclature, terminology,—the spirit of system in general,—but only against *this*

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the vagueness or insufficiency of the terms used in the metaphysical schools of France and Great Britain since the revolution, and that the errours which I propose to attack cannot subsist, except as they are concealed behind the mask of a plausible and indefinite nomenclature.

But the worst and widest impediment still remains. It is the predominance of a popular philosophy, at once the counterfeit and the mortal enemy of all true and manly metaphysical research. It is that corruption, introduced by certain immethodical aphorisming eclectics,[40] who, dismissing not only all system, but all logical connection, pick and choose whatever is most plausible and showy; who select, whatever words can have some semblance of sense attached to them without the least expenditure of thought; in short whatever may enable men to talk of what they do not understand, with a careful avoidance of every thing that might awaken them to a moment's suspicion of their ignorance. This alas! is an irremediable disease, for

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nomenclature" namely that of Kant; which he attributes to their having been long accustomed to the statements of Leibnitz, who had communicated his philosophical principles fragmentarily, in letters to friends, or to distinguished and great Lords, ever with much forbearance toward prevailing opinions, and on that account with less of sharpness and precision than is suitable to scientific explanation; or to their having *grown stiff* in the school-language and method of Wolf. S. C.]

[40] [" Finally, the last of all, through the impotent sham philosophy of some waterish authors, or the pandect wisdom of aphoristic eclectics, had lost all sense and taste, not perhaps for a determined system, but for philosophy in general, before Kant had published a syllable of his philosophy." Transl. (*Abhandlungen* Phil. Schrift. p. 204.) S. C.]

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it brings with it, not so much an indisposition to any particular system, but an utter loss of taste and faculty for all system and for all philosophy. Like echoes that beget each other amongst the mountains, the praise or blame of such men rolls in vollies long after the report from the original blunderbuss. *Sequacitas* est *potius et coitio quam consensus: et tamen (quod pessimum est) pusillanimitas ista non sine arrogantia et fastidio se offert.*[41]

I shall now proceed to the nature and *genesis* of the Imagination; but I must first take leave to notice, that after a more accurate perusal of Mr. Wordsworth's remarks on the Imagination, in his preface to the new edition of his poems, I find that my conclusions are not so consentient with his as, I confess, I had taken for granted. In an article contributed by me to Mr. Southey's Omniana, *On the soul and its organs of sense*, are the following sentences. "These (the human faculties) I would arrange under the different senses and powers: as the eye, the ear, the touch, &c.; the imitative power, voluntary and automatic; the imagination, or shaping and modifying power; the fancy, or the aggregative and associative power; the understanding, or the regulative, substantiating and realizing power; the speculative reason, *vis theoretica et scientifica*, or the power by which we produce, or aim to produce unity, necessity, and universality in all our knowledge by means of principles *a priori*[42]; the

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[41] Franc. Baconis de Verulam, Novum Organum. [Aphorisms LXXVII. and LXXXVIII. S. C.]

[42] This phrase, *a priori*, is in common, most grossly misunderstood, and an absurdity burdened on it, which it does not deserve! By knowledge *a priori*, we do not mean, that we can

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will, or practical reason; the faculty of choice (*Germanice*, Willkühr) and (distinct both from the moral will and the choice,) the *sensation* of volition, which I have found reason to include under the head of single and double touch." [43] To this, as far as it relates to the subject in question, namely the words (*the aggregative and associative power*) Mr. Wordsworth's "objection is only that the definition is too general. To aggregate and to associate, to evoke and to combine, belong as well to the Imagination as to the Fancy." [44] I reply, that if, by the power of evoking and combining, Mr. Wordsworth means the same as, and no more than, I meant by the aggregative and associative, I continue to deny, that it belongs at all to the Imagination; and I am disposed to conjecture, that he has mistaken the co-presence of Fancy with Imagination for the operation of the latter singly. A man may work with two very different tools at the same moment; each has its share in the work, but the work effected by each is distinct and different. But it will probably appear in the next chapter, that deeming it necessary to go back much further than Mr. Wordsworth's subject required or permitted, I have attached a meaning to both Fancy and Imagination, which he had not in view, at least while he was writing that preface. He will judge. Would to Heaven, I might meet with many such rea-

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know any thing previously to experience, which would be a contradiction in terms; but that having once known it by occasion of experience (that is, something acting upon us from without) we then know, that it must have pre-existed, or the experience itself would have been impossible. By experience only I know, that I have eyes; but then my reason convinces me, that I must have had eyes in order to the experience.

[43] [Literary Remains. I. pp. 326-7.]

[44] [Preface to the Poetical Works. Vol. I. p. xxxiv.]

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ders! I will conclude with the words of Bishop Jeremy Taylor: "He to whom all things are one, who draweth all things to one, and seeth all things in one, may enjoy true peace and rest of spirit."[45]

CHAPTER XIII.

On the imagination, or esemplastic power.

O Adam, One Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not deprav'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Endued with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and, in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more spiritous and pure,
As nearer to him plac'd, or nearer tending,
Each in their several active spheres assign'd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More aery: last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odorous breathes: flowers and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd,
To *vital* spirits aspire: to *animal*:
To *intellectual!*—give both life and sense,
Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her *being*,
Discursive or intuitive.[1]

"Sane si res corporales nil nisi materiale continerent, verissime dicerentur in fluxu consistere, neque habere substantiale quicquam, quemadmodum et Platonici olim recte agnovere.

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[45] Jer. Taylor's *Via pacis.* [Sunday. The First Decad. 8. S. C.]

[1] Par. Lost, Book V. l. 469.

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"Hinc igitur, præter pure mathematica et phantasiæ subjecta, collegi quædam metaphysica solaque mente perceptibilia, esse admittenda: et massæ materiali *principium* quoddam superius et, ut sic dicam, *formale* addendum: quandoquidem omnes veritates rerum corporearum ex solis axiomatibus logisticis et geometricis, nempe de magno et parvo, toto et parte, figura et situ, colligi non possint; sed alia de causa et effectu, *actioneque* et *passione*, accedere debeant, quibus ordinis rerum rationes salventur. Id principium rerum, an ἐντελεχείαν an vim appellemus, non refert, modo meminerimus, per solam *Virium* notionem intelligibiliter explicari."[2]

Σέβομαι νοερῶν
Κρυφίαν τάξιν.
Χῶρει ΤΙ ΜΕΣΟΝ
Ου καταχυθέν.[3]

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[2] Leibnitz. Op. T. II. P. II. p. 53.—T. III. p. 321.

[The first sentence of this quotation is from the treatise of Leibnitz *De Ipsa Natura, sive de Vi insita Actionibusque creaturarum*, § 8. ed. Erdmann. P. I. p. 157.:—the second is from his *Specimen Dynamicum, pro admirandis Naturæ legibus circa corporum Vires, et mutuas Actiones detegendis et ad suas causas revocandis.* Ex Actis Erudit. Lips. ann. 1695. In the second extract Mr. C. has substituted the word *phantasiæ* for *imaginationi*, and, in the beginning of the last sentence *rerum* for *formam*. He quoted from the edition of Lud. Dutens, a Frenchman resident in Britain, as I learn from Erdmann's Preface, in which it is mentioned that neither his collection nor that of Raspe, who added posthumous works of Leibnitz, contains all his philosophical writings, and that both the one and the other *frustro a bibliopolis quæres, imo in publicis bibliothecis desiderabis.* The former however is at the British Museum, presented by himself in 1800. The new edition comprehends only the philosophical works,—the *Specimen Dynamicum* is classed among the mathematical,—but, as Erdmann himself observes, it is often very difficult to judge *utrum scriptio aliqua philosophicæ indolis sit an non sit.* See Appendix S. S. C.]

[3] Synesii Episcop. Hymn. III. l. 231.

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DES CARTES,[4] speaking as a naturalist, and in imitation of Archimedes, said, give me matter and motion and I will construct you the universe. We must of course understand him to have meant; I will render the construction of the universe intelligible. In the same sense the transcendental philosopher says; grant me a nature having two contrary forces, the one of which tends to expand infinitely, while the other strives to apprehend or *find* itself in this infinity, and I will cause the world of intelligences with the whole system of their representations to rise up before you. Every other science pre-supposes intelligence as already existing and complete: the philosopher contemplates it in its growth, and as it were represents its history to the mind from its birth to its maturity.

The venerable sage of Koenigsberg has preceded the march of this master-thought as an effective pioneer in his essay on the introduction of negative quantities into philosophy, published 1763.[5] In this he has shown, that instead of assailing the science of mathematics by metaphysics, as Berkeley did in his ANALYST,[6]

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[4] [This first paragraph of Chap. XIII. with the exception of the second sentence, is freely translated from *Transfc. Id.* first § of Section C. p. 147. S. C.]

[5] [*Versuch, den Begriff der negativen Grössen in die Weltweisheit einzuführen.* An attempt towards introducing the idea of negative magnitudes into philosophy, 1763. Works, vol. I. p. 19. S. C.]

[6] [The Analyst was published soon after Berkeley's promotion to the see of Cloyne, March 17, 1834. It is said that the Bishop addressed it to Dr. Halley on learning from Mr. Addison that he, "who dealt so much in demonstration," had brought Dr. Garth into a state of general scepticism or even

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or of sophisticating it, as Wolf did, by the vain attempt of deducing the first principles of geometry from supposed deeper grounds of ontology,[7] it behoved the metaphysician rather to examine whether the only province of knowledge, which man has succeeded in erecting into a pure science, might not furnish materials, or at least hints, for establishing and pacifying the unsettled, warring, and embroiled domain of philosophy. An imitation of the mathematical *method* had indeed been attempted with no better success than attended the essay of David to wear the armour of Saul. Another use however is possible and of far greater promise, namely, the actual application of the positions which had so wonderfully enlarged the dis-

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unbelief on religious subjects, as appeared in the latter's last illness. It's whole title is *The Analyst; or, a Discourse addressed to an infidel Mathematician: wherein it is examined whether the object, principles, and inferences, of the modern Analysis are more distinctly conceived, or more evidently deduced, than religious mysteries and points of faith.* He endeavoured to show that the doctrine of fluxions furnished a strong example of mathematical uncertainty and fallacy.]

[7] [Cousin represents Wolf as having improved the Leibnitzian philosophy by qualifying it in some directions and filling it up in others. He seems to consider his mathematical method as at once his strength and his weakness—for he says—"*Son mérite principal consiste dans l'unité, la solidité et l'enchainement systématique qu'il sut donner à tout l'ensemble à l'aide de la méthode appelée mathématique, méthode qui, selon lui, n'étoit autre chose que l'application la plus parfuite des lois du raisonnement.*" Then after enumerating the defects of his philosophy he sums them up thus—"*Enfin*" *il* "*négligea la distinction des caractères propres qui séparent la philosophie et les mathématiques dans leur forme et leur matière.*" (Manuel. vol. ii. 175-6.) I suppose that no man before Kant's day had seen this distinction so clearly, and laid it down so determinately, as did the sage of Koenigsburg. S. C.]

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coveries of geometry, *mutatis mutandis*, to philosophical subjects.[8] Kant having briefly illustrated the utility of such an attempt in the questions of space, motion, and infinitely small quantities, as employed by the mathematician, proceeds to the idea of negative quantities and the transfer of them to metaphysical investigation.[9] Opposites, he well observes, are of two kinds, either logical, that is, such as are absolutely incompatible; or real without being contradictory. The former he denominates *Nihil negativum irrepræsentabile*, the connection of which produces nonsense. A body in motion is something—*Aliquid cogitabile;* but a body, at one and the same time in motion and not in motion, is nothing, or, at most, air articulated into nonsense. But a motory force of a body in one direction, and an equal force of the same body in an opposite direction is not incompatible, and the result, namely rest, is real and representable. For the purposes of mathematical *calculus* it is indifferent which force we term negative, and which positive, and consequently we appropriate the latter to that, which happens to be the principal object in our thoughts. Thus if a man's capital be ten and his debts eight, the subtraction will be the same, whether we call the capital negative debt, or the debt negative

[8] [Kant says in his Preface to the *Versuch* already referred to. "The use which may be made of mathematics in philosophy consists either in an imitation of the method or in the real application of their positions to the objects of philosophy." He shews the ill success of the former attempt and that the troublesome *non liquet* would not yield to all this pomp of demonstration. S. C.]

[9] [Ibid. 1. Absch. Works I. 25-33. Mr. C. repeats the teaching of the *Versuch*, in language of his own, till he comes to the application, "It is equally clear," &c. S. C.]

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capital. But in as much as the latter stands practically in reference to the former, we of course represent the sum as 10—8. It is equally clear that two equal forces acting in opposite directions, both being finite and each distinguished from the other by its direction only, must neutralize or reduce each other to inaction. [10] Now the transcendental philosophy demands; first, that two forces should be conceived which counteract each other by their essential nature; not only not in consequence of the accidental direction of each, but as prior to all direction, nay, as the primary forces from which the conditions of all possible directions are derivative and deducible: secondly, that these forces should be assumed to be both alike infinite, both alike indestructible. The problem will then be to discover the result or product of two such forces, as distinguished from the result of those forces which are finite, and derive their difference solely from the circumstance of their direction. When we have formed a scheme or outline of these two different kinds of force, and of their different results by the process of discursive reasoning, it will then remain for us to elevate the *thesis* from notional to actual, by contemplating intuitively this one power with its two inherent indestructible yet counteracting forces, and the results or generations to which their inter-penetration gives existence, in the living principle and in the process of our own self-consciousness. By what instrument this is possible the solution itself

[10] [The reader may compare the rest of the paragraph and the following one with the doctrine of the *Transſc. Id.* especially the section entitled *Deduction der productiven Anschauung*, pp. 156-185. But the sentences of the B. L. are not the same with those of Schelling, nor is the application of the analogy suggested by Kant made in the *Transſc. Id.* S. C.]

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will discover, at the same time that it will reveal to and for whom it is possible. *Non omnia possumus omnes.* There is a philosophic, no less than a poetic genius, which is differenced from the highest perfection of talent, not by degree but by kind.

The counteraction then of the two assumed forces does not depend on their meeting from opposite directions; the power which acts in them is indestructible; it is therefore inexhaustibly re-ebullient; and as something must be the result of these two forces, both alike infinite, and both alike indestructible; and as rest or neutralization cannot be this result; no other conception is possible, but that the product must be a *tertium aliquid*, or finite generation. Consequently this conception is necessary. Now this *tertium aliquid* can be no other than an inter-penetration of the counteracting powers, partaking of both

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Thus far had the work been transcribed for the press, when I received the following letter from a friend, whose practical judgment I have had ample reason to estimate and revere, and whose taste and sensibility preclude all the excuses which my self-love might possibly have prompted me to set up in plea against the decision of advisers of equal good sense, but with less tact and feeling.

" *Dear C.*

" *You ask my opinion concerning your Chapter on the Imagination, both as to the impressions it made on myself, and as to those which I think it will make on the* Public, *i.e. that part of the public, who, from the title of the work and from its forming a sort of introduction to a volume of poems, are likely to constitute the great majority of your readers.*

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"*As to myself, and stating in the first place the effect on my* understanding, *your opinions and method of argument were not only so* new *to me, but so directly the reverse of all I had ever been accustomed to consider as truth, that even if I had comprehended your premises sufficiently to have admitted them, and had seen the necessity of your conclusions, I should still have been in that state of mind, which in your note in Chap. IV. you have so ingeniously evolved, as the antithesis to that in which a man is, when he makes a bull. In your own words, I should have felt as if I had been standing on my head.*

"*The effect on my* feelings, *on the other hand, I cannot better represent, than by supposing myself to have known only our light airy modern chapels of ease, and then for the first time to have been placed, and left alone, in one of our largest Gothic cathedrals in a gusty moonlight night of autumn. 'Now in glimmer, and now in gloom;' often in palpable darkness not without a chilly sensation of terror; then suddenly emerging into broad yet visionary lights with coloured shadows of fantastic shapes, yet all decked with holy* insignia *and mystic symbols; and ever and anon coming out full upon pictures and stone-work images of great men, with whose* names *I was familiar, but which looked upon me with countenances and an expression, the most dissimilar to all I had been in the habit of connecting with those names. Those whom I had been taught to venerate as almost super-human in magnitude of intellect, I found perched in little fret-work niches, as grotesque dwarfs; while the grotesques, in my hitherto belief, stood guarding the high altar with all the characters of apotheosis. In short, what I had supposed substances were thinned away into*

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shadows, while everywhere shadows were deepened into substances:

> If substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
> For each seem'd either! [11]

"*Yet after all, I could not but repeat the lines which you had quoted from a MS. poem of your own in the* FRIEND, *and applied to a work of Mr. Wordsworth's though with a few of the words altered:*

> ——— An Orphic tale indeed,
> A tale *obscure* of high and passionate thoughts
> To *a strange* music chanted! [12]

"*Be assured, however, that I look forward anxiously to your great book on the* CONSTRUCTIVE PHILOSOPHY, *which you have promised and announced: and that I will do my best to understand it. Only I will not promise to descend into the dark cave of Trophonius with you, there to rub my own eyes, in order to* make *the sparks and figured flashes, which I am required to see.*

"*So much for myself. But as for the Public I do not hesitate a moment in advising and urging you to withdraw the Chapter from the present work, and to reserve it for your announced treatises on the* Logos *or communicative intellect in Man and Deity. First, because imperfectly as I understand the present Chapter, I see clearly that you have done too much, and yet not enough. You have been obliged to omit so many links, from the necessity of compression, that what remains, looks (if I may recur to my for-*

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[11] [Milton's Par. Lost. Book II. l. 669. S. C.]
[12] [Coleridge's Poet. Works, vol. I. p. 208.]

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mer illustration) like the fragments of the winding steps of an old ruined tower. Secondly, a still stronger argument (at least one that I am sure will be more forcible with you) is, that your readers will have both right and reason to complain of you. This Chapter, which cannot, when it is printed, amount to so little as an hundred pages, will of necessity greatly increase the expense of the work; and every reader who, like myself, is neither prepared nor perhaps calculated for the study of so abstruse a subject so abstrusely treated, will, as I have before hinted, be almost entitled to accuse you of a sort of imposition on him. For who, he might truly observe, could from your title-page, to wit, "My Literary Life and Opinions," *published too as introductory to a volume of miscellaneous poems, have anticipated, or even conjectured, a long treatise on Ideal Realism, which holds the same relation in abstruseness to Plotinus, as Plotinus does to Plato. It will be well, if already you have not too much of metaphysical disquisition in your work, though as the larger part of the disquisition is historical, it will doubtless be both interesting and instructive to many to whose* unprepared *minds your speculations on the esemplastic power would be utterly unintelligible. Be assured, if you do publish this Chapter in the present work, you will be reminded of Bishop Berkeley's Siris, announced as an Essay on Tar-water, which beginning with Tar ends with the Trinity, the* omne scibile *forming the interspace. I say in the* present *work. In that greater work to which you have devoted so many years, and study so intense and various, it will be in its proper place. Your* prospectus *will have described and announced both its contents and their nature; and if any persons purchase it, who feel no interest*

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in the subjects of which it treats, they will have themselves only to blame.

" I could add to these arguments one derived from pecuniary motives, and particularly from the probable effects on the sale of your present publication; but they would weigh little with you compared with the preceding. Besides, I have long observed, that arguments drawn from your own personal interests more often act on you as narcotics than as stimulants, and that in money concerns you have some small portion of pig-nature in your moral idiosyncracy, and, like these amiable creatures, must occasionally be pulled backward from the boat in order to make you enter it. All success attend you, for if hard thinking and hard reading are merits, you have deserved it.

Your affectionate, &c."

In consequence of this very judicious letter, which produced complete conviction on my mind, I shall content myself for the present with stating the main result of the chapter, which I have reserved for that future publication, a detailed *prospectus* of which the reader will find at the close of the second volume.

The Imagination then I consider either as primary, or secondary. The primary Imagination I hold to be the living power and prime agent of all human perception, and as a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I AM.[13] The

[13] [This last clause " and as a repetition, &c." I find stroked out in a copy of the B. L. containing a few MS. marginal notes of the author, which are printed in this edition. I think it best to preserve the sentence, while I mention the author's judgment upon it, especially as it has been quoted. S. C.]

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secondary Imagination I consider as an echo of the former, co-existing with the conscious will, yet still as identical with the primary in the *kind* of its agency, and differing only in *degree*, and in the *mode* of its operation.[14] It dissolves, diffuses, dissipates, in order to re-create: or where this process is rendered impossible, yet still at all events it struggles to idealize and to unify. It is essentially *vital*, even as all objects (*as* objects) are essentially fixed and dead.[15]

FANCY, on the contrary, has no other counters to play with, but fixities and definites. The fancy is indeed no other than a mode of memory emancipated from the order of time and space; while it is blended with, and modified by that empirical phenomenon of the will, which we express by the word Choice. But equally with the ordinary memory the Fancy must receive all its materials ready made from the law of association.

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[14] [Compare this distinction with that of the Productive and Reproductive Imagination given in the section on the Transcendental Synthesis of the Imagination (*synthesis speciosa*) in the *Kritik der reinen Vernunft.* Works, vol. II. p. 14. 1. 2.]

[15] [For what is said of objects in the last sentence see *Transfc. Id.* p. 68. *Abhandlungen,* Phil. Schrift. p. 224.]

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APPENDIX.

I.

THE following *marginalia* of Mr. Coleridge's, which were spoken of in a note to chap. IX. were transcribed for a new edition of the Biographia by Mr. C.'s late editor, with the passages referred to in the original German. These passages are here given upon the whole a little more at large, and in English, but with a clear understanding that entire justice cannot in this way be done to the notions of Schelling, which, to be perfectly estimated, must be considered in the disquisitions to which they belong, as plants and flowers must be viewed in their native situations in order to be fully understood and admired.* S. C.

MS. note on Schelling's *Philosoph. Untersuchungen über das Wesen der menschlichen Freyheit und die damit Zusammenhängenden Gegenstände. Phil. Schrift.* p. 397.

There are indeed many just and excellent observations in this work of Schelling's, and yet even more than usual over-meaning or un-meaning *quid pro quos*—thing-phrases, such as "*Licht*," "*Finsterniss*," "*Feuer*," "centre," "circumference," "ground," and the like—which seem to involve the dilemma, that either they are mere similes, where that which they are meant to illustrate has never been stated, or that they are degrees of a kind, which kind has not been defined. Hence Schelling seems to be looking objectively

* I wish the reader to know before perusing these notes, on the authority of Archdeacon Hare, that "for the last twelve years Schelling has been strongly contending against Hegel, and has made, or at all events professes to make, *the idea of personality and of a personal God the central principle of his system.*" Quoted from the Archdeacon's admirable defence of Luther, Mission of the Comforter. Vol. ii. note 10. p. 800.

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at one thing, and imagining himself thinking of another; and after all this mysticism, what is the result? Still the old questions return, and I find none but the old answers. This ground to God's existence either lessens, or does not lessen, his power. In the first case it is, in effect, a co-existent God,—evil, because the ground of all evil;—in the second it leaves us as before. With that "before" my understanding is perfectly satisfied; and, vehemently as Schelling condemns that theory of freedom, which makes it consist in the paramountcy of the Reason over the Will, wherein does his own solution differ from this, except in expressing with uncouth mysticism the very same notion? For what can be meant by the "individuality, or *Ichheit*, becoming eccentric, and usurping the circumference," if not this? He himself plainly says that moral evil arises not from privation—much less negation,—but from the same constituents losing their proper ordination, that is, becoming C. B. A. instead of A. B. C. But wherein does this differ from the assertion, that the freedom of man consists in all the selfishness of his nature being subordinated to, and used as the instrument and *materia* of, his Reason, that is, his sense of the universal Will?

In short nothing seems gained. To creation—*Werden*-he himself admits that we must resort; he himself admits it, in even a much higher sense, in the *Logos*, or the *alter Deus et idem*. Other creations were still possible, from the will of God, and not from His essence, and yet partaking of His goodness. A mere machine could be made happy, but not deserving of happiness; but if God created a Being with a power of choosing good, that Being must have been created with a power of choosing evil; otherwise there is no meaning in the word *Choice*. And thus we come round again to the necessity arising out of finiteness, with Leibnitz and Plato. For it is evident that by Matter Plato and Plotinus meant Finiteness;—or how else could they call it τὸ μὴ ὄν, without any qualities, and yet capable of all? The whole question of the origin of Evil resolves itself into one. Is the Holy Will good in and of itself, or only *relative*, that is, as a mean to pleasure, joy, happiness and the like? If the latter be the truth, no solution can be given of the origin of Evil compatible with the attributes of God; but, (as in the problem of the squaring of the circle,) we can demonstrate that it is impossible to be solved. If the former be true, as I more than believe, the solution is easy, and almost self-evident. Man cannot be a moral being without having had

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the choice of good and evil, and he cannot choose good without having been able to choose evil. God, as infinite and self-existing, is the alone One, in whom Freedom and Necessity can be one and the same from the beginning: in all finite beings it must have been arrived at by a primary act, as in Angels, or by a succession of acts as in Man.

In addition it seems to me that Schelling unfairly represents Kant's system as the mere subjecting of the appetites to the Reason. Whereas Kant makes the enjoyment of freedom, not freedom itself, consist in the subjection of the particular to the universal Will, in order to their identification: and does not Schelling use Freedom often when he means no more than others mean by *Life*—that is, the power of originating motion. S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 403. *Through Freedom, a power is asserted, in principle unconditioned, without and by the side of the divine power, which according to those conceptions is inconceivable. As the sun in the Firmament extinguishes all heavenly lights, even so, and far more does the Infinite Might (extinguish) every finite, absolute Causality in one Being leaves to all others unconditioned Passibility as their only portion.*

Note. But is not this still a carrying of the physical Dynamic into the moral? Even admitting the incongruous predicate, Time, in the Deity, I cannot see any absolute incompossibility of Foresight with Freedom. S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 413. *It is not absurd, says Leibnitz, that he who is God, should nevertheless be produced, or conversely: no more than it is contradictory that he who is the son of a Man should himself be Man.*

Note. I do not see the propriety of the instance; unless "God" is here assumed as an *Ens genericum* even as "Man." If this be a mere nominalism it proves nothing;—if it be meant as a realism, it is a *petitio principii sub lite;* just as the following instance of the eye; but this is a far better illustration. S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 421. *But it will ever be remarkable, that Kant, when he had at first distinguished things in themselves from* phænomena *only negatively, through independence of Time, and subsequently, in the metaphysical investigations of his Critique of the Practical Reason, had treated independence of Time and Freedom as really correlate conceptions, did not proceed to the thought of extending to the things also this only possible positive conception of the* in themselves, *whereby*

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he would have raised himself immediately to a higher standing-point of contemplation, and above the negativity, which is the character of his theoretic philosophy. Schell.

Note. But would not this have been opposite to Kant's aim? His purpose was a καθαρτικὸν τῆς ψυκῆς. In order to effect this thoroughly, within this he, by an act of choice, confined himself. S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 422. *For whether there are single things conceived in an Absolute Substance, or just so many single wills, conceived in one Arch Will* (*or original will* Urwille,) *for Pantheism, as such, is all one.*

Note. The question is, do not these single wills, so included in the one "*Urwille*" become "*Things?*" S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 424. *For, if Freedom is a power unto evil,* (Vermögen zum Bösen,) *it must have a root independent of God.*

Note. But God will not do impossibilities, and how can a *Vermögen* for moral good exist in a creature, which does not imply a *Vermögen zum Bösen?* S. T. C.

Ibid. pp. 437-8. *Man has, by reason of his arising out of* the Ground, (*being creaturely,*) *an independent principle in himself relatively to God; but by reason that even this principle—without on this account ceasing to be dark in respect of* the Ground—*is illumed in Light, there arises in him at the same time a higher one, that is the Spirit.—Now, inasmuch as the soul is the living identity of both principles, it is Spirit, and Spirit is in God. Were the identity of both principles as indissoluble as in God, there would be no distinction, that is to say, God would not be revealed as Spirit. That unity which in God is inseparable, must therefore in man be separable,—and this is the possibility of good and evil.*

Note. But the problem was—how to prove this distinction, *Unterschied;* and here it is assumed as a ground of proof! How exactly does this seem to resemble Schelling's own objection to Fichte? "It must be so."—"Why?"—"Because else my Theory would be false."—"Well! and what if it were?" In truth from p. 429 I find little but Behmenisms, which a reader must have previously understood in order to understand. And in the name of candour and common sense, where does this *Zertrennlichkeit* differ from the rejected *Vermögen zum Bösen,* involved in *dem freyen Vermögen zum Guten?* S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 438. *The Principle raised up out of the ground of Nature, through which man is separate from God, is the*

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selfness *in him, but which, through its unity with the ideal principle, becomes Spirit.*

Note. We will grant for a while, that the principle evolved or lifted up from this mysterious *Ground* of existence, which *is* and yet does not exist, is separate (*geschieden*) from God; yet how is it separate from the Ground itself? How is it individualized? Already the material *phænomenon* of partibility seems to have stolen in. And at last I cannot see what advantage in reason this representation, this form of symbol, has over the old more reverential distinction of the Divine Will, relatively to the End, from the same Will, relatively to the Means; the latter of which we term his Wisdom, and to the former appropriate the name of the Divine Will κατ' ἐμφασιν.

Schelling has more than once spoken of the necessity of a thorough study of Logic; and he has admitted that a logical work suited to the present state and necessities of scientific discipline does not exist. Would that he had prefixed to this work a canon of his own Logic, and, if he could, had taught us wherein his forms of thinking differ from the trans-realization of not Ideas alone, but more often—Abstractions and arbitrary general terms in Proclus! S. T. C.

Ibid. pp. 439-40. *Note.* It is difficult to conjecture what advantage Schelling proposed to himself in thus allegorizing, and yet so imperfectly. Whatever he might dream as to the hidden identity of darkness with the natural yearning, yet no one can avoid distinguishing day-light from the mere sense of day-light. In short, Light here means something: why not substitute that meaning? S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 442. *Note.* How can I explain Schelling's strange silence respecting Jacob Boehme? The identity of his system was exulted in by the Tiecks at Rome in 1805, to *me;* and these were Schelling's intimate friends. The coincidence in the expressions, illustrations, and even in the mystical obscurities, is too glaring to be solved by mere independent coincidence in thought and intention. Probably prudential motives restrain Schelling for a while; for I will not think that pride or a dishonest lurking desire to appear not only *an* original, but *the* original can have influenced a man of genius like Schelling. S. T. C.

Ibid. Quotation in a note. *An instructive illustration is here given by Fire (as wild, consuming, painful, glowing heat) in opposition to the so-named organic beneficent life-glow,*

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since here Fire and Water enter into a Ground (*of growth,*) *or a conjunction, whilst there they go out of one another in discord.*

Note. Water is the great Nurse and Mediatrix of all growth; an instrument of union—a marriage—of the comburent and combustible principles, oxygen and hydrogen. Fire, on the contrary, is the fierce combat of the two. This is better, as more accurate, than *Feuer und Wasser in Einem Grunde.* S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 445. *Leibnitz tries in every way to make it conceivable, how evil may arise out of a natural want or deficiency. The Will, says he, strives after the Good in general, and must desire Perfection, the highest measure of which is in God; but when it abides ensnared in the delights of the senses, with loss of higher goods, this very want of the counter-striving is the Privation, in which evil consists.*

Note. The modern English Unitarians contemplate the Deity as mere Mercy, or rather Goodnature, without reference to his Justice and Holiness; and to this Idol, the deification of a human passion, is their whole system confined. The Calvinists do the same with the Omnipotence of God with as little reference to his Wisdom and his Love. S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 449. *For the weakness or non-efficiency of the intelligent Principle may certainly be a ground of the want of good and virtuous actions, but not a ground of actions positively bad and contrary to virtue.*

Note. Why not, if the *inertia* be voluntary? Suppose Heat to be a moral agent and voluntarily to withdraw itself; would not the splitting of the vessel by the frozen water be a positive act? I find a confusion in Schelling of the visible with the conceivable. As well might I say, that when I tossed a child into the air, and wilfully did not catch it again—this, being a mere negation of motion, was no moral act. S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 452. *Note.* Schelling puzzles me for ever by his man *made up* of two separable principles; and yet he, (as a *tertium aliquid,*) *whose* and not *who* these principles are, has the free power of separating them. S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 455-6. *But there are in Nature accidental determinations, which are explicable only by an excitement of the irrational or dark principle of the creature that has taken place directly in the first creation—only by a* selfness *made*

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active (aktivirter Selbstheit.) *Whence in Nature, beside the preformed moral relationships, there are unmistakeable foretokens of Evil, although the power thereof has first been excited through man; whence* phænomena, *which, irrespectively of their being dangerous to man, excite a general natural abhorrence* (Abschen.) Note. *Thus the close connection, in which the imagination of all people, especially all fables and religions of the East, place the serpent with evil, is certainly not gratuitous or unmeaning.* Transl.

Note. But some have supposed this to be the ape. The ape is the very opposite of the serpent. The eel, the trout, the salmon, these excite no *Abschen.*

P. S. I doubt the truth of my own remark as to the eel and earthworm. S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 459. *Note.* Why not have quoted all this from Boehme, as an extract *raisonné?* But does the hypothesis, or *hypopoiesis* rather, explain the problem of evil? A nature —the ground, the *substratum,* of God, which is not *Er Selbst* God himself, but out of which God risen exists, and which yet is begotten by the self existent, and yet is evil, morally evil—and yet the cause and parent, yea the very essence of Freedom, without which, as antecedent, *das Böse* cannot be—what is all this? . . . . .

P. S. The bookbinder has docked my former notes; but I understand enough to find that my first impressions were the same as my present are, after repeated perusal, and too strong a prepossession. It is a mere day-dream, *somnium philosophans!* S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 462. *Note.* But where after all, is the *Evil* as contra-distinguished from calamity and imperfection? How does this solve the diversity, the essential difference between regret and remorse? How does it concur even with the idea of Freedom? I own I am disappointed, and that, with respect to the system, I remain in the same state, with the same hurrying dimly and partially light-shotten mists before my eyes, as when I read the same things for the first time in Jacob Boehme. S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 463. *Thence the universal necessity of sin and death, as the real destruction of all particularity* (Eigenheit,) *through which every human will must pass, as through fire, in order to be purified.* Transl.

Note. But is death to the wicked as to the better mortal? Shall we say that the redeemed die *to* the flesh, and therefore

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from it; but that the reprobate die *in* the flesh and therefore *with* it? S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 467. *For that is free which acts conformably to the laws of its own proper being, and is determined by nothing else, either within it or without it.* Transl.

Note. And is not this a confirmation of the old remark, that he who would *understand* Freedom, instead of knowing it by an act of Freedom, (the mystery in the mystery,) must either flee to Determinism *à priori* or *ab extra*,—or to Fatalism, or the necessity *ex essentia propria*. In either case how can we explain Remorse and Self-accusation other than as delusions, the necessity of which does not prove the necessity of knowing them to be delusions, and, consequently, renews the civil war between the Reason and the unconquerable Feeling, which it is the whole duty and promise of philosophy to reconcile? S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 468. *Man is in the original creation, as has been shewn, an undivided being (which may be mythically represented as a state of innocence and original blessedness anterior to this life): himself alone can divide himself. But this severance cannot take place in Time: it takes place out of all Time, and thence together with the first creation, although, as I find, distinct from it.* Transl.

Note. But this makes it fall in time. S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 469. Note. *So Luther in the Treatise* De Servo Arbitrio; *with justice, although he had not rightly conceived the union of such an unfailing necessity with the Freedom of actions.* Transl.

Note. Far better to have proved the possibility of Freedom, and to have left the mode untouched. The reality is sufficiently proved by the fact.

Ibid. *ibid. Note.* I still feel myself dissatisfied with the argument against Freedom derived from the influence of motives, *Vorstellungen*, &c. For are these things—and not rather mere general terms, signifying the mind determining itself? For what is a motive but a determining thought? and what is a thought but the mind acting on itself in some one direction? All that we want is to prove the possibility of Free-Will, or, what is really the same, a Will. Now this Kant had unanswerably proved by showing the distinction between *phænomena* and *noumena*, and by demonstrating that Time and Space are laws of the former only (*αἱ σύνθεσεις αἱ πρῶται τῆς αἰσθήσεως· ὁ χρόνος μὲν, ἡ*

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πρώτη καθ' ὅλον σύνθεσις τῆς αἰσθήσεως τῆς ἐσω· ὁ δὲ χῶρος, τῆς ἐξω.) and irrelative to the latter, to which class the Will must belong. In all cases of Sense the Reality proves the Possibility; but in this instance, (which must be unique if it be at all,) the proof of the Possibility only is wanting to effect the establishment of the Reality. Therefore I cannot but object to p. 468—*sie fällt ausser aller Zeit, und* daher *mit der* erster Schöpfung *zusammen.* (It takes place out of all Time and thence together with the first creation.) This has at least the appearance of a contradiction. S. T. C.

Ibid. pp. 469-70. *In the consciousness, so far as it is mere self-comprehension and ideal only, doubtless that free deed which comes to pass of necessity, cannot take place; since it precedes it as existence (the deed precedes consciousness as actually existent)—first makes it; yet is it not therefore no deed of which the human being can ever take cognizance; since he who in some way to excuse an unrighteous action, says, "Thus I am unalterably," is yet very well aware that he is thus through his own fault, however true it may be that it has been impossible for him to do otherwise.* Transl.

Note. I have long believed this; but surely it is no explanation beyond the simple idea of Free Will itself. S. T. C. (The remainder of this note is unfortunately lost.)

Ibid. p. 472. *And it is worthy of notice how Kant, who had not raised himself in theory to a transcendental fact determinant of all human existence, was led, in his later inquiries, through mere true observation of the phænomena of the moral judgment, to a recognition of a subjective, as he expresses it, ground of human actions, preceding every deed that occurs to the senses, which yet itself again must be an act of freedom.* Transl.

Note. But why this asserted superiority over Kant? Where is the proof,—where the probability, that by mere faithful observation he could arrive—(he alone of all other philosophers)—at this awful conclusion? Lastly, what has Schelling added to Kant's notion? S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 478. Here also is a note of Mr. C.'s partly obliterated, in which he exclaims, "How unfair is this, to attribute to Kant a slow motive-making process, separate by intervals of time. Most true, most reverently true is it that a Being imperfect does feel an awe as in the presence of a holier Self—*alter et idem*, where the I distinguishable through imperfection, &c." S. T. C.

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These remarks seem to be made in reference to those of Schelling aimed against *unsre Empfindungsphilosophen*, "our sensation-philosophers." "To be conscientious," he affirms, "is for a man to act according as he knows, and not contradict in his deeds the light of knowledge. He is not conscientious, who, in any case that occurs, must first hold up to himself the law of duty, in order to decide upon right doing through respect to the same. Religiosity, according to the meaning of the word, leaves no choice between things opposed—no *equilibrium arbitrii*, the bane of all morality, but only the highest decidedness for that which is right, to the utter exclusion of choice."

Ibid. p. 493. *Still the question recurs, does Evil end and how?—has Creation in general a final aim, and if this be so, why is this not reached immediately,—why is not Perfection even from the beginning? To this there is no answer but what is already given: because God is a Life, not merely a Being. But all Life has a destiny, and is subject to suffering and becoming. Even to this then has God, of his own free will, subjected Himself, when even at first, in order to become personal, He divided the Light world and the world of Darkness.* Transl.

Note. These are hard sayings. Is not the Father from all eternity the Living one? and *freywillig sich unterwerfen um persönlich zu werden!* (The rest is lost.) S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 495. *Its state therefore is a state of not-being, a state of the continual becoming-consumed of the activity*—(Verzehrtwerdens der Aktivität,) *or of that in it which strives to become active.* Transl.

Note. Then will not the darkness become again what it was before its union with the light, and of course the object of the same process repeated? Surely this has too much the appearance of subjecting the supersensual to the intuitions of the senses, and really looks like pushing in a thing merely to take it out again. And still the question returns—Why not this in the first place? What can the process have effected?

Ibid. p. 502. *Note.* It seems to me that this whole work pre-supposes Des Cartes' "*quod clare concepimus, verum est.*"

Philosophische Briefe über Dogmatismus und Criticismus Philosoph. Schrift.

P. 119. *Note.* I have made repeated efforts, and all in

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vain, to understand this first *Letter on Dogmatism and Criticism.* Substitute the World, *die Welt*, for a moral God, what do I gain *in der reinästhetischen Seite* more than in any other point of view? How can I combat or fight up against that which I myself am? Is not the very impulse to contend or to resist one of the links in the chain of necessary causes, which I am supposed to struggle against? If we are told that God is in us both to will and to do, that is, as the sole actual agent, how much more must this apply to the World, or Fate, or whatever other phantom we substitute. I say how much more, because upon the admission of a supersensual being, this may possibly be, and we therefore, from other reasons, do not doubt that it is really compatible with Free Will; but with a World-God this were a blank absurdity. *Der Gedanke mich der Welt entgegenzustellen,** not only *hat nichts grosses für mich,*† but seems mere pot-valiant nonsense, without the idea of a moral Power extrinsic to and above the World,—as much inconceivable by a sane mind, as that a single drop of the Falls of Niagara should fight up against the whole of the Cataract, of which itself is a minim!

How much more sublime, and, in other points of view, how infinitely more beautiful, even in respect of Taste or æsthetic judgment, is the Scriptural representation of the World as in enmity with God, and of the continual warfare, which calls forth every energy, both of act and of endurance, from the necessary vividness of worldly impressions, and the sensuous dimness of Faith, in the first struggles! Were the impulses and impresses from the faith in God equally vivid, as the sensuous *stimuli*, then indeed all combat must cease, —and we should have Hallelujahs for Tragedies and Statues. S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 122. *Note.* I cannot see the force of any of these arguments. By theoretic, as opposed to practical Reason, Kant never meant two *Persons* or *Beings;* but only that what we could not *prove* by one train of argument, we might by another, in proportion to the purposes of knowledge. I cannot theoretically *demonstrate* the existence of God, as a moral Creatour and Governour, but I can theoretically adduce a multitude of inducements so strong as to be

* The thought of opposing myself to the world.

† Has nothing great for me.

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all but absolute demonstration; and I can demonstrate that not a word of sense ever was, or ever can be, brought against it. In this stage of the argument my conscience, with its categorical command, comes in and proves it to be my duty to *chuse* to believe in a God—there being no obstacle to my power so to chuse. With what consistency then can Schelling contend, that the same mind, having on these grounds fixed its belief in a God, can then make its former speculative infirmities, as applied to the idea of God, a pretext for turning back to disbelieve it?

Ibid. pp. 123-4. *With what law would you reach unto that Will? With the moral law itself? This is just what we ask, how you arrive at the persuasion that the Will of that Being is agreeable to this law? It would be the shortest way to declare that Being himself the author of the Moral Law. But this is contrary to the spirit and letter of your philosophy. Or must the Moral Law exist independently of all Will? Then we are in the domain of Fatalism; for a law, which is not to be explained by any Being that exists independently of it, which rules over the highest power as well as over the least, has no sanction, save that of necessity.* Transl.

Note. Just as well might Schelling have asked concerning the Wisdom or any other attribute of God—and if we answered, they were essential,—that is God himself,—then object, that this was Fatalism. The proper answer is, that God is the originator of the Moral Law; but not *per arbitrium*, (*Willkühr*), but because he is essentially wise and holy and good—rather, Wisdom, Holiness, and Love. S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 142. *It is indeed no such uncommon case in human life, that one takes the prospect of a future possession itself.* Transl.

Note. Is there not some omission of the press here—that is *für den Besitz* after *Besitz*,—that we take the *look out* on a future possession for the possession itself? S. T. C.

Ibid. 152. (In a note.) *It is remarkable enough that language has distinguished so precisely between the Real,*—dem Wirklichen (*that which is present in the sensation or perception, which acts on me and whereon I react,*) *the Actually Existing*, dem Daseyenden, (*which, in general, is there present in Space and Time,*) *and Being*, dem Seyenden, *which is, through itself, quite independently of all conditions of Time.* Transl.

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Note. But how can we know that anything is, except so far as it works on or in us; and what is that but Existence? Answer:—The means, by which we arrive at the consciousness of an idea, are not the idea itself. S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 175. *Note.* It is clear to me that both Schelling and Fichte impose upon themselves the scheme of an expanding surface, and call it Freedom. I should say,—where absolute Freedom is, there must be absolute Power, and therefore the Freedom and the Power are mutually intuitive. Strange that Fichte and Schelling both hold that the very object, which is the condition of Self-consciousness, is nothing but the Self itself by an act of free Self-limitation.

P. S. The above I wrote a year ago; but the more I reflect, the more convinced am I of the gross materialism, which lies under the whole system. It all arises from the duplicity of human nature, or rather perhaps the triplicity. *Homo animal triplex.* The facts stated are mere sensations, the *corpus mortuum* of the volatilized memory. S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 177. *Perhaps I should remind them of Lessing's confession, that with the idea of an infinite Existence he connected a representation of an infinitely tedious duration of Time, which was to him torment and misery; or even of that blasphemous exclamation: "I would not for all the world be (eternally) blessed."* Transl.

Note. Surely this is childish,—a mere confusion of Space with Intensity, of Time with Eternity. I cannot think that by the word "adequate" Spinoza meant "commensurate," but simply "immediate."

Abhandlungen zur Erläuterung des Idealismus der Wißenschaftslehre. Philosoph. Schrift.

P. 219. *I have sometimes heard the question asked, how it was possible, that so absurd a system, as that of the so-named Critical Philosopher should—not merely enter any human being's head—but take up it's abode there.* Transl.

Note. I cannot see the mystery. The man who is persuaded of the being of himself, *seines Ichs*, as a thing in itself, and that the bodily symbols of it are *phænomena, Erscheinungen*, by which it manifests its being to itself and others, easily, however unreasonably, conceives all other *phænomena* as manifestations of other consciousnesses—as unseen, yet actually separate, powers, or *Ichs*, or monads. S. T. C.

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Ibid. p. 221. *It is evident, that not only the possibility of a representation of outward things in us, but the necessity of the same must be explained. Further, not only, how we become conscious of a representation, but also why on this very account we are under the necessity of referring it to an outward object.* Transl.

Note. I cannot comprehend how it should be more difficult to assume a faculty of perception than of sensation, that is of self-perception.

Ibid. p. 224. *Now that which is an object (originally,) is, as such, necessarily finite. As then the spirit is not originally an object, it cannot according to its nature be originally finite.* Transl.

Note. That the Spirit is, in the modified sense here stated, infinite, may be proved by other reasons; but this is surely a strange twist of logic. If all Finites were necessarily objects, then indeed the Spirit, as far as it is no object, might be infinite. But that it *is* therefore infinite, by no means follows. The Finite may be the common predicate of both —of the one essentially, of the other by the will of the Creator. S. T. C.

Ibid. pp. 228-9. *We cannot abstract from the product of the intuition without acting freely, that is without freely repeating the original mode of action (of the Spirit) in the intuition, &c. &c. Now first through our abstracting the product of our action becomes an object.* Transl.

Note. In spite of Schelling's contempt of psychology, the fact of outness is more clearly stated in psychology, as dependent on vividness. In a fever, yet retaining our understanding, we see objects as outward, yet well know that they are not real. S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 237. *In the first place, the whole hypothesis, (for more it is not), will explain nothing, for this reason, that, putting it at the highest, it does but make an impression on our receptivity conceivable, but not that we behold a real object. But no man will deny, that we not merely perceive, (have a feeling of,*—empfinden,) *the outward object, but that we have an intuition of it. According to this hypothesis, we should never get further than the impression: for, though it be said that the impression is first referred to the outward object (as its cause), and that thereby arises the representation of the latter, it is not recollected that on occasion of the intuition, we are conscious of no such act, no*

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such going forth from ourselves, no such opposition and relationship; also that the certainty of the presence of an object, (which yet must be something distinct from the impression,) cannot rest on so uncertain a conclusion. In any case, therefore, the intuition must at least be considered as a free act, even though one that is occasioned by the impression. Transl.

Note. This is, methinks, all very weak. The Realist may surely affirm that an impression of a given force is what we call an object, as Schelling affirms, that the mere self-excitation of our own self-directed operations are what we mean by objects.

I always thought one of the difficulties attending the notion of cause was its co-instanteity with the effect. The heat and the fire for instance. In all things, the effect is the presence of some other thing than the cause. S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 239. *In fine between the cause and its effect, continuity holds good, not only according to Time, but according to Space also.* Transl.

Kant, justifying the logical possibility of attraction, as a cause acting at a distance, has shewn the sophistry of this assertion in his *Vermischte Schriften*, and Schelling himself adopts and confirms the argument of Kant in his *System des Transcendentalen Idealismus*. S. T. C.

Notes written in Schelling's System des Transc. Id. *on or before the title page.*

Berkeley's scheme is merely an evolution of the positions —All perception is reducible to sensation, and All sensation is exclusively *subjective* (He who feels, feels *himself*).— *Ergo*, all Perception is merely subjective ("*Perceptum*= *percipi*: or *Dum percipitur, est.* The *principium cognoscendi* is raised into the *principium essendi.*) Now I should commence my reply to Berkeley by denying both positions—or, (what is tantamount,) the second. Sensation, I would say, is never merely subjective, but ought to be classed as a *minimum* or lower degree of Perception. Sensation, I assert, is not exclusively subjective, but of all the *known* syntheses of Subject + Object it is the least objective; but for that reason still objective—or, (to express my position in a somewhat more popular form), Sensation is Perception within the narrowest sphere. But, this admitted, Berkeleyanism falls at once. Now the facts of zoology are all in favour of my position, and the whole class of *Protozoa* so many in-

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stances of its Truth. Nay, as Extremes meet, Sensation, in its first manifestation, is eminently *objective*. The light, warmth, and surrounding fluid are the brain and nerves of the polyp: even as the true Objective (the corporeal world as it is) exists only *subjectively*, that is, in the *mind* of the philosopher, while the true Subjective, (that is, the appearances resulting from the position and mechanism of the Percipient,) exists for our common consciousness only as independent and pure *Object*. S. T. C.

Ib. pp. 15, 16. *But with these two problems we see ourselves entangled in a contradiction. According to B. there is demanded a dominion of Thought (of the Ideal) over the world of sense: but how is such a dominion conceivable, when (according to A.) the representation, in its origin, is the mere slave of the Objective? Conversely, if the real world is something quite independent of us, according to which, as its archetype, our Representation (according to A.) must regulate itself, then it is inconceivable, how on the other hand the real world can regulate itself according to Representations in us. In a word, the practical certainty is lost to us by reason of the theoretical, the theoretical through the practical; it is impossible that there should be at the same time Truth in our Knowledge, and Reality in our will.* Transl.

Note. Written at the end of the volume.

Ye Gods, annihilate both Space and Time, and then this paragraph may become cogent logic. But as it is, one might with equal plausibility from the fact of one man's lying on his back deduce the incompossibility of another man's standing on his feet; or from the incompossibility of both positions in the same man at the same time infer the impossibility of both positions successively. Besides the *antitheta* are not adequate opposites, much less contraries. A wheel presented to me generates, without apparent materials, the image of the wheel in my mind. Now if the preconception of a wheel in the artist's mind generated in like manner a corporeal wheel in outward space, or even in a mass of timber, then indeed, (though even so I can see no contradiction in the two hypotheses,) a problem would arise of which the equality or sameness of kind in the two generators might be the most natural solution. Yet even here there is a flaw in the antithesis: for, to make it perfectly correspondent, the mass of wood ought to generate the image, wheel. Where is the inconsistency between the reality (i.e. actual realizing

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power) of the Will in respect of the relative position of objects, and the reality of the objects themselves independent of the position? Is the marble of a statue less really marble than the marble in the quarry? What after all does the problem amount to more than the fact, that the Will is a *vis motrix*, and the mind a *directive* power at one moment and in relation to the Will, and a Re- or Per-cipient in relation to objects moving or at rest? Schelling seems at once to deny and yet suppose the objectivity—and on no other grounds than that he commences by giving objectivity to abstractions. A acting he calls Will; the same A acted on he calls *Truth;* and then, because acting and being acted on, are Antitheses or *opposite* States, he first turns them into *contrary things*, and then transfers this contrariety to the subject A. That A acts on B, and is itself acted on by C, is a fact, to *the How?* respecting which I may have no other answer than *Nescio:* but that my ignorance as to *the How?* makes any contradiction in the Fact, I can by no means admit, any more than that a mail coach moving ten miles an hour upon the road contradicts the fact of the same standing in a coach house the night following. S. T. C.

Written at the beginning of the volume.

Pp. 15, 16. § C. The remarks on the blank leaves at the end of this volume are, I still think, valid: so far that all Schelling's "contradictions" are reducible to the one difficulty of comprehending the co-existence of the Attributes, *Agere et Pati*, in the same subject, and that the difficulty is diminished rather than increased by the Facts of human *Art*, in which the *Pati* and the *Agere* take place in different relations and at different moments. Likewise that Schelling's position of Opposites, viz. Nature and Intelligence as the same with Object and Subject, already supposes Plurality, and this being supposed, the whole hypothesis becomes *arbitrary*, for the conception of Plurality once admitted, Object and Subject become mere relative terms, and no reason can be assigned why each existent should not be both Object and Subject. But if he begins at the beginning, then the objection applies—viz. that Schelling arbitrarily substantiates attributes. For, in the very act of opposing A to B, he supposes an X common to both, viz. Being, *οὐσία*; but this given, there is no necessary reason, why Objectivity and Subjectivity should not both be predicable of both—so namely that the Subject B

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is an Object to the Subject A, and the Subject A an Object to the Subject B; as in the instance of a lover and his mistress gazing at each other. Finally it is a suspicious Logic when no answer can be given to the question, "What do you mean? *Give me an instance.*" The fact is, that every instance, Schelling would have brought, would simply give an object as the base of the Subject; and his *bewusste Thätigheit ohne Bewusstseyn* I do not understand. At least if he mean the Will, it is a strange way of expressing himself; and at all events he should have previously explained the distinction between primary consciousness, ceasing on the coincidence of O. with S.—and the secondary, or consciousness of having been conscious, which is memory. It would be well to shew, how much better Schelling's meaning might have been given in simple common-life words. S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 17. This argument grounds itself on the assertion "*es ist allerdings eine productive Thätigheit, welche im Wollen sich äussert,*" in the very same sense of the word "productive," in which Nature "*im produciren der Welt productiv sey:*" only that the one is "*mit*" the other "*ohne Bewusstseyn productiv.*" Now this is merely *asserted*. I deny it, and for the reasons above stated. S. T. C.—i.e. at this moment. A book I value, I reason and quarrel with as with myself when I am reasoning. S. T. C.

P. S. Add to this, one scruple which always attacks my mind when I read Schelling or Fichte. Does Perception imply a greater mystery, or less justify a postulate, than the act of Self-consciousness, that is, Self-perception? Let Perception be demanded as an Act Specific of the mind, and how many of the grounds of Idealism become 0=0!

No! I am wrong. For grant this mysterious Perception, yet ask yourself *what* you perceive and a contradiction ensues. (*The rest lost.* S. C.) S. T. C.

Transc. Id. last paragraph of p. 40-1. *How we, in respect of those positions, in which a wholly heterogeneous Objective falls in with a Subjective—(and this takes place in every synthetical judgment A=B;* the Predicate, the conception here always represents the Subjective, the Subject the Objective) *—can arrive at certainty, is inconceivable.* Transl.

Note. It seems to me that the Logician *proceeds from* the principles of Identity, Alterity and Multëity or Plurality, as already known:—that the Logical *I* attributes its own Subjectivity to whatever really *is*, and takes for granted that a

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Not-he really is—and that it is a *Subject;* and this he proceeds to make objective for himself by the predicate. N.B. It does not follow, that the Logical *I* attributes its Egöity, as well as its Subjectivity, to the *not*-itself, as far as it *is*.

In other words the Logical *I* seems to me to represent the individual I, which must indeed be this or that or some other, but without determining which it is—individuality, or singularity, *in genere*, as when we say, every man is *an* individual.

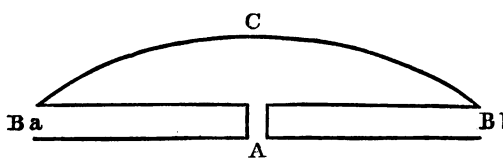
In the position, "Greeks are handsome," Schelling says, the *Subject* "Greeks" represents the Object,—the Predicate "handsome," the Subjective. Now I would say "Greeks" is a Subject assumed by apposition with myself as a Subject. Now this Subject I render objective for myself by the Predicate. By becoming objective it does not cease to be a Subject.

It follows of course that I look on Logic as essentially empirical in its pre-conditions and postulates, and *posterior* to Metaphysics; unless you would name these the higher Logic.

N. B. The following remarks apply merely to the Logical form, not to the Substance of Schelling's Philosophy.

Schelling finds the necessity of splitting, not alone Philosophy, but the Philosopher, twy-personal, at two several gates.

This system may be represented by a straight road from B a to B b.



with a gate at A, the massive door of which is barred on both sides: so that when he arrives at A from B a, he must return back, and go round by C to B b, in order to reach the same point from that direction.

Now I appear to myself to obviate this inconvenience by simply reversing the assumption that Perception is a species, of which Sensation is the genus, or that Perception is only a more finely organized Sensation. With me, Perception is the *essentia prima*, and Sensation *perceptio unius;* while Perception so called is *perceptio plurium simultanea.* Or

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thus: single Intuition is Sensation, comparative and complex Intuition, Perception. The consequences of this position are wide and endless. S. T. C.

The whole difficulty lies in the co-existence of *Agere et Pati* as Predicates of the same subject. S. T. C.

(*Written on a blank page before the title page of the* Transfc. Id. S. C.)

P. 54, and then pp. 59-62. The *Spinozism* of Schelling's system first betrays itself; though the very comparison *des reinen Ichs zum geometrischen Raume* ought, by its inadequacy and only partial fitness, to have rescued him. *Im Raume* the *materia* and the limiting power are diverse. S. T. C.

Ibid. p. 118. (*As I fear that these notes on the* Transfc. Id. *will scarcely interest or be intelligible to any but readers of that work, I do not give the long passage to which the following refers.* S. C.)

But why, if there are many *Ichheiten*, should *not* No. 1 I act on No. 2 I? If *I* act on itself, it is acted on, therefore actible on by an *I*. But to assert that it can be acted on by this and no other incomprehensibly-determined-in-its-comprehensible-determinateness-I, is *to assert*, and no more. In short, the Attributes of the Absolute Synthesis, the *I AM in that I AM*, are falsely transferred to the *I AM in that God is*.

Aye, replies Schelling, this would be *secundum principium essendi;* but I speak only *secundum principium sciendi.*

True, I rejoin, but you assert that the two Principles are one; p. 18. l. 17-18.* What is this but to admit that the *I itself*, even in its absolute synthesis, supposes an already perfected Intelligence, as the ground of the possibility of its existing as it does exist? And what is Schelling's *Begräuztheit überhaupt* but the *allgemeinerte* abstraction from the *bestimmten Begräuztheiten*—a mere *ens logicum*, like motion, form, colour, &c.? S. T. C.

Note written in Schelling's *Syst. des Transfc. Id.* p. 121. above the section headed—*Problem: to explain how* the I *beholds itself as perceptive.* Transl.

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* *The two things taken together, that the defined Limitation cannot be defined through the Limitation in general, and yet that it arises at the same time with this, and through one Act, makes that it is the Incomprehensible and Inexplicable of Philosophy.* Transl.

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I more and more see the arbitrariness and inconveniences of using the same term, *Anschauen*, for the productive and the contemplative Acts of the Intelligential Will, which Schelling calls *das Ich*. If *this** were true, *the I* could never become self-conscious: for the same impossibility for the same reason will recur in the second act—and so in fact it is. We can no more pass without a *saltus* from mere Sensation to Perception, than from marble to Sensation.

Whether it is better to assume Sensation as a *minimum* of Perception, or to take them as originally diverse, and to contend, that in all Sensation a minor grade of Perception is comprised, deserves consideration. S. T. C.

Transfc. Id. pp. 259-60. *Since then Intelligence beholds the evolution of the Universe, so far as it falls within its view* (Anschauung), *in an organization, it must consequently behold the same as identical with itself.*

Whether from acquired habit or no, I do not, and seem to myself never to have, regarded my body as identical with myself, my brain any more than my nails or hair, or my eyes than a pair of spectacles. S. T. C.

A few other notes of Mr. C. on Schelling have become partly illegible, or are too much interwoven with the text to be given here. S. C.

On a treatise in the *Jahrbücher der Medicin als Wissenschaft*, entitled *Grundsätze zu einer künftigen Seelenlehre*, Ground-positions for a future Doctrine of the Soul,—Mr. Coleridge writes thus:

Never surely was work written so utterly unsatisfactory for both head and heart. What *we* are or are to be; what the I is, is not even spoken of. But we are gravely told in the last paragraph, that, if we act virtuously, the soul will remember a something of which *we*, while there was a We, had been likewise conscious: while our brother Nothings, who had not been virtuous, would be forgotten by this Soul!!—though how this unconscious Soul can be said to *forget* what, according to this hypothesis, she never knew anything at all about, I cannot even conjecture. And what is the basis of the whole system?—mere *Ipse dixits* grounded on the mere

* This Intuition, (*Anschauen,*) is an Activity, but *the I* cannot at once behold, and behold itself, as beholding, (*anschauen, und sich anschauen, als anschauend.*) Ib. p. 121. Transl.

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assumptions of the scheme of dead mechanical emanation. S. T. C.

At the end of Schelling's Denkmal der Schrift von den göttlichen Dingen, &c. des Herrn Friedr. Heinr. Jacobi, *Mr. Coleridge has written:*

Spite of all the superiour airs of the *Natur-Philosophen*, I confess that, in the perusal of Kant, I breathe the free air of Good Sense and Logical Understanding with the light of Reason shining in it and through it; while in the Physics of Schelling I am amused with happy conjectures, and in his Theology am bewildered by positions, which, in their first sense are transcendental (*über fliegend*), in their literal sense scandalous. S. T. C.

In the blank page at the beginning Mr. Coleridge, after speaking of Schelling's great genius and intellectual vigour, objects to his "exaltation of the Understanding over the Reason." "What understanding?" he says, "That of which Jacobi had spoken? No such thing! but an Understanding *enlightened*;—in other words, the whole Man spiritually regenerated. There is doubtless much true and acute observation on the indefiniteness, the golden mists of Jacobi's scheme; but it is so steeped in gall as to repel one from it. And then the Fancy is unlithesome and wooden, jointed in the wilful open-eyed dream—and the wit, the would be smile, sardonic throughout. Dry humour with a vengeance." S. T. C.

On a margin of Schelling's *Philosophie und Religion*, in which the author contends with a work of Eschenmeyer's, the aim of which is to reintegrate Philosophy with Faith, at p. 7, Mr. C. writes:

Whatever St. Paul, (the Apostle to and through the Understanding) may have done, yet Christ and John use the word *Faith* not as Eschenmeyer, &c. but as a *total energy* of the moral and intellectual being, destitute of all antithesis. S. T. C.

On p. 5 Mr. Coleridge writes:

Here we have strikingly exemplified the ill effects of ambiguous (i. e. double meaning) words even on highest minds. The whole dispute between Schelling and Eschenmeyer arises out of this, that what Eschenmeyer asserts of *Faith* (the fealty of the partial faculty, even of Reason itself, as merely speculative, to the *focal* energy, i.e. Reason + Will + Understanding = Spirit) Schelling understands of

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Belief, i. e. the substitution of the Will + Imagination + Sensibility for the Reason. S. T. C.

Philosophy and Religion, pp. 21-2.

If I do not deceive myself, the truth, which Schelling here *toils* in and after, like the moon in the scud and cloudage of a breezy November night, is more intelligibly and adequately presented in my scheme or Tetraxy.

1. Absolute Prothesis.

WILL absolutely and essentially causative of Reality. Therefore

2. Absolute Thesis

of its own reality. *Mens-Pater.* But the absolute Will self-realized is still absolutely creative of Reality. It has all Reality in itself; but it must likewise have all Reality in another. That is, all eternal relations are included in all Reality, and here there can be no difference but of *relation*, but this must be a real relation.

3. Absolute Antithesis.

But the absolute of *Mens* is *Idea, absoluta adæquata*, Deus Filius.

But where Alterity exists without difference of Attribute, the Father beholdeth himself in the only-begotten Son, and the Son acknowledgeth the Father in himself, an *Act* of absolute Unity is given, proceeding from the Father into the Son, from the Son into the Father—*περιχώρησις, processio intercircularis.*

4. Absolute Synthesis, Love, *Deus Spiritus.*

From the beginning I avoid the false opposition of Real and Ideal, which embarrasses Schelling. Idea with me is contradistinguished only from conception, notion, construction, impression, sensation. S. T. C.

The *Jahrbücher der Medicin als Wissenschaft* and the *Zeitschrift der Spekulative Physik*, edited by Schelling, contain writings by a disciple of his, Dr. Steffens. On pp. 21-2 of a Review by Steffens of the later natural-philosophical writings of the Editor in the latter, Mr. Coleridge says:

The clear-headed perspicuous Steffens, whom I love and honour with heart and head, could not but feel the obscurity and limping of Schelling's theory of warmth, or the groundwork at least of the promised theory, as given in his *Einleitung:* and nothing but his reverential sense of Schelling's genius, would, I am persuaded, have influenced him to adopt so implicitly his great master's dynamico-atomistic assump-

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tion of Simple Actions. As to Warmth, far more beautiful is Steffens's own doctrine, who regards it as the Indifference between Light and Gravity. And yet there must be a lower form of Light and Warmth, in which they stand in antagonism. Why not thus? Let the highest product of Light (n.b. not as the universal Antithesis to Gravity, including the power of sound, &c., but) as *Lux phænomenon* or Light commonly so called, be the outward pole or correspondent Excitant of Organization. A lower will be a chemical, or chemico-mechanical stuff, embodying the chemical powers of contraction, as Oxygen,—while the Warmth will appear as the dilation in Hydrogen, the substance or magnetic product with which the one is combined and made latent being the metal y, the stuff representative of — Magnetism, and the other the metal x, the stuff representative of + Magnetism, not improbably Nitrogen itself. The order would be thus:

Lux phænomenon.	Caloric.
— Electricity.	+ Electricity.
Oxygen.	Hydrogen.
Functions.	Functions.
1. Distinction.	1. Diffusion.
2. Contraction.	2. Dilation.
3. Fixation.†	3. Vis fluidifica.‡

† i.e. When it acts on a Fluid,—for a Fluid is that which has no distinguishable parts: the oxygen acts therefore on the whole as at all and one. But for the same reason, when it acts on a Solid (= *rectius*, Rigid) it exerts the same fixive power by causing a retraction of each particle in upon itself, as it were, and thus produces the phænomenon of pulverization or multëity, and the quality of positive hardness. The power exerted is the same in both, and differenced only by the subjects.

‡ Hydrogen. *Fluidum fluidissimum aëreum quidem propter levitatem ejus relativam, haud vero* aer. *An* Air.

Jahrbücher der Med. Dritt. Band, zweyt Heft. *Ueber die Vegetation* von H. Steffens. P. 197.

Thou askest how we presume to say anything about vegetation, without having spoken on the nature of light. Hast thou seen it, or is it not seeing itself? Steff. Transl.

There is a quackery in passages like these, very unpleasant

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to my feelings. This μετάβασις εἰς ἄλλο γένος without notice! *Du frägst*:—What do I ask?—or concerning what? Light as an object—that somewhat, in the absence of which vegetables *blanch*, &c. And Steffens answers me as if we had been conversing of *subjective* Light—and asks me, is it not the same as Light! Is not its *esse* in the *videre*? I see a herring,—I see milk,—I slice the fresh herring lengthways and suspend the slips in a clear phial of milk,—all this is *seeing*. But in an hour or two I see the phial shining, I see a luminous apparition, and, if I darken the room, I can see other things by it within the sphere of a foot. Now it is *this*, we were talking of: and what sense is there in saying: *Ist es nicht das Sehen selbst*? S. T. C.

At the end of some remarks on a treatise by Franz Baader *Ueber Starres und Fliessendes*, immediately following that of Steffens on Vegetation, Mr. Coleridge says:

The word matter, *materia*, ὕλη, is among the most obscure and unfixed in the whole nomenclature of metaphysics, and I am afraid that the knot must be cut, i. e. a fixed meaning must be arbitrarily imposed on the word, as I have done in defining

Matter as mere *videri* ⨯ (opposed to) spirit as *quod agit et non apparet*, the synthesis being body. At all events I would have preferred the terms Quantity and Quality: thus: *Materia* + *Spiritus* = *Corpus*. *Ergo Materia* est *in corpore*: *spiritus agit* per *Corpus*. Matter and Spirit are Body: then Spirit (2) re-emerges in moments, as a property or function of Body, but *in omni tempore* and as the whole *per totalitatem immamentem*—it is Quality—*Spiritus potentialis*. Again *Materia ens in corpore* = Quantity. S. T. C.

Note A. a. p. 28.

IT has been thought that this epigram was suggested by one in a book called *Terræ-Filius*, or The secret History of the University of Oxford, London, 1726. I give the older epigram, though I think its paternal relationship to the later one by no means clear on internal evidence, and know not that my father ever saw the volume which contains it.

Upon some verses of Father William.

"Thy verses are *immortal*, O! my friend,
For he who reads them, reads them *to no end*."

No. xxvi. vol. i. p. 142.

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Note A. b. p. 59.

PREFIXED to the works of Cowley is an Account of his Life and Writings by T. Sprat, afterwards Bishop of Rochester. Mr. Coleridge alludes to his suppression of Cowley's letters, on which subject Sprat says: "The truth is, the letters that pass between particular friends, if they are written as they ought to be, can scarce ever be fit to see the light. They should not consist of fulsome compliments, or tedious polities, or elaborate elegancies, or general fancies, but they should have a native clearness and shortness, a domestical plainness, and a peculiar kind of familiarity, which can only affect the humour of those to whom they were intended. The very same passages, which make writings of this nature delightful amongst friends, will lose all manner of taste, when they come to be read by those that are indifferent. In such letters the souls of men should appear undressed: and in that negligent habit, they may be fit to be seen by one or two in a chamber, but not to go abroad into the streets."

There are many very delightful domestic letters, which are quite unfit for publication; and on the other hand many letters fit for the public eye have been written to friends; as those of Cowper. In general it may be said that men of genius, especially if their intellectual powers have been cultivated, are apt to rise above mere home wit and wisdom even when they are speaking of home matters; they seldom treat details and particulars merely as such, but quickly bring them into the light of principles and general truths, and even in their chamber are fit to go abroad into the streets,—nay fitter sometimes than if they had dressed themselves for a public entertainment. Few will agree with Sprat that "*nothing* of this nature should be published," though care should be taken to publish nothing which really answers to his description in suiting only "the humour of those for whom it was intended." "Fulsome compliments and tedious polities" are fit neither for private nor public perusal. S. C.

Note A. c. p. 60.

THE illustration of St. Nepomuc occurs in Richter's *Blumen-Frucht-und-Dornen-Stücke* (Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces) chap. v. The author says "Since the tasters," (critics or reviewers,) "seldom write books themselves,

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they have the more leisure for looking over and valuing those of others; occasionally indeed they write bad ones, and therefore know immediately the look of a bad book when one comes in their way." (Noel's Transl. p. 135.) They know the *look* of it certainly; they recognise in it the old familiar features, and conceive an affection for it at first sight. But they are far from knowing or declaring it to be *bad*. The same delusion that led them to write bad books under the impression that they were writing good ones, attends them when they enter upon the office of critic, and then they mistake bad for good and good for bad; but doubtless the remembrance that they themselves have been condemned as writers makes them eager to find writers whom they may condemn in their turn; as boys at school, though they cannot retaliate upon their tormentors, yet feel it a compensation to inflict upon others what has been inflicted on them. But, as Mr. Carlyle says, "all flesh, and reviewer-flesh too, is fallible and pardonable;" and they who have suffered from reviewers, though their depositions may be heard in evidence, are not to pronounce the final judgment on their merits and demerits. S. C.

Note A. d. p. 96.

SINCE this was printed, being assured by a friend that the story contained in the author's note at p. 96, is told in one of Jeremy Taylor's Sermons, I sought again and found it in Sermon XII. of the Twenty-seven preached at Golden Grove, entitled The Mercy of the Divine Judgments; or, God's method in curing sinners. But either Mr. Coleridge has added to the passage given by him as a quotation, as well as slightly altered it, or he must have found the story with a different comment in some other place. The words of Taylor are these: "St. Lewis the king having sent Ivo, Bishop of Chartres, on an embassy, the bishop met a woman on the way, grave, sad, fantastic, and melancholic, with fire in one hand, and water in the other. He asked what those symbols meant. She answered, My purpose is with fire to burn paradise, and with my water to quench the flames of hell, that men may serve God without the incentives of hope and fear, and purely for the love of God." He then proceeds "But this woman began at the wrong end," &c. S. C.

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Note A. p. 107.

AFTER the chapters which treat of Association of Ideas in this volume were printed I met with the following remarks in The Life and Correspondence of David Hume, a new publication by J. H. Burton, Esq. Advocate. The author quotes the passage in the B. L. concerning Hume's probable obligations to Aquinas,—then Sir J. M.'s explanation, which disposes of the external evidence undoubtedly: then proceeds to say:

"With regard to the internal evidence, the passage of Aquinas particularly referred to, which will be found below,* refers to memory, not imagination, to the recall of images in the relation to each other in which they have once had a place in the mind, not to the formation of new associations, or aggregates of ideas there; nor will it bring the theories to an identity, that, according to Hume's doctrine, nothing can be recalled in the mind unless its elements have already been deposited there in the form of ideas, because the observations of Aquinas apply altogether to the reminiscence of aggregate objects."

Neither Maasz nor Coleridge could have been unaware, that both text and commentary relate to Memory and Recollection. But what is Memory? Stewart, so distinguished for psychological analysis, tells us, that the word "always expresses some modification of that faculty, which enables us to treasure up, and preserve for future use, the knowledge we acquire."† Locke says, "this laying up of our ideas in the repository of the Memory signifies no more but this, that the mind has a power in many cases to revive perceptions

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* *Quandoque reminiscitur aliquis incipiens ab aliqua re, cujus memoratur, a qua procedit ad aliam triplici ratione. Quandoque quidem ratione similitudinis, sicut quando aliquis memoratur de Socrate, et per hoc occurrit ei Plato, qui est similis ei in sapientia; quandoque vero ratione contrarietatis, sicut si aliquis memoretur Hectoris, et per hoc occurrit ei Achilles. Quandoque vero ratione propinquitatis cujuscumque, sicut cum aliquis memor est patris, et per hoc occurrit ei filius. Et eadem ratio est de quacumque alia propinquitate, vel societatis, vel loci, vel temporis, et propter hoc fit reminiscentia, quia motus horum se invicem consequuntur.* Commentary *Lectio* V. b. p. 26. Antw. Edit. 1612.

† Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind. chap. vi. s. 1. p. 306.

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which it has once had, with this additional perception annexed to them, that it has had them before."*

Memory then, as commonly understood, is the faculty of preserving and recalling mental representations, together with the consciousness that they have been presented to the mind before: and in this sense it is obviously a mode of the Imagination, which is in general "the faculty of representing an object without the presence of it in the intuition;" although likewise a modification of the Judgment, inasmuch as it judges of present thoughts and images that they are the same as past ones. Maasz observes indeed that, strictly taken, Memory is simply the power of perceiving this identity of present with past representations, which Hobbes calls a "mixt sense, but internal;" but that, since this presupposes the recalling of former ones, and we may add, the retaining them to be recalled, the common use of speech makes a *quid pro quo* and ascribes the latter also to Memory.† Now it is certainly the broad popular sense of Memory which Aristotle and Aquinas treat of; in which sense it belongs in part to Imagination; and surely the principle whereby we recall ideas and preserve them in a certain order is the same as the general principle of the association of ideas, though Aristotle does not expressly say this because his object did not require it. "The observations of Aquinas apply to the reminiscence of aggregate objects."—True—but do they not at the same time shew how the objects came to be aggregated? *Causa autem reminiscendi*, says Aquinas, *est ordo motuum qui relinquuntur in anima ex prima impressione ejus, quod primo apprehendimus.*‡ The process of recollection depends on the order of the motions left in the mind from the first impression; and Aquinas, after Aristotle, states the law of that order, though only, as Sir J. Mackintosh observes, for the sake of explaining recollection. The objects are strung together, like beads, upon the string of propinquity or relationship; in reminiscence we lay hold of the string, and follow it with the hand, till we arrive at the particular bead which we wish to bring close to the eye. Mr. Burton says that "the scope of Aquinas's remarks has more reference to mnemonics or artificial memory than to association." But since artificial memory depends wholly upon associa-

* Hum. Understand. b. 11. cap. x. s. 2.
† *Versuch der Einbildungskraft*, pp. 16-17.
‡ Commentary, *Lectio* V. a. p. 26.

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tion, and association itself also depends on memory—(for we could not connect any one mental presentation with another if we could not *preserve* those we have once had and distinguish them from such as are immediately present;)—Aquinas could not well refer to the principles of the one without indicating the law of the other. Memory comes into act only in conjunction with other powers of the mind; its relation to phantasy or imagination is implied by Hobbes in his Human Nature, chap. iii. and it is plainly stated by Aristotle *De Memoria*, cap. i. *Τί μὲν οὖν ἐστι μνήμη καὶ τὸ μνημονεύειν εἴρηται, ὅτι φαντάσματος, ὡς εἰκόνος οὗ φάντασμα, ἕξις.* "What then memory and to remember is, hath been said, namely that it is the habit of the phantasm, as the image of that which the phantasm represents:" that is, says Aquinas, a certain habitual conservation of the phantasm, not indeed according to itself, for that belongs to the imaginative virtue, but inasmuch as the phantasm is the image *alicujus prius sensati*, of something previously perceived by sense. In this first chapter Aristotle shews that Memory has its seat in the same power of the soul as phantasy. *Τίνος μὲν οὖν τῶν τῆς ψυχῆς ἐστιν ἡ μνήμη, φανερὸν, ὅτι οὔπερ καὶ ἡ φαντασία.* It is true that Memory is concerned with intellectual representations as well as sensible ones, and therefore, as Maasz observes, does not belong to Imagination alone; but neither does association of ideas belong to Imagination alone; all our "ideas of reflection" are associable in the same way and by the same influences as those of sensation, though the former are not *imaged*. Mr. Coleridge did not think it necessary to state the connection between memory and other cognitive powers of the soul when he passed at once, at the end of chap. vii. from "Association of Ideas" to "Acts of Memory."

Insisting upon the merits of Hume's classification, Mr. Burton observes, that it embodies cause and effect but not contrariety; that of Aquinas contrariety* but not cause and

* By *contrariety* Aquinas does not seem to have meant contrast in being and character, but opposition or antagonism in position, at least in his first mention of it. His example of Achilles and Hector shows this, for they were signal adversaries, but not directly opposed to each other in qualities of mind or body. Aristotle's expression *ἐναντίου* might signify any opposedness; and in a subsequent paragraph (*e.* p. 26) Aquinas explains contrariety as contrast, when he is concerned with Aristotle's own

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effect; and that "in a division into three elements this discrepancy is material." Hume refined upon the older classification no doubt; he was not likely to overlook cause and effect, on which subject he wrote his most remarkable essay; but I doubt whether this division into *three* elements is so very *material*. Nearness in time and nearness in space, though they may form one clause of a sentence, are different kinds of nearness, and on the other hand cause and effect must *in part* be subordinated to them when viewed in reference to association;—likeness and contrast are not quite reducible to one principle, if the last may "be considered as a mixture of *causation* and *resemblance*." It is perhaps better to say, as Mr. Coleridge does, that there are *five* occasioning causes of recollections, or five sorts of connections of ideas more or less distinguished from each other, all containing the idea of nearness,* but each, I should suppose, exerting an influence on the association, in its own individual right.

Mr. Burton's assumption that "Coleridge failed to keep in view, in his zeal to discover some curious thing, &c. that the classification is not that of Aquinas, but of Aristotle," is puzzling. Mr. Coleridge's aim all along is to shew the classification to have been originally Aristotle's, and Aristotle's commentator is only called into court by him to depose on this point. Those who imagine that Mr. Coleridge had no other object, than to detect Hume or any one else in plagiarism, are judging him not by himself but by others very unlike him.

Note B. p. 112.

THE elder Reimarus, Hermann Samuel, was a learned philologer of the eighteenth century, the author of

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illustration of proceeding from the moisture of the atmosphere to Autumn, a dry season.

* Speaking of Dr. Brown Sir James Mackintosh says: "He falls into another and more unaccountable error, in representing his own reduction of Mr. Hume's principles of association (resemblance, contrariety, causation, contiguity in time or place) to the one principle of contiguity, as a discovery of his own, by which his theory is distinguished from "the universal opinion of philosophers." Nothing but too exclusive a consideration of the doctrines of the Scottish school could have led him to speak thus of what was hinted by Aristotle, distinctly laid down by Hobbes, and fully unfolded both by Hartley and Condillac." Ethical Philosophy, p. 164.

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several works, but best known by his writings on the instinct of animals, and since his death by the attribution to him of the famous Wolfenbüttel Fragments, published by Lessing in 1774 and 1777, his authorship of which was in the end put beyond doubt.

His son, Joh. Alb. Heinrich, was born at Hamburg in 1729, attained to eminence as a physician in his native city, became Professor of the Natural Sciences at the Gymnasium in 1796, died at Ranzau in 1814. Archdeacon Hare believes him to have been "a rationalizing moralist of the same class as Franklin, one of those who imagined that the world might be regenerated by philosophy;" and mentions that his writings were chiefly on electricity, conductors, &c. which led him into a kind of controversy with Kant. J. A. H. Reimarus, though of his Father's mind in regard to revelation, appears to have belonged to the higher order of those who profess to hold what is commonly called (by a misnomer as Mr. Coleridge has affirmed) *natural* religion. He maintained the existence of a Supreme Being, not as a mere abstraction,—which he insisted that on Spinoza's system He is made to appear, however the author of that system may have protested against such a consequence,—but as the living God, the source of all being, from our relations to whom, prayer, thanksgiving, and adoration naturally arise, but whose nature and ways are not properly apprehensible by us,—in whom *to know, to will,* and *to work are one thing*. His language on this subject is very similar to that used afterwards by Fichte in his *Bestimmung des Menschen*. But Reimarus declared that the proof of all which men ought to know and believe for their soul's good in religion can never be derived from appearances, occurrences, tradition, history or sayings of Fathers, nor through inward illumination or feeling or immediate inspiration, but,—mistaken man!—certainly through development, comparison and examination of the complex and connection of truths, or by the labour of the understanding set forth in due order through the connection of thought. These views he unfolds in a treatise *Ueber die Gründe der menschlichen Erkenntniss und der naturlichen Religion*, and I suppose it is to a brief passing refutation of materialism, given in sections 3-7, at the beginning of this work, that Mr. Coleridge refers in the second sentence of chap. vi. of this volume. S. C.

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Note D. p. 213.

"ABOUT the close of the fourth century, and probably during the lifetime of Odin, Ulphilas, an Arian of Mœsia, undertook the conversion of the Goths. He translated from the Greek many portions of Scripture into the Mœso-gothic language, (*see Michaelis's Introduction to the New Testament*, § 82-87,) went as a missionary among the inhabitants of Dacia, and succeeded in drawing their attention to the contents of the Sacred Books. So many Dacians had served in the army at Constantinople, or had visited that city from motives of commerce or curiosity, that the foundation of Christian places of worship among them had become a public wish. Ulphilas obtained from the Emperor Valeus, at Constantinople, the requisite patronage, and was honoured with a sort of episcopal jurisdiction over the Churches which he had founded, and the tribes which he had undertaken to instruct; and he deserved by his virtues the confidence and allegiance of his extensive flock.

"Of his translations from Scripture, but a small portion of the Gospel has been preserved, which was edited at Oxford in 1750, by Lye, and in divers cities of the Continent by Junius, by Ihre, and lately by Zahn, at Weissenfels, 1805. This version disputes with the poems of Odin the honour of being the oldest monument of German literature." From Taylor's Historic Survey of German Poetry. Vol. I. p. 93.

Note E. p. 214.

OTFRIDE or Ottfride was a pious and learned monk, who spent the greater part of his life in the Monastery of Weissemburg in Lower Alsace. Taylor, in the Historic Survey, says that he studied at Fulda, and wrote before the year 876; that his rimed Pater Noster, rimed Eucharistic Hymn, metrical version of various portions of Scripture, and rimeless poem on the Nativity are to be found in Hickes. He also wrote a grammar for the sake of purifying the German language, or rather completed that which Charlemagne had begun. S. C.

Note F. p. 215.

HANS SACHS, whose proper name was Loutzdorffer, was born at Nürnberg in 1494, became a Protestant, edited his poems in 1558, and died in 1576. In early youth

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he wandered from city to city, joining the *Meistersänger*, who composed godly poems and hymns, and sang them in the Churches, wherever he went. He has been described as a pattern of virtue, who withdrew others from the ways of vice to good and holy living. Taylor says that his poems filled three folio volumes, that they were received with noisy approbation, because they had a very popular turn and favoured the new doctrine; and compares the author to one Pierce the Plouman, who in like manner, by his satirical verses, lent an efficacious assistance to Wickliffe.

The collection of the poems of Hans Sachs, edited by Büsching at Nürnberg, 1816, contains Tragedies, Plays, Farces, Dialogues, Sonnets, Fables, Merry Tales, and Drolleries, the style of which is simple in thought and expression, but easy and flowing; the metre short and ballad-like, generally the eight or nine syllable iambic with rhyme. A tragic drama on the Creation and Fall of Adam and his Expulsion from Paradise, is placed first in the collection. This first volume (*erst. Buch.*) contains the grotesque Play on the story of Cain and Abel, which Mr. C. describes in the Remains, I. pp. 76-7.; translated by Sachs from the Latin of Melancthon. It is at p. 143. The first and last parts of this piece are not very congruous with each other. In the last act we have the awful adult Cain of the Old Testament; in the earlier ones, a naughty good for nothing boy, who runs away from his tasks to fight with dirty rough lads in the street, and longs to give that mammy-child, Abel, a good knock on the head. The dialogues between this sweet youth and his brother and parents, when he refuses to come and be washed and made smart to appear before the heavenly Examiners the next day, are amusingly natural, and show that Melancthon did not always abide in his study or the assemblies of the learned, but was acquainted with sin in its every day juvenile forms. This drama, which is entitled The unlike Children of Eve, and how God spake to them, is the prince of all naughty and good child stories: and if these are to be reckoned among the fruits of the Reformation, they are not among its best. But the tendency to bring the grotesque and the trivial into connection with serious and sacred subjects has been called "the disease of the age," and was by no means confined to the Reforming party. Archdeacon Hare thinks that the poem entitled—The Devil seeks him an abode upon earth, (*Zweit. Buch.* p. 52), may have suggested the general plan of the Devil's Walk. It describes

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the Devil roaming about upon earth and observing the various ways of wickedness therein; but the details of the two poems are perfectly different. The drift of the older piece was puritanical; to warn youth against the ungodliness of the dance. The most marked piece of Hans Sachs about the Reformation is that called The Wittemberg Nightingale, (*die Wittembergisch' Nachtigall,*) which describes the mummeries and corruptions of Popery, the Scriptural doctrine of Martin Luther, and the persecution undergone by his followers. This is a longish piece, consisting of 701 lines. In regard to what Mr. C. says in § 2 of p. 201, I have learned by the kindness of the Chevalier Bunsen, that there *is* a hymn by Hans Sachs, but one that does not at all answer to Mr. C's. description,—that he could not indeed have known of its existence, and that he must have been thinking of Luther's own Hymn of the Reformation; that he was also mistaken in ascribing The Morning Star, (*der Morgenstern*), to the Nürnberg poet. Both these devotional poems are contained in his Excellency's *Andachtbuch*, (Hymn and Prayer Book), the first at p. 263, the second at p. 203, with the name of the author, Phil. Nicolai. S. C.

Note G. p. 216.

"MARTIN OPITZ was born at Breslau in 1595, and wrote Latin and German poems; which last are remarkable for a terseness hitherto unknown. Suspected of Socinianism, he was protected by Bethlem Gabor, Prince of Transylvania, who made him rector of a free-school at Weissenburg. His poems were printed at Frankfort, in 1623; and have since frequently been re-edited. He died of a contagious fever in 1639."

The reputation of Opitz, perhaps, surpassed his merits, as it reposed rather on polish of diction than on strength of thought; his style however found many imitators." Historic Survey, I. 172-3.

J. G. Eichhorn's *Geschichte der Literatur*, after stating that Wekhrlin and Opitz arose, the one in 1618, in the South, the other in 1620, in the North of Germany, that both took very much the same course in attempting to introduce a better taste and style in poetry, both sought to ennoble and dignify the romantic material, by models selected from the ancients and the Italians, but that Wekhrlin with his inferiour power and cultivation remained without imitators, proceeds to say: "Opitz on the contrary founded a poetical

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school in Silesia, which maintained and propagated the good taste he had awakened for more than half a century. Such a model as Opitz deserved success. From how many irregular excrescences has he not cleared the German tongue! with how many new words, expressions, and applications, has he enriched it! For this purpose he availed himself with a very pure taste of the old German poets and later writers of ballads, through whom he obtained, as by inheritance, the romantic materials which he improved; along with these German sources he studied the Greeks and Romans, as the fathers of a sound taste, and the works of the genius of our western and southern neighbours, especially the Italians. From the last he borrowed the sonnet, and the melo-drama; the ancients he imitated in didactic and lyric poetry; successful in the former but far from happy in the latter, when he sought to rise above the light song; for of the loftier ode, either as regards its matter or spirit, he had not the remotest conception." Translation. (*Vierster Band*, II. Abth. pp. 770-71.) S. C.

Note H. p 216.

INTERESTING accounts of the writers here mentioned are contained in the first volume of Taylor's Historic Survey. Christian Furchtegott Gellert was born July 4, 1715, at Haynichen in Saxony, where his father, who had twelve other children, was Pastor. He died, Dec. 5, 1769, longing for his release; for, like our own delightful Cowper, while he produced strains apt to inspire genial feelings in others, mirth and a love of nature, and even in hearts no longer young and gladsome for a while to renew

> Vernal delight and joy able to drive
> All sadness but despair,

he was himself saddened by miserable hypochondria, which, after shadowing his early life with passing clouds, at length, instead of dispersing itself, gathered round him and darkened his whole sky. In 1758, he became Professor of Moral Philosophy at Leipzig, and was very popular as a Lecturer. In 1746 he collected his Fables in Verse, which had "astonishing success: and form, perhaps, the first native poetic work of the modern Germans, which became decidedly and nationally popular." The complete edition of his works, in five octavo volumes, appeared but a few months before his decease.

Friedric Gottlieb Klopstock was born in the Abbey at

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Quedlinburg July 2, 1724; was the son of the land-steward of the domain, and eldest of ten children. He died in 1803, and was buried with great solemnity on the 22nd of March. The Danish Minister Bernstorff, struck with his poetical talents, invited him to Copenhagen, and obtained for him a pension of four hundred dollars for his support, while he completed his great work The Messiah, the first three cantos of which, already published, had made a great sensation in Germany. The Danish capital was his home till 1771. In 1798 he began to superintend a new and complete edition of his works, the first ten volumes of which contain his poetry, consisting of Odes, Epigrams, Dramas, and The Messiah, (with which vol. iii. commences), an Epic Poem of twenty books in Hexameter verse. Mr. Coleridge compares it with Paradise Lost in Lecture X. (Lit. Remains, I. p. 173.) According to Mr. Taylor, Klopstock was far from rivalling Milton in the "habitual demeanour" becoming a *great sacred poet;*—set no such example of Christian strictness, even after gaining fame by The Messiah, as that sublimest of Puritans, the author of Paradise Lost. Mr. Coleridge has protested against profaning "the awful name of Milton, by associating it with the epithet *Puritan.*" Yet he would not have wholly dissented from the opinion of a well known writer, now amongst us, who calls "this Puritanism of ours," —that is, the thing itself, in its pure rather than puri*tanical* form,—"among the noblest Heroisms that ever transacted itself on this earth."

Charles William Ramler was born in 1725 at Colberg in Pomerania, of needy parents, and received his early education at the orphan school of Stettin. He became Professor of Logic and Fine Literature in the Berlin Academy for cadets, which office and his various literary exertions maintained him comfortably till 1787, when he obtained a pension, a seat in the academy, and a share in the direction of the National Theatre. He died in 1798 of pulmonary consumption, after having withdrawn from his employments for some time before from ill health. His poems, consisting chiefly of odes, in the manner of Horace, obtained great popularity. They were first collected apart in 1772. Taylor observes that, though the lyric works of Ramler might be objected to by a severe critic, as having too much the character of imitations, yet while Lessing passed for an Aristotle, Mendelsohn for a Plato, and Gleim for an Anacreon,—and all of those were friends of his,—to him the epithet of the German Horace was applied with less hyperbole.

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Gotthold Ephraim Lessing was born at Kamenz in Pomerania, in January 1729; was the son of a clergyman, (himself a voluminous writer) and the eldest of twelve children. He died at Hamburg, Feb. 15, 1781, after a life of many changes and various literary employments, having received the appointment of Librarian at Wolfenbüttel in 1769 from the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick. His poetry consists of Epigrams, Minor poems, Fables and Plays, of which Nathan the Wise, an argumentative drama, has been most celebrated, and, as curtailed by Schiller, became a favourite acting play throughout Germany. He appears however to have been far greater as a critic and polemic than as a poet, and wrote in an admirably clear style, and with considerable power of thought and erudition, on religion, philosophy, literature and art. A writer in the Gent's. Mag. of May, 1846, contrasting him with Voltaire, after speaking of his close rigid logic, and eminently philosophical mind, affirms that "the love of *truth*, not the love of fame, was the active spring, the vital principle, of his intellectual activity."

Lessing is an author admired and extolled by men who have evidently no taste for German literature in its peculiar character, although it has lately been said, in an able article on Lessing in the Edinboro' Review (No. 166) that he "first gave to German literature its national tendencies and physiognomy;" that while Klopstock made it English, Wieland French, Lessing made it German. This remark rests, I think, upon no very solid grounds, at least as to Lessing's priority; for was not Klopstock, in all his attempts at rivalling the great English Epic,—with his cumulated ornaments and multitudinous imagery—"festoons of angels singing at every soar of the interminable ascension"—thoroughly Teutonic—and Wieland's Muse, even according to his own account, Germanized Italian rather than French? That some French poets endeavoured like him to turn their strains on Classic and on Italian models is but a limited ground of resemblance. The Wallenstein of Schiller and the finest parts of Goethe's Faust are perhaps more like English poetry of the first order, and have less unlikeness to it, than any other products of the German Muse; and for this reason that they are the *best* German poetry; and that, as the most beautiful forms and faces of all nations are alike in their predominant characteristics, so the finest and purest poetry of every nation has more in it which is common to all nations and less of mere national feature than the inferiour

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kinds. But perhaps a national cast of *thought* is more to be discerned in prose writers than in poets. The *style* of Lessing is too good and pure to be eminently national.

The "compeers" of the four writers above mentioned were Hagedorn, Schlegel, Ebert, Kramer, Gleim, Kleist and others. Wieland, Herder and Bürger, more celebrated than those last named, came upon the field before they all had retired from it. S. C.

Note I. p. 217.

THE characteristics of German intellect Mr. Coleridge has given in The Friend (vol. iii. pp. 69-73. Essay I. 4th edit.) "If I take the three great countries of Europe," he says "in respect of intellectual character,—I should characterize them in the following way:—premising only that in the first line of the first two tables I mean to imply that genius, rare in all countries, is equal in both of these, the instances equally numerous; not, therefore, contra-distinguishing either from the other, but both from the third country.

GERMANY.	ENGLAND.	FRANCE.
Genius	Genius	Cleverness
Talent	Sense	Talent
Fancy	Humour	Wit.

So again with regard to the forms and effects, in which the qualities manifest themselves intellectually

GERMANY.	ENGLAND.	FRANCE.
Idea or Law Anticipated	Law discovered	Theory invented
Totality	Selection	Particularity
Distinctness	Clearness	Palpability.

Of "idea or law anticipated" he remarks that "this, as coordinate with genius, applies likewise to the few only, and, conjoined with the two following qualities, includes or supposes, as its consequences and accompaniments, speculations, system, method, &c." He represents the mind of the three countries as bearing the following relations to time,

GERMANY.	ENGLAND.	FRANCE.
Past and Future	Past and Present	The Present.

"The parent vice of German Literature," says the article on Lessing referred to in the last note, "is want of distinct purpose; and, as consequences of this, want of masculine character and chastened style." Hence, according to the

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reviewer, its "manifest inferiority" to our own. Others, on the contrary, consider it a special merit in German literature that it does not attempt, or at least hold it necessary, to comprehend its whole purpose beforehand; that it has for its object to enlarge the domain of revealed truth and knowledge, the entire fruits of the discovery in these particulars being left for time to disclose. It is a besetting evil of English literature that scarcely any thing is produced here, the want of which is not felt and declared, before it makes its appearance. The vice of the English mind, in the present age, as many feel, is its pseudo-practicality; every thing treated of must issue in something to be *done* forthwith and outwardly, to be enjoyed sensuously or sentimentally. The Germans write on a different principle or from a different impulse; they are not such slaves to the *comforts of life* as we are, and consequently care more for pure intellectual activity; can better afford to say with Bacon: *opera ipsa pluris facienda sunt, quatenus sunt veritatis pignora, quam propter vitæ commoda.* They write far more than we do, in a free spirit of enterprize, that takes no bond beforehand, but carries on the adventurer with hopes the larger because undefined, and very slight fears of censure or contempt. They go exploring in all directions; and though doubtless in many directions nothing is to be found but barrenness,—though many of the travellers are not furnished with the powers and means necessary for drawing any advantage from such expeditions, though most of them are too little restrained by spiritual habits of awe and reverence; yet, can it be doubted that, acting in this spirit, they have made discoveries in fruitful regions, while the English have been making none; have been marching with a pompous measured gait along beaten tracks, and, what is more to be contemned, maintaining that by the old roads men may reach new places, the need of arriving at which they cannot but feel, even while they declaim against the presumption of travelling otherwise than as our fathers travelled before us; for instance, that by the *old* doctrine of Inspiration (the verbal doctrine) we can harmonize the *new* views of Holy Writ which present themselves to advancing thought and a development of mind as necessary and natural as that roses should blow in the summer season. The divinity of Scripture is a truth which no intellectual error can throw into total darkness, because it shines with light reflected from the very heart and moral being; but men obscure and dishonour it

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by persisting in presenting it under the form which it seemed to wear in the twilight of reflection, even while a stronger day is revealing its true lineaments more clearly.

Let us judge the "worthy Teutones" as thinkers and writers not by the quantity of their chaff but by the quantity of their grain; the good grain which already enters into our own loaf. Much that is German may be found in the thoughts of our most marked writers, even those that are fighting against what they call *Germanism*. But no sooner do we abstract the solid matter from the mass of the unsound that floats around it, than we forget whence it came. When it is found to be Catholic it is no longer admitted to be Teutonic, and unless it is hollow and visionary it is not recognized as German.

Who can wonder that one who sees a "manifest inferiority" in German literature to English literature of the same period—(if our literature of past ages is meant to be included the comparison is hardly fair)—should ascribe this inferiority to a "want of culture" in the producers? I however conjecture, that a systematic education of the intellect is more general in Germany than here. Germans are taught to think—Englishmen to read and write; there are very fine specimens of style in German literature; and if German authors, as a body, write worse than the English I believe it is because they think more, and have a greater number of new thoughts to provide with new apparel. The streams of language run less smoothly when they are flowing through freshly opened channels. I will conclude this note with referring the reader to an interesting little essay in the form of comments upon a saying of Mr. Coleridge, on the advantages which the Germans owe to their philosophical education, to their "being better trained and disciplined" than ourselves "in the principles and method of knowledge." It is in the Guesses at Truth. pp. 244-9, 2nd edit. S. C.

Note J. p. 223.

Tait's Magazine, Jan. 1835, p. 9.

"THESE are things too unnatural to be easily believed; or, in a land where the force of partizanship is less, to be easily understood. Being true, however, they ought not to be forgotten: and at present it is almost necessary that they should be stated, for the justification of Coleridge. Too much has been written upon this part of his life, and

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too many reproaches thrown out upon his levity or his want of principle in his supposed sacrifice of his early political connections, to make it possible for any reverencer of Coleridge's memory to pass over the case without a full explanation. That explanation is involved in the strange and scandalous conduct of the Parliamentary Whigs. Coleridge passed over to the Tories only in that sense in which all patriots did so at that time, and in relation to our great *foreign* interest—viz. by refusing to accompany the Whigs in their almost perfidious demeanour towards Napoleon Buonaparte. Anti-*ministerial* they affect to style their policy, but in the most eminent sense, it was anti-*national*. It was thus far—viz. exclusively, or almost exclusively, in relation to our great feud with Napoleon—that Coleridge adhered to the Tories. But because this feud was so capital and so earth-shaking a quarrel, that it occupied all hearts, and all the councils of Christendom, suffering no other question almost to live in its neighbourhood, hence it happened that he, who acceded to the Tories in this one chapter of their policy, was regarded as an ally in the most general sense. Domestic politics were then, in fact, forgotten: no question, in any proper sense, a Tory one, ever arose in that æra; or, if it had, the public attention would not have settled upon it, and it would speedily have been dismissed."

Ib. October 1834, pp. 593-4.

"From Malta, on his return homewards, he went to Rome and Naples. One of the Cardinals, he tells us, warned him, by the Pope's wish, of some plot, set on foot by Buonaparte, for seizing him as an anti-Gallican writer. This statement was ridiculed by the anonymous assailant in *Blackwood*, as the very consummation of moon-struck vanity; and it is there compared to John Dennis's frenzy in retreating from the sea-coast, under the belief that Louis XIV. had commissioned emissaries to land on the English shore and make a dash at his person. But, after all, the thing is not so entirely improbable. For it is certain that some orator of the Opposition (Charles Fox, as Coleridge asserts) had pointed out all the principal writers in the *Morning Post*, to Napoleon's vengeance, by describing the war as a war "of that journal's creation." And as to the insinuation that Napoleon was above throwing his regards upon a simple writer of political essays, *that* is not only abundantly confuted by many scores of analogous cases, but also is specially put

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down by a case circumstantially recorded in the second tour to Paris, by the celebrated John Scott. It there appears, that on no other ground whatever, than that of his connexion with the London newspaper press, some friend of Mr. Scott's had been courted most assiduously by Napoleon during the *hundred days*. Assuredly, Coleridge deserved beyond all other men that ever were connected with the daily press, to be regarded with distinction. Worlds of fine thinking lie buried in that vast abyss, never to be disentombed, or restored to human admiration. Like the sea, it has swallowed treasures without end, that no diving bell will bring up again. But nowhere throughout its shoreless magazines of wealth does there lie such a bed of pearls confounded with the rubbish and "purgamenta" of ages, as in the political papers of Coleridge. No more appreciable monument could be raised to the memory of Coleridge than a republication of his essays in the *Morning Post*, but still more, of those afterwards published in the *Courier*. And here, by the way, it may be mentioned, that the sagacity of Coleridge, as applied to the signs of the times, is illustrated by the fact that distinctly and solemnly he foretold the restoration of the Bourbons, at a period when most people viewed such an event as the most romantic of visions, and not less chimerical than that "march upon Paris," of Lord Hawkesbury's, which for so many years supplied a theme of laughter to the Whigs." S. C.

Note I 2. p. 230.

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD was born at Cambridge in 1714-15. He was the author of several successful plays—The Roman Father, Creüsa, and The School for Lovers; and of miscellaneous poems, that have scarce any individualizing characteristics, but are in the manner of writers of the time of Queen Anne. On his return from travelling with noble pupils he published an Ode to the Tiber and six Elegiac Epistles, which were applauded at first and, in course of time neglected; the usual fate of poems produced by Talent apart from Genius: the Junonian offspring of a female parent alone. This Ode to the Tiber is an excellent specimen of such poetry as may be written by a clever man, on command, having every thing that is to be desired, except a soul *of its own:* it reads like a first-rate school exercise, or such an exercise as might be produced in

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an adult *School* of Poetry. Whitehead succeeded to the laureateship on the death of Cibber, and died suddenly, April 1845, after a life unusually calm and comfortable for a votary of the Muses, and for one who had originally to live by his wits, though very substantial patronage together with singlehood, exempted him from actually depending upon them; and in the opinion of those who agree with the "misogyne," Bocaccio, on the subject of marriage, will partly account for his ease and tranquillity. He published two volumes of his works in 1774: to these Mason added a third, with a Memoir of his Life and Writings prefixed to it.

His highest ambition as a poet, it is said, was to resemble Pope, whose notice he gained, when at Winchester School, by his talent in verse writing. It is remarkable that another imitator of Pope, named Whitehead, lived at the same time with the former: was born 1710, died 1774. In his satire entitled Manners, this Paul Whitehead complains, that he was not allowed, like Pope, to "lash the sins of men" without being himself lashed by scornful censure in return: and speaks of it as a hardship, that little satirists are punished while great ones are applauded. *How little* he was he probably never knew, nor do they appear to have felt it, who have given him a place in the tenth volume of the British Poets. S. C.

Note K. p. 231.

A *CHARGE to the Poets.* This poem, first printed in 1741, may be considered as a sequel to The danger of writing verse, an Epistle by the same Author, in which he observes shrewdly enough:

> One fatal rock on which good authors split
> Is thinking all mankind must like their wit;
> And the great business of the world stand still
> To listen to the dictates of their quill.
> Hurt if they fail, and yet how few succeed!
> What's born in leisure men of leisure read;
> And half of those have some peculiar whim
> Their test of sense, and read but to condemn.

In the latter he says,

> If nature prompts you, or if friends persuade,
> Why write, but ne'er pursue it as a trade.

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After giving his reasons, and displaying the evils of a *life of writing*, he thus proceeds:

> What refuge then remains?—with gracious grin
> Some practised bookseller invites you in:
> Where luckless bards, condemn'd to court the town,
> (Not for their parents' vices, but their own!)
> Write gay conundrums with an aching head,
> Or earn by defamation, daily bread,
> Or, friendless, shirtless, pennyless complain,
> Not of the world's, but "Cœlia's cold disdain."

A pendant to this picture might be obtained from Mrs. *Charlotte Smith's* poetical description of strolling actors.

> While shivering Edgar in his blanket roll'd
> Exclaims with too much reason, "Tom's a-cold!"
> And vainly tries his sorrows to divert
> While Goneril or Regan—wash his shirt!"

The author of this work observes that though "praises of the unworthy are felt by ardent minds as robberies of the deserving," yet in "promiscuous company no prudent man will oppugn the merits of a contemporary." On the same subject Whitehead, after advising the guardians of the sacred font to "keep the peace," writes thus:

> What is't to you, that half the town admire
> False sense, false strength, false softness, or false fire?
> Through heaven's wide concave let the meteors blaze;
> He hurts his own, who wounds another's bays.
> What is't to you that numbers place your name
> First, fifth, or twentieth in the lists of fame?
> Old Time will settle all your claims at once,
> Record the genius and forget the dunce—

but sometimes not till "the genius" has settled his accounts with time altogether, and forgotten a world which once forgot him! S. C.

Note M. p. 238.

BOCCACCIO does not appear a "Misogyne" when he is describing Dantes' adored Beatrice at eight years old,—"*assai leggiadretta e bella secondo la sua fanciullezza*," with features "*piene, oltre alla bellezza, di tanta onesta vaghezza che quasi un' angioletta era reputata da molti*"—unless

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he thought that, as certain fruits are not good till they are past maturity, ladies, on the contrary, are only in perfection before they have attained it. His account of woman as wife, if it be meant for that of the *genus* and not merely of some rare *species*, may be pronounced not *almost*, but altogether slanderous. Well might he exclaim of such a creature as he describes—who compels her husband to render an account, not only of weightier matters, but even of every little sigh; what caused it, whence it came and whither it is going; who, when he is glad ascribes it to love of some one else, and when he is sorry sets it down to hatred of herself—"*oh fatica inestimabile avere con così sospettoso animale a vivere, a conversare, ed ultimamento ad invecchiare e morire!*" The last is all he could be supposed likely to do with satisfaction in such company. "Who does not know," says he, "that all other things are tried, before they are taken for better for worse, whether they please or not; but every one who takes a wife must have her, not such as he could wish, but such as Fortune grants her?" One might suppose that wives invariably turned out as ill as those of Socrates, of Dante and of Hooker, as the first espoused of Milton and the jealous partner of John Wesley. That he spoke generally is too plain by his concluding words: *Lascino i filosofanti lo sposarsi a' ricchi stolti, a' signori e a' lavoratori; ed essi colla filosophia si dilettino, molto migliore sposa che alcuna altra.*

All the wives above-mentioned would have sown thorns in any bosom closely connected with them, unless they have been grievously belied. If men of letters and philosophers fare worse in marriage than other men, the last words of the sentence above quoted will suggest to the mind why this may be. It may be because too often at least, they not only wed philosophy and literature as no man weds an ordinary profession, but are apt to both think her the best of wives and to treat her as such; to make a Sarah of her, and to sink the poor mortal spouse into the place of Hagar; in consequence of which the children of the latter have to fight their way through life, like Ishmael, in a sort of wilderness. Kindly as well as wisely does Mr. C. advise that no man should permit the interests of an intellectual pursuit thus to over-ride those of the affections, but that the two should be made to bear equally upon the moral being and to sustain it. Philosophy has often sufficed so to fill a man's mind that it has stood him in stead of marriage: he who unites it with marriage must not suffer it to be thus engrossing, nor expect

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heart service from one to whom he has not given his heart, —in reality, though she may have no rival *breathing*.

Any reader who wishes to pursue Boccaccio's wicked but amusing remarks on this subject, which are written in very racy Italian, may find them in the *Opere Volgari di G. Boccaccio, Firenza* 1833, vol. xv. (which contains *La vita di Dante Alighieri*) pp. 17-27.

On behalf of Dante's wife I must add that marks of a harsh temper in the author of the Inferno seem to me plainly discernible in the Poem itself. His behaviour to Alberigo in the third sphere of the last circle was worthy of the place and unworthy of a gentleman.* Milton would not have suffered one of his Fallen Angels to behave so unhandsomely in the "heart of hell," or so to forget the "imperial palace whence they came." If it were true that brutality to one in bale was good manners—*costesia fu lui esser villano*—(which I deny, in such a case as this, where no ideal child of perdition, or abstraction of wickedness was exhibited, but a certain sinful suffering fellow creature,)—by what alchemy was false swearing and deceit rectified into righteous dealing? "May I go to the bottom of the ice myself," said he, "if I don't free thine eyes!" Yet after hearing his story went and left them cased in crystal! Here was the spirit that christens falsehood and ferocity by the name of religious zeal and strictness. A little further on he finds Brutus in the lowest depths of the descending circles—the patriot Brutus!—and he so great a patriot himself! It seems as if the Infernal journey had turned his brain, or touched his heart with madness.

We may well believe that such a man would act as the "Misogyne" boasts of his having acted, cast off the mother of his children utterly and for ever; unlike our *humane* as well as "*divine* Milton," who took back his wife after her most disloyal and disobedient conduct,—after a desertion which left him "nothing belonging to matrimony but its chain," and even extended his protection to her mean and insolent relations. S. C.

PS. Since writing these bold remarks on the "great philosophic poet" (as some consider him), of Italy, I have read Mr. Landor's delightful Pentameron, which contains a remarkable critique on Dante, and will just add that the pas-

* Canto xxxiii. l. 115—150.

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sage concerning Alberigo, slight as it seems, spoke to my mind of Dante's *temper* more unequivocally than the striking instances of fierce and malignant sentiment which Mr. Landor adduces from the Poem; because it is possible to look upon *them* as the mere results of theory and oipinion. Many a speculative atrocity may be found in the works of writers, who would have been incapable of conceiving and coolly describing such conduct on their own part toward an individual, as Dante's imaginary treatment of the ice-bound Alberigo. S. C.

Note N. p. 240.

I HAVE not yet been able to light upon the passage here quoted, in the labyrinth of Herder's prose writings. An account of this author is given in Vol. iii. of Taylor's Historic Survey. He was born in 1744, and was the son of a village schoolmaster, who taught at Mohrungen, in Prussia. He seems to have been one of those whom Nature and Fortune conspire to favour; till he fell under the dominion of that foe to genius, nervous derangement. He had a fine face, a fine figure, a fine voice, a fine flow of words; was thought by many to have a fine talent both for prose and poetry, and first brought himself into notice in boyhood by writing a remarkably fine hand. He took holy orders at the usual age, and "obtained the situation of Lutheran minister at Riga, as well as that of rector over the high school attached to the Cathedral there." After obtaining many honours, he died on the 18th of December, 1803; Taylor adds, "occupied in composing a hymn to Deity—which breaks off where he laid down at once his pen and his life." The biographer seems to have caught at this story, for the sake of one of his silent sneers at earnestness in religion: Herder's wife, however, declares that "he slept the whole day; nor in this world ever woke again; but at half past eleven at night, gently and without a groan, slumbered away into the arms of God,"—a very common mode of departure for those who are worn out by slow disease. It appears from the account of this "angelic wife," as Mr. Dequincey calls her, that Herder, with all his piety, was very loth to die and leave his many literary designs unexecuted—he seems to have clung to this world with little less tenacity than the poor unprincipled son of Genius,

* From an article on Herder in the London Magazine, of April, 1823.

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Hoffmann. How often it is found that they who do their work well upon earth, even if it be work for the kingdom of heaven, are too unwilling to depart when summoned hence; while those, who mismanage all affairs entrusted to them here below, sometimes gain great credit by the passive graces which they exhibit in the near prospect of death!

Herder's works were edited after his decease by Heyne, who undertook the antiquarian, and Müller, who undertook the theologic part; they "issued from the Cotta press, at Tübingen, in 1805, and extend to thirty volumes." His poetry consists of popular songs, flowers from the Greek Anthology, which are translations of the more remarkable epigrams and minute poems in that collection, and miscellaneous productions of the minor kind. His prose too was poetical in its character. Taylor calls him the Plato of the Christian world. I see some general resemblance in Herder to Bishop Berkeley,—that beautiful soul in an amiable tabernacle,—and he too has been compared to Plato; indeed I should be surprised to find that any thing of Herder's so well bore out such a comparison as the dialogues of the admirable Bishop of Cloyne. Herder has been accused of obscurity and vagueness; but the orb of Berkeley's intellect was clear in its brilliance as that of the full moon on a frosty winter's night; while his heart and moral being glowed like the noon-day sun, filled and expanded by a steady religious enthusiasm, which secluded him from an unspiritual world in feeling and practice, even as his metaphysical theory confined him to a world of spirits.

Mr. Dequincey declares it "difficult to form any judgment of an author so "many-sided"—so polymorphous as Herder," but adds, "the best notion I can give of him to the English reader, is to say that he is the German Coleridge; having the same all-grasping erudition, the same spirit of universal research, the same occasional superficiality and inaccuracy, the same indeterminateness of object, the same obscure and fanciful mysticism (*schwärmerey*), the same plethoric fulness of thought, the same fine sense of the beautiful—and (I think) the same incapacity for dealing with simple and austere grandeur." (This judgment I quote not as assenting entirely to every part of it. Mr. Coleridge had one object in general—namely truth, especially truth of religion, morals, metaphysics and poetry; this he pursued in a desultory manner; but every disquisition which he entered into, whether it formed an essay or a brief marginal note, had a determinate object, and referred to a regular

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system of thought. I think he was seldom superficial except sometimes in a survey of facts. His incapacity for dealing with *austere* grandeur is a truism; why should a writer be characterized by a negative; what boots it to say that Milton is not Shakespeare, or that a refreshing pomegranate has not the fine acid and sharp-edged crown of the pine-apple?) "I must add however that in fineness and compass of understanding, our English philosopher appears to me to have greatly the advantage. In another point they agree,—both are men of infinite title-pages. I have heard Mr. Coleridge acknowledge that his title-pages alone (titles, that is, of works meditated but unexecuted) would fill a large volume; and it is clear that, if Herder's power had been commensurate with his will, all other authors must have been put down:"—and yet Mr. Dequincey can regret, as will be seen in the next note, that he was not permitted to produce more than "many generations would have been able to read;" instead of wishing that he had composed *less* and allowed his spirit more time to refresh itself and take in fresh stock! S. C.

Note O. p. 240.

Miseri quibus
Intentata nitet!—

AS I have availed myself of Mr. Dequincey's able pen when it has been used in doing honour to Mr. Coleridge, I feel prompted to notice his remarks, when they express dissent or disapprobation of his opinions; and shall therefore point out to the reader his strictures upon the xith chapter of this work, contained in the London Magazine of January 18, 1823, in the first of a series of "Letters to a young man whose education has been neglected." These observations are worth reading, and so far as they bear on the abstract question, apart from personality, I do not attempt to set myself in direct opposition to their drift; though I confess they leave my judgment and feelings, on one branch of that question at least, quite unaltered; what they are I can best express by saying, that even to a young man who should display all the powers of mind which Mr. Coleridge possessed, with all the bodily strength and mental resolution which he wanted, I should still, if my counsel were asked, address Mr. Coleridge's advice, *Never pursue Literature as the sole business of life or the means on which you rely for obtaining its comforts.* I am looking at the subject as it concerns the welfare of the literary man,—(for so it is

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principally considered in the B. L.)—rather than as it bears on the interests of literature; looking at the *whole* subject, however, Mr. Coleridge states two main objections to professional authorship: first that literature, in this country at least, if a man depends upon it for bread, is apt either to starve him or be starved itself—starved in one way, and debased and corrupted in another: in the second place, that it is unfavourable to domestic ease and comfort. The first objection Mr. Dequincey does not consider at all; he never adverts to the mass of writing, exhaustive yet unsatisfactory, which men of high aims and capabilities are obliged to produce, if they live by their pen; nor of the low and pernicious *sort* of writing which men of less firm principle and elevated feeling are tempted to produce under the like circumstances. No one can estimate the works bequeathed to posterity by Walter Scott and Robert Southey,—(speaking of them thus, as mere *voices from the dead to the living*, I omit the social prefixes to their honoured names),—more highly than I do: no one can *value* them more though many may *appreciate* them better; yet a thousand times have I reflected with pain how still *more* valuable their writings might have been, if it had not been the duty of them both to consider the immediate sale of some part at least of what they gave to the public. Had it been otherwise their productions might have been less in quantity, weightier, as to the whole mass, in quality; we might have had the History of the Monastic Orders, instead of some less important works from the historian of Brazil; and from the Wizard of the North fewer volumes of romance but more perfect romances, compositions more careful in structure, if not of higher excellence in particular parts, than those which he has bequeathed to posterity; and I believe, that I am but reporting the opinion of the former, at least, of these gifted men when I venture to speak thus.

The first part of Mr. D's disquisition considers literature exclusively as the means of sufficiently exercising the intellect, which Mr. Coleridge had considered in conjunction with literature as the means of gaining a livelihood. His opponent charges him with "perplexing these arguments together, though they are incapable of blending into any real coalition." This perplexity I do not perceive; a *com*plexity there certainly is in his mode of presenting the subject, and I think a justifiable one, because his aim was directly practical, and in actual life these two parts of the question,—the interests of the mind *per se*, and the interests of the man as

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dependent on the external conditions of inward well-being—do usually present themselves in a concrete form. If the young man whose education has been neglected is born to a good fortune and moreover has no desire to marry, he may turn a deaf ear to Mr. Coleridge's counsel and attend only to that of Mr. Dequincey; but this is by no means a common case with neglected young men; the majority of them are poor, and yet rather more anxious to be married than the richest; since poor men snatch at marriage as the one comfort which lies within their reach—careful comfort as they too often find it. In regard to the difficulty itself, Mr. Dequincey adopts and confirms Mr. Coleridge's opinion; and if, on foreseeing that literature would not suffice for his mind with his purposes, he chose *not* to provide for the want of a *steadying* occupation in the way recommended by Mr. C. but according to a plan of his own, this does not prove the recommendation a bad one, or that it would not conduce to the student's happiness more than a plan quite barren of worldly profit, unless he have pecuniary resources independent of his own exertions. Herder says "with the greatest solicitude *avoid authorship*." That authorship should be employed "too early and immoderately" is scarcely avoidable where it is a man's only profession, and Mr. Dequincey limits this experienced man's advice in a manner which the wording of the passage quoted by Mr. C. does not appear to warrant.

In illustration of his views Mr. D. institutes a comparison betwixt a *certain eminent English scholar* and the great German Leibnitz. There is much in his account of the former which would lead me to suppose that the description was meant for Mr. Coleridge; he commences it with saying "This Englishman set out in life, as I conjecture, with a plan of study modelled upon that of Leibnitz; that is to say, he designed to make himself, as Leibnitz most truly was, a Polyhistor or Catholic student." But when I come to the sentence wherein it is affirmed, that "in general, as both had minds not merely powerful, but distinguished for variety and compass of power, so in both were these fine endowments completed and accomplished for work of Herculean endurance and continuity, by the alliance of *a bodily constitution resembling that of horses*."!—that they were "*Centaurs;* heroic intellects, with *brutal capacities of body*—"! I am completely at fault. I know of no literary man of the present age to whom the *brutal* part of this description would

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properly apply. Sir Walter Scott had a vigorous frame, and gigantic powers of literary execution; a man to have success in literature on a large scale must have considerable physical energy, and a strong and lively imagination presupposes, as its condition, a lifesome and active body, that moves fast while it moves at all,—before it wears itself out or falls undermined by some malignant of its own household. But I know of no literary genius of the present age, who had great toughness of fibre, or resisting power of constitution, as well as this sort of vitality, unless we may ascribe it to Goethe; and there are few to whom it is more inapplicable than the author of Christabel and The Friend. Yet the flings which come afterwards, about "hydrophobia of reviewers and critics," with a reference to the spray of the waterfall of criticism "mentioned in the B. L." lead me to suppose that, after all, Mr. C. must be *the Centaur* of this truly *monstrous** description. He was indeed too sensitive to censure, and noticed reflections on himself more than for his *own sake* was worth while; yet it should be recollected that his "indignation at literary wrongs," was at one and the same time a desire to ward off personal injuries, and this very fact strengthens his argument against professional authorship, because literary wrongs would not have been injuries affecting his peace of mind, if he had not depended on his literary reputation for what, in his circumstances, was much more important than itself. I cannot find, however, that he almost believed himself the "object of conspiracies and organized persecution," except as he believed himself obnoxious to party men, who conspire against those that think it right to "follow and speak the truth;" neither can I admit that, in these contests, though "naturally no less amiable than Leibnitz," he betrayed "uncharitable feelings;" would that all who enter into such contests confined themselves, as he did, to describing the literary offences themselves, instead of descanting on the affairs, motives, feelings and personal character

* Mr. Dequincey is fond of *the monstrous*—in some of his sketches of character, *desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne.* To quote the words of a celebrated writer used in conversation with me—"He says there was a man of the largest and most spacious intellect—of a regal and magnificent mind—and then he tells us, that the man was not commonly veracious!—Such a man as this never existed—no such man ever appeared upon the face of the earth."

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of those that have committed them!—then salving over their uncharitableness in the end, with some piece of pseudo-benignity and humility—as if this last and smoothest serpent could swallow up all the snakes that had gone before—or as if a chaplet of lilies, stuck upon the snaky head of Alecto, could make her look innocent and amiable.*

Mr. Dequincey next proceeds to discuss Mr. Coleridge's advice in its reference to the interests of literature, and declares his belief that the list of celebrated men adduced by him in proof of its practicability might be cut down to one, namely, Bacon. He makes no attempt to shew the "various grounds" on which it might be thus reduced, "as a list any way favourable for Mr. Coleridge's purpose;" and my own mind does not suggest them. On this point, as before professed, I do not hold myself competent directly to contend with Mr. Dequincey; but I cannot help saying, that his judgment surprises me, and that, having looked lately into a good many biographies of literary men, I have been left with a very different impression. "*Weighty* performances in literature" may be differently understood: very extensive and systematical ones are out of the scope of Mr. C.'s remarks: because *they* must be carried on with mechanical regularity and with a certain pecuniary provision; but surely the great mass of the more exquisite and the more valuable works of the pen have been produced by men, who did not depend upon literary performances for their livelihood—a large proportion of them by writers who, during a considerable part of their time, had regular employment in another way. Are not the works of Jeremy Taylor and all our great divines of this kind? Have not most of our eminent philosophers, as Locke, Newton, Berkeley, Hume, Hartley, and many more, either had professions or held posts and places, which would have prevented them from being idle if they had never written a line of original composition? Would not Milton have starved long before Paradise Lost

* There is often a great deal of personality where no name is mentioned, and individuals are satirized and caricatured under the guise of abstract description; and so too religious bodies are often injured and defamed by their opponents' connecting a certain character of heart and intellect with the creed they maintain. Party spirit warmly approves these methods. Truth hates and disdains them, knowing that to *her* they are injurious as well as superfluous.

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was finished had he relied on his writings for bread? Leibnitz himself, whom Mr. D. considers the model of a scholar, not only was "busied during a great part of his time," as a recent account of him notices, "with the conduct of civil and ecclesiastical negotiations," but also held "a succession of legal and literary offices at Hanover."* In all these instances and hundreds of others that might be adduced, there was either the "faithful discharge of an established profession," or regular employment, independent of literary *adventure*, during great part of life; in all of them an entire exemption from dependence on mere literature, as distinguished from a literary *office*, for the means of living. Genius and native power will find time and place to manifest itself, and break forth with the more concentred force from having met with some resistance: I doubt whether the power of composing every day and all day is not more apt to foster a literary growth of inferiour value, than necessary to evolve and cherish the products of genuine power.

One of the most successful literary adventurers, of those who are not mere blowers of "soap-bubbles for their fellow-creatures,"† was David Hume. But Hume did not make his thousand a year by mere literary means. At different times of his life he had lucrative appointments, which helped him on; these he may have owed in part to his literary success; but no young man, on setting out in life, can reckon on such success; and though literature has its side-advantages as well as other professions, yet this cannot remedy or compensate the evil of the main wheel itself, on which others depend, being uncertain in its working, at least for the production of pecuniary effects. It is still more important to observe that Hume, till he was forty years old, had a paternal or fraternal home open to receive him, where he would probably have been *kept alive*,‡ even if his literary productions had

* Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors, to judge from report, may be cited as a recent proof, that an important theme in literature may be well handled by one who "stands in the first rank of an emulous and laborious profession."

† Carlyle's Miscellanies, Vol. ii. p. 192.

‡ "For a man of Johnson's stamp," says Mr. Carlyle, in his very interesting review of Boswell's Johnson, "the problem was twofold: *First*, not only as the humble but indispensable condition of all else, to keep himself, if so might be, *alive*: but *secondly*, to keep himself alive by speaking forth the *Truth* that

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been unpopular; and again, that Hume did not consider a *better half* among "the indispensable requisites of life,"—perhaps partly from a sense that such a complement to his being might not leave him wholly undisturbed in his tranquil atheism. Indispensable or not, however, a helpmate is included in Mr. Dequincey's plan for the votary of literature, as well as in Mr. Coleridge's: "and the more so, because if we do not allow him a wife, he will perhaps take one without our permission." Such as this, then, is not the case contemplated by Mr. Coleridge—that of dependance on the sale of literary works "for the necessaries and comforts of life," where there is, or may be, a family to provide for.

On the domestic part of the subject Mr. Dequincey expresses opinions rather different from those which my experience has led me to form; I pity the man who cannot enter into the pleasure of "social silence," and finds nothing in Mr. Coleridge's description of a literary man's evening but a theme for sarcasm. Mr. Dequincey, "when *he* sits with a young woman makes a point of talking to her and hearing her talk, even though she should chance to be his own wife, &c." Mr. Coleridge was by no means deficient in the power of addressing *young* women, to judge by specimens of his discourse in that kind which he has left behind him, as well as from other documents: but a wife is a *young* woman only for a time; it was in his manner of addressing the middle-aged, so full of kindly and judicious courtesy, and in his tenderness for the old of our sex, that the peculiar aspect of his character towards women was most clearly shewn. Somewhere else Mr. Dequincey eloquently declares, that "every man, who has once dwelt with passionate love on the fair face of some female companion through life, must have commended and adjured all-conquering Time, there at least, and upon that one tablet of his adoration,

To write no wrinkle with his antique hand."

There is tenderness of feeling in this, but a still better feeling

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was in him, and speaking it *truly*, let the Earth say to this what she liked. Of which two-fold problem if it be hard to solve either member separately, how incalculably more so to solve it, when both are conjoined, and work with endless complication into one another!"—Miscellanies, Vol. iv. p. 69.

* This pleasure is feelingly alluded to by Mrs. Joanna Baillie in her interesting *Lines to Agnes Baillie on her Birthday*. Fugitive Verses, pp. 222-3.

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is displayed in strains like those of Mr. Wordsworth, which, not content with drily exposing the emptiness of any such "rebellion against the laws that season all things for the inexorable grave," supply reflections whereby, even in this life, Time may be set at defiance,—grace and loveliness may be discerned in every age, as long as the body continues to be a translucent tenement of the mind. But without contending any longer on behalf of those whose charms of *youth* are departed or transmuted, I do maintain that a wife, whether young or old, may pass her evenings most happily in the presence of her husband, occupied herself, and conscious that he is still better occupied, though he may but speak with her and cast his eyes upon her from time to time: that such evenings may be looked forward to with great desire, and deeply regretted when they are passed away for ever.

Wieland, whose conjugal felicity has been almost as celebrated as himself, says in a letter written after his wife's death, that if he but knew she was in the room, or if at times she stepped in and said a word or two, that was enough to gladden him. Some of the happiest and most loving couples are those who, like Wieland and his wife, are both too fully employed to spend the whole of every evening in conversation. But Mr. Dequincey objects to Mr. Coleridge's evening plan that it introduces a sister into the circle, and excludes the "noisy boy or noisier girl, or, what is noisier than either, both." "Did a very little babby make a very great noise?" is the first line of a nursery song, in which Mr. Coleridge recorded some of his experience on this recondite subject; but he probably considered that children, however noisy by day, are usually in the silent domains of Morpheus in the evening. The suggestion of banishing them to the nursery seems brought in *ad invidiam*, and very unfairly as against Mr. Coleridge, who was not only fond of his own babes and prattlers, but what is uncommon, especially in a grave musing man, fond even of other people's, if tolerably attractive. But he knew that there is a time and a place for all things, and that in the evening, after they are "tired of boisterous play" in doors, or of trotting about after the daisies and buttercups, this "lively part of the creation" ought to shut up their flower-bright eyes and fold themselves to sleep—several hours at least before grown persons need retire from their employments. When they are no longer thus disposable a new state of things has taken place: the boys are at school: the girls form a party by themselves with the

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" sister " or governess, and the wife can join them or the good man in his study,—unless a studious daughter takes her place, —as suits all parties best; and this is no mere fancy-piece, but a picture from life. If the picture now-a-days can seldom be realized by the professional man, it is not for the reasons alleged by Mr. Dequincey, as far as my observation extends, but because the profession itself, or the demands of society, engross the whole of his time. Busy men *can* see their little children only by snatches, as the traveller views refreshing waters on his way,—except in the deeply enjoyed holiday or vacation: there are not many, who even desire to spend *hours* in juvenile or infantine company, unless occupied in teaching.

It is true, as Mr. Dequincey observes, that professors of literature are not *absolutely obliged* to quarrel with their wives; yet I fear there is some truth also in Mr. Coleridge's hint, that their wives often quarrel with them, unless the catastrophe be averted either by heavenly patience on their part, or what sometimes answers the same purpose, but brings its own evil along with it,—a stupid placidity. Love is strong as death; stronger than all the trials of life; that is, Love in ideal perfection; but in ordinary cases, it at least makes *toward* the window, when Pecuniary Embarrassment comes in at the door; and, even if it does not fly away for ever, yet sadly bruises its light wings, and dulls their plumage, by fluttering in and out of the embrasure. The morbid sensitiveness consequent on too continuous literary efforts, combined with anxiety about money matters, exposes it to imminent danger, even if the husband be less eccentric and irritable than Richter's Advocate of the Poor, and the wife not quite so common-place and irritating as his pretty, but too womanish, Lenette; though even *she* could have loved her Siebenkäse, if he had had any thing to " crumble and to bite." Jean Paul himself saw his " sunbeams weighed on hay-scales, and the hay-balance give no symptoms of moving," and " his heart moved as little as the balance ;"—for he was *alone*. Would his heart have lain as still, had the comfort of wife and children depended on the power of his sun-beams to weigh down a hay-scale? In drawing the parallel betwixt Leibnitz and Coleridge Mr. Dequincey leaves out of sight that the German scholar was born into good circumstances, obtained immediate success in his career in life,—partly by means of that effective patronage, which is so much oftener afforded to the philosophic student in Germany

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than in England,—and moreover was exempt from matrimony. These advantages probably did more to keep the philosopher in a serene state of mind than even his *regular mathematical studies*. There is a story, indeed, that the disturbance and vexation caused by his dispute with Newton concerning the invention of the *differential calculus* hastened his end; and we need not this story to prove, that if men do not form personal attachments of the nearest kind, the art or science, to which they wed themselves, may grow too close to their heart, and make them as uneasy as a wife and children could do.

Mr. Dequincey concludes his discussion by declaring it clear to his judgment, "that literature must decay, unless we have a class wholly dedicated to that service, not pursuing it as an amusement only, with wearied and pre-occupied minds." Literature, pursued only as an amusement, can never flourish in any high and worthy sense; that it must decay unless carried on by a class wholly dedicated to that service, seems to me very questionable: since the best part of the literature we already possess was not produced in that way. Mr. Dequincey thinks that he sufficiently corrects the "misrepresentation" of Mr. C. in regard to Herder, by giving a list of the works which this author vainly desired to write, and also by repeating his lamentations about want of "time, time, time!" and his longing to be "shut up for some years in a fortress, with permission to pursue his labours and to procure the books he might want." All this appears to me a very doubtful proof, that Mr. C. sought to convey "delusive impressions" respecting unprofessional literature in the B. L. "His thesis was," says Mr. D. "that the performance of this ordinary business might be so managed, as not only to subtract nothing from the higher employments but even greatly to assist them; and Herder's case was alleged as a proof and an illustration." Now I think Mr. C.'s thesis may be more fairly stated thus: first, that to pursue literature as the sole business of life and the sole means of support, is unfavourable to the welfare of the literary man himself, *consequently* unfavourable to literature; in the second place, that *weighty performances in literature may be, as they have been, produced in addition to regular employment of another kind.* That Herder might not have written *more*, if his whole time had been at his disposal, who ever doubted? The question is, would he have written *better*, upon the whole, even if he had been fortunate enough to be

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"thrown into a dungeon," or "shut up in a fortress with books at command:" did he not write much and well even as it was; would he not probably have written *worse*, had he composed under pain of starvation if his writing did not succeed and that immediately? For blink it who will, such *is* the alternative in the case of the persons whom Mr. Coleridge meant to address: such must have been the case with Herder himself,* if he had had no regular calling. Mr. Dequincey informs us that this gifted man lived uneasily and died before reaching a good old age, by reason of a "most exquisite and morbid delicacy of nervous temperament:" and this he would have had him counteract by uninterrupted composition! Doubtless his hypochondria was brought on, as the malady has been brought on in numberless other cases, by excessive mental exertion; he was overwrought by his two kinds of work, that of his profession and literature, pursued as he pursued them: but to have withdrawn the one and doubled the other, with a large infusion of anxiety over and above, would not have made him easier as a man, or more effective as an author.

Are not men apt to deceive themselves, when they fancy how much more they should have done but for some external hindrance? Surely original power and composing energy are no perennial fountain that will flow on as long as ever a vent is given to it; else why do so many authors cease to write well before they cease to write? *This* is of the highest importance, that men should be able to write genially while their intellect is in its prime; should then be free to choose the worthiest vehicle for their peculiar powers,

——and finally array
Their temple with the Muses' diadem.

Literature draws its life from all that enlivens and invigorates the man; and whatever the wearied Herder may have said, in his playful mood, "to be shut up in a fortress," or confined to a study, is not the best preparation for writ-

* Of "a certain indifference to money matters," specified by my father as one of the tokens of a gentleman, Mr. Carlyle says "which certain indifference must be wise or mad, you would think, exactly as one possesses much money, or possesses little!" Mr. Dequincey's "indifference to money matters" in his treatment of the present question lifts him far out of sight of Mr. Coleridge's practical view—quite into the clouds I fancy.

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ing well; they who enter on the arena of public labour become in some respects better qualified. Little intellectual benefit indeed is to be gained from work, which "any stout man might do for a guinea a day." Must we account Herder's work in the ministry, with its collateral business, as of that sort? The "wearied and pre-occupied mind" is indeed an objection to Mr. C's plan, without being a recommendation of that which has been set up against it. The state of our social economy renders every man's trade or business so exigent and engrossing as to leave him very little time or energy for any other pursuit; and thus over civilization operates against cultivation.* Literature—any extensive pursuit of it,—whether carried on as a profession or in addition to another,—*must* be a struggle in England at the present time, and except where there is a strong mind in an almost Herculean body,—*a constitution like that of a Centaur*,—it is apt to wear out both before their time.

One word more. To some spirits perhaps, in their superfluity of strength and gladness, the risk of starvation may act as a stimulant; but was Mr. Coleridge in error when he intimated, that to the greater number of sensitive men—and men of genius are generally such—it acts as a narcotic? Mr. Carlyle's account of Jean Paul Richter's struggles with poverty is highly affecting and interesting. He almost puts a new spirit into the feeble mind, while he describes how this strong man of letters had "looked desperation full in the face, and found that for him she was not desperate;" how "his strength both of thought and resolve did but increase," while he was "sorely pressed on from without," and "establish itself on a surer and surer foundation;" how he "stood like a rock amid the beating of continual tempests; nay, a rock crowned with foliage; and, in its clefts, nourishing flowers of sweetest perfume." Very effective is his contrast of such a character, whose "better soul, from the depths of sorrow and abasement, rose purified and invincible, like Hercules from his long labours," with those who have "passed through as hard a probation," and "borne permanent traces of its good and evil influences; some, with their modesty and quiet endurance, combining a sickly dispiritment, others a hardened dulness or deadness of heart; others again whom misery it-

* Mr. Coleridge says in the Church and State, p. 52, that "a nation can never be a too cultivated, but may easily become an over civilized race."

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self cannot teach, but only exasperate; who far from parting with the mirror of their vanity, when it is trodden in pieces, rather collect the hundred fragments of it, and with more fondness and more bitterness than ever, behold not one but a hundred images of self therein."

But after dwelling upon this representation, I conclude upon two things; first that if Jean Paul in Germany sixty years ago was "often in danger of starving," in England at this present time, a man of his genius, who had to live entirely by his wits, would starve outright, or live very miserably. He says himself concerning authors, "the sprig of laurel, like the lemon in the mouth of the wild boar, is not put into ours until we are shot and dished up." He would have been dished up in this country, "the finest in the world if a man could only live in it!"—long before he had written sixty volumes in a vein so peculiar as those by which he finally attained independence in his own land,—and perhaps have missed the laurel too. Compare his writings with those of any one of our popular novelists; if thought of the deeper sort, abundant fancy, and various learning go for weight in the scale, would not any of them kick the beam instantly if weighed against his?* Secondly, I imagine that the "massive portly cynic" had no small force of body to under-prop and sustain this "giant force within;" more at least than the majority of "*myriad minded men*," whose corporeal energies are seldom to be computed by the same arithmetic as their mental ones. I imagine that he was at least a far better *Centaur* than S. T. C.† Such a man might sport for a while, in the hey-day of life, with "poverty, pain and all evil, as with bright-spotted wild beasts which he had tamed and harnessed;" but weaker bodied men would perish by their fangs in the midst of the process; *he* might travel through "a parched Sahara," "without losing

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* This is not meant as a comparison of *merits*, but only of the more *recondite* merits with those which it requires less intellectual refinement to appreciate. I conjecture, that the German public are more cultivated, intellectually at least, than the English; I do not say, upon the whole, better educated, or as highly polished and civilized.

† Both however died at about the same age, a few months before completing their 63rd year. Richter was born March 21, 1763, died November 14, 1825. My Father was between nine and ten years younger, and lived about six weeks longer.

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heart or even good humour;" but to one of more delicate frame "the stern sandy solitude" would soon have yielded only a grave.* Men of letters and literary genius are too often what is styled, in trivial irony, "fine gentlemen spoilt in the making." They care not for shew and grandeur in what surrounds them, having enough within, beside "the pomp of groves and garniture of fields," and super-regal array of likes at their feet, when they go forth into outward nature; but they are fine gentlemen in all that concerns ease and pleasurable, or at least comfortable, sensation. How can *they* live hard and sparingly who are relaxed and languid from muscular inaction; exhausted by incessant activity of brain; rendered sensitive, and therefore, in some sort, luxurious, by refinement of thought and vividness of imagination? "Indifference to money matters" in men of genius is for the most part more gentlemanly than wise; say rather downright incoherency and madness.

It is a noble doctrine that teaches how slight a thing is Poverty; what riches, nay treasures untold, a man may possess in the midst of it, if he does but seek them aright; how much of the fiend's apparent bulk is but a fog-vapour of the sickly and sophisticated mind. It is a noble endeavour that would bring men to tread the fear of this phantom under their firm feet, and "*dare* to be poor!"† Herein I see an analogy between the teaching of a mighty Poet,—him who wrote of "the Leech Gatherer on the lonely moor,"—and the writings of Thomas Carlyle. I see a similarity of spirit between them, inasmuch as both shew how great a thing is man in his own original greatness, such as God made him and enabled him to become by his own energies, independently of all aid except from above; how noble he is in his plain native dignity, the net work veil of social fictions and formalities, which "the dreary intercourse of daily life" spins out, being taken from before his face. And this theme the one has illumined with the glories of poetic imagination,

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* "And mighty Poets in their misery dead." Resolution and Independence. St. 17. l. 4.

† At least in the sense of being unable to "*keep a gig.*" I am glad that the last Quarterly notices with approbation "a manly cheerful tone in some remarks on the improved condition of literary labourers" in Mr Burton's *Memoirs of David Hume*, and is able to add:—"the fact of the general improvement on which he dwells cannot be doubted."

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the other with the lambent many-coloured flame of wit and humour, and a playful yet powerful eloquence, teeming with bright fancies, like a river which foams and flashes and sparkles in the sunshine, while it flows onward with a strong and steady current. Nevertheless when we have blown into thin air and transparency whatever is unsubstantial in this object of dread, still Poverty, or an insufficiency of the external means of ease and enjoyment according to our actual condition, must ever remain one of life's great evils; if it be not the greatest of all those which we do not create by acts of our own will, yet surely none is greater, seeing that it too often brings in its train all the rest,—"cold, pain, and labour," with unrelieved or unprevented sickness, and want or loss of lively joyous warm affection, that scatters flowers and sunshine on the path of life. It presses hard upon the body, and both directly and indirectly it presses hard upon the mind. Richter, with all his super-abundant energy, got rid of it as soon as possible, and no man who had not keenly felt how it can embitter and *impoverish* even a brave man's life could have written as he has done in his history of Siebenkäse, the Advocate of the Poor. Indeed the *thorns* of this piece may be *felt*;—the *fruit* and *flowers* we can see and admire, but scarcely seem to taste them or inhale their living odours. S. C.

Note P. p. 254.

TROIS Lettres à Mr. Remond de Mont-Mort. 1741. (opp. ed Erdmann Berol. 1840. P. II. pp. 701-2.) "*Outre que j'ai eu soin de tout diriger à l'édification, j'ai tâché de déterrer et de réunir la vérité ensévelie et dissipée sous les opinions des différentes Sectes des Philosophes; et je crois y avoir ajouté quelque chose du mien pour faire quelques pas en avant.*"

I suppose that most philosophers attempt to traverse the ground of all foregoing philosophies, and flatter themselves that they make *quelques pas en avant*, while the unphilosophic insist upon it, that they do but move in a circle—that there is among them *vertigo quædam et agitatio perpetua et circulus*,—and the anti-philosophic poet is of opinion, that

> ——— never yet did philosophic tube
> That brings the planets home into the eye
> Of observation, and discovers, else

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Not visible, his family of worlds,
Discover Him that rules them.

After the sentence quoted *verbatim* by Mr. C. the letter proceeds thus.

"*Les Formalistes comme les Plátoniciens et les Aristotéliciens ont raison de chercher la source des choses dans les causes finales et formelles. Mais ils ont tort de négliger les efficientes et les matérielles, et d'en inférer, comme faisoit Mr. Henri Morus en Angleterre, et quelques autres Platoniciens, qu'il y a des Phénomènes qui ne peuvent être expliqués mécaniquement. Mais de l'autre côté les Matérialistes, ou ceux qui s'attachent uniquement à la Philosophie mécanique, ont tort de rejeter les considérations métaphysiques, et de vouloir tout expliquer par ce qui dépend de l'imagination.*"

"*Je me flatte d'avoir pénétré l'Harmonie des différens règnes, et d'avoir vu que les deux partis ont raison, pourvu qu'ils ne se choquent point; que tout ce fait mécaniquement et métaphysiquement en même tems dans les phénomènes de la nature, mais que la source de la mécanique est dans la métaphysique. Il n'étoit pas aisé de découvrir ce mystère, par ce qu'il y a peu de gens qui se donnent la peine de joindre ces deux sortes d'études.*" I have often thought that probably there is much one-sided reasoning and halving of truth amongst us at this day, because the men who are mathematical are not deeply and systematically metaphysical, and *vice versa;* those who are given to philosophical studies are not minutely acquainted with the history and present state of the Christian religion; while the great patricians and theologians have not been regularly trained and disciplined in metaphysical science,—do not appear to have patiently examined what a large portion of the studious world hold undoubtedly to be discoveries in that direction. They hear persons who have travelled in Germany, but never set foot in the region of German metaphysics, or inhaled one breath of its thin atmosphere, maintain that this science makes no real permanent advances,—that what one man builds up another pulls down, to erect his own equally unstable edifice in its place. Judging of the matter from without, and hearing only censure and contention instead of consent and approbation, they are not aware how large a part of his immediate predecessor's opinions the successor quietly assumes. It is strange, however, that they should be ignorant of the

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general fact, that a philosopher argues more against that teacher of philosophy from whom he has derived the main body of his opinions, whose system contains great part of that which his own consists of, than he does with the whole world beside. Could all that belongs to Leibnitz be abstracted from Kant, and all that belongs to Kant be abstracted from Fichte and Schelling, I should imagine that the metaphysical system of each would straightway fall into a shapeless, baseless wreck. There is perhaps no fallacy so common and so deluding as the imagination that we can understand another man's system of thought and feeling by looking at it from the outside, without having entered into it and abode in it, and learned experimentally its true nature and character. When a man is decrying German philosophy without having studied it, or perhaps read a word of what any German philosopher has written in his own books, his speech is sure to betray him: "so dangerous is it for the ablest man to attempt speaking of what he does not understand."* S. C.

Note Q. p. 283.

SEE his Treatise concerning the Search after Truth.—*De la Recherche de la Vérité*, book iii. especially chap. 6.

Father Malebranche was born at Paris, 1638, died in the same city, Oct. 13, 1715. Cousin speaks as follows of this pious philosopher.

"Nicolas Malebranche, l'un des Pères de l'Oratoire, génie profond, caché sous un extérieur peu avantageux, et incontestablement le plus grand métaphysicien que la France ait produit, développa les idées de Descartes avec originalité, en les reproduisant sous des formes plus claires et plus animées; mais son tour d'esprit éminemment religieux lui fit donner à sa philosophie un caractère mystique qui lui est particulier. La théorie de la connoissance, celle de l'origine des erreurs, surtout des erreurs qui tiennent aux illusions de l'imagination, enfin la méthode pour bien conduire notre pensée, telles sont les parties dont il a traité avec le plus de succés. Malebranche admit la theorie de la passivité de l'entendement et de l'activité libre de la volonté; il considéra l'étendue comme l'essence des corps, l'âme comme une substance essentiellement simple, et Dieu comme le fond commun

* Spoken by Mr. Dequincey in reference to a celebrated German writer.

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de toute existence et de toute pensée: ces doctrines l'amenèrent à combattre les idées innées par des objections pleines de force, et à soutenir que nous voyons tout en Dieu: Dieu, suivant lui, comprend en soi toutes choses de la manière dont elles s'offrent à notre intelligence; il est l'infini de l'espace et de la pensée, le monde intelligible et le lieu des esprits." *Manuel*, vol. ii. pp. 113-14.

It has been thought that there is a resemblance between the peculiar tenets of this philosopher and the doctrines of George Fox concerning divine illumination. They certainly prepared the way for the Idealism of Berkeley.

Among the posthumous works of Locke is An Examination of P. Malebranche's opinion of Seeing all things in God. (Works, fol. 1751. vol. iii. p. 410.) which examination is examined again by Leibnitz in his *Remarques sur le sentiment du P. Malebranche*, &c. 1708. (Opp. ed. Erdmann II. p. 456.) To compare these two discourses is highly instructive and interesting. There are other critiques by eminent men of the Father's doctrine. The following account of the last days of Malebranche is given in the Life of Berkeley prefixed to his Works, the materials of which were chiefly furnished by his brother. "At Paris, Mr. Berkeley took care to pay his respects to the illustrious Père Malebranche. He found this ingenious father in his cell, cooking in a small pipkin a medicine for a disorder with which he was then troubled, an inflammation on the lungs. The conversation naturally turned on our author's system, of which the other had received some knowledge from a translation just published. But the issue of this debate proved tragical to poor Malebranche. In the heat of disputation he raised his voice so high, and gave way so freely to the natural impetuosity of a man of parts and a Frenchman, that he brought on himself a violent increase of his disorder, which carried him off a few days after."

Thus did the illustrious Father Malebranche melt away, as it were, like a man of snow, before the vigorous sun of Berkeley, who was then about one and thirty, splendid in mind, and person, and potent with his tongue, while the Father had entered his seventy-eighth year; his great metaphysical mind,—the greatest perhaps that France ever produced,—joined with an eager spirit, proving at last too much for the decaying tenement of his body, which appeared from the first so weakly put together that the wonder was how it kept the metaphysician within the bounds of Time and Space so long. Yet his term of earthly existence exceeded by eight

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years that of his robust rival, who expired Jan. 14, 1753, "as he was sitting in the midst of his family listening to a sermon,"—an end very suitable to the tenour of his gentle and pious yet strenuous life. S. C.

Note Q 2. p. 283.

ETIENNE BONNOT DE CONDILLAC was born in 1715 at Grenoble, died in 1780. Cousin says that he laboured to perfect the empirical system of Locke, and attempted to trace up all the active faculties of the soul to sensibility by means of the transformation of sensations. Others, as La Mettrie, carried forward this system, till they pushed it by its consequences, or what they deemed such, into Atheism, Materialism, and a rigorous Determinism. Condillac has remained to the present time the representative of French philosophy and its avowed chief. (*Manuel*, pp. 208-10.) Des Cartes and Malebranche, though Frenchmen, were philosophers of so different a character, that they had no more to do toward the founding of this *French* school than metaphysicians of other nations. S. C.

Note R. p. 283.

DR. Reid, who is considered by many to have been, as the *Biographie Universelle* describes him, *the founder of a new æra in the history of Modern Philosophy*, was born in 1710, at Strachan in Kincardineshire. In 1763 he succeeded Adam Smith in the chair of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow University; died in October, 1796. He produced many works, the principal of which is Essays on the powers of the human mind: Lond. 1803, three vols. in 8vo.; and perhaps the most popular, Inquiry into the human mind on the principle of common sense, 8vo. which appeared in 1763: it came into a sixth edit. in 1804. He also wrote Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man: Edinb. 1786, in 4to.

Sir James Mackintosh, with his usual anxiety to give all men as well as all arguments their due, and to put down hasty and unjust depreciation, defends Dr. Reid from the charge of shallowness and popularity, and maintains his right to "a commendation more descriptive of a philosopher than that bestowed by Professor Cousin of having made *a vigorous protest against scepticism on behalf of common sense.*" He alleges that this philosopher's "observations on sugges-

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tion, on natural signs, on the connection between what he calls sensation and perception, though perhaps occasioned by Berkeley, whose idealism Reid had once adopted, are marked by the genuine spirit of original observation." Sir James, however, admits that "Dr. Brown very justly considered the claims of Reid to the merit of detecting the universal delusion which had betrayed philosophers into the belief that ideas, which were the sole objects of knowledge, had a separate existence, as a proof of his having mistaken their illustrative language for a metaphysical opinion."* Whether a man who utterly misunderstands the language of preceding philosophers on a cardinal point can himself be a "deep thinker," is a question which I do not pretend to solve; I only think it *is* a question, and without offering a *philosophical* opinion I must say that Dr. Reid's literal way of understanding his predecessors in the matter of ideas, and his representing them accordingly as a set of cloud-weavers and phantasts, has always reminded me of certain amusing remarks in Lamb's Essay entitled "Imperfect Sympathies." His bantering style too is more popular than philosophic, and scarcely evinces that patience and modesty for which Sir James, I doubt not on sufficient grounds, upon a review of his whole works, gives him credit. I should say, if it were worth while to record my *impression*—(I do not call it a judgment)—that Cousin's summary of his merits is as clear-sighted and clever as his summaries usually are, and that a certain *vigour* in commanding and presenting a limited view of the subject of external perception, is the best characteristic of Dr. Reid's Inquiry. And was it not this mistaken part of his teaching more than his intelligent remarks in extension of that of Berkeley, which installed him in his high reputation of "the founder of a new æra?" Dr. Reid's great merit, even according to Stewart, consisted in his having "had courage to lay aside all the hypothetical language of his predecessors concerning perception, and to exhibit the difficulty in all its magnitude by a plain statement of the fact."† But if he misunderstood that language, and combated, as Sir James affirms, (p. 164,) "imaginary antagonists," where was his victory? Was not this combat and seeming triumph the very pith and marrow of his book, and that

* In this misapprehension Professor Stewart has followed him, as is evident from Elements, chap. iv. section ii.

† Elements, p. 69.

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which gave it great part of its savour to the public? Did he really advance the science of metaphysics materially beyond the point at which it had arrived in the days of Berkeley? The answer to Berkeley from the first had been: "Nevertheless we *do* perceive an external world, and what presents itself within us, which we instinctively refer to things without us, does really tell us that there *are* things without us, and *what* they are in reference to us; and that we feel as sure of this as of our existence, and are incapable, by the constitution of our minds, from thinking otherwise, is a sufficient proof that it is true. Does Reid's explanation amount to more than what has just been expressed! But so much as this Berkeley himself anticipated. He stated the objection to his theory contained in the fact of universal original belief of the contrary, and tried to push it aside—it was the only obstacle that did not yield to his victorious hand.*

That Dr. Reid's philosophy was received with applause in Paris, when taught there by M. Royer Collard, *favours* the supposition that it was clear rather than deep; smart, rather than characterized by the grave energy, which slowly and laboriously grasps a *something more* of truth,—a real and substantial something. Hume's compliment to Dr. Reid's profundity *may* have been mere gentlemanly courtesy to a gentlemanly antagonist. He would perhaps have been as polite to Dr. Beattie, if *he* had not "indulged himself in the personalities and invectives of a popular pamphleteer," and so departed from fairness and, what he undertook to defend, "common sense."

Dugald Stewart, the accomplished disciple of Reid, and improver of his philosophy, was born in the College of Edinborough in 1753, became Professor of Moral Philosophy there in 1785, died in June 1828. He published Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind in 1792, Philosophical Essays in 1810, Outlines of Moral Philosophy, Philosophy of the Active and Moral powers of Man, and other works. Sir James Mackintosh has given his character, as a man and an author, in his interesting Dissertation, p. 145. edit. 1830. S. C.

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* Principles of Human Knowledge, ss. 54-5-6-7.

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Note S. p. 288.

I TAKE this opportunity of mentioning that the solution of the paradox of Achilles and the Tortoise brought forward in The Friend (see vol. iii. pp. 92, 3rd and 4th edits.) and in Tait's Mag. of 1834, is distinctly given by Leibnitz in his Letters to Mr. Foucher, *Sur quelques axiomes philosophiques*, in which he says, "*Ne craignez point, Monsieur, la tortuë que les Pirrhoniens faisoient aller aussi vite qu'Achille. * * * Un espace divisible sans fin se passe dans un tems aussi divisible sans fin. Je ne conçois point d'indivisibles physiques sans miracle, et je crois que la nature peut réduire les corps à la petitesse que la Géométrie peut considérer.*" In his rejoinder to Foucher's reply he says that P. Gregoire de St. Vincent has shewn, by means of geometry, the exact place where Achilles must have caught the tortoise. *Opp. ed. Erdmann*, I. pp. 115-18.

Aristotle, in his brief way, had given the solution long before, when he said that Time does not consist of indivisible *nows* or *now-existents*—ἐκ τῶν νῦν ὄντων ἀδιαιρέτων—any more than any other magnitude. See the editor's note upon the passage of The Friend referred to above. S. C.

END OF VOL. I.

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